A Personal Account of a Vital, Spiritual Experience

Christ Finds a Rabbi

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OUTSTANDING HEBREW CHRISTIANS PAY TRIBUTE TO "CHRIST FINDS A RABBI"

Dr. Max I. Reich, head of Jewish Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, writes in "Moody Monthly":

"Unless I am much mistaken, 'Christ Finds a Rabbi' will be adjudged as one of the most remarkable productions in autobiographical literature. Its burning eloquence, its profound insight into the Jewish soul with its mystical undercurrents, its keen analysis of Jewish-Christian relations, its enthusiasm for the Lord Jesus, hold the reader spellbound from the first page to the last. We are told all this in language so beautiful and gripping, that one almost feels as if the days of Isaiah had returned."

■

Reverend Daniel G. Finestone, General Secretary, The Christian Approach to the Jews of the Presbyterian, U. S. A. and United Presbyterian Churches, Philadelphia, and Vice-President of Hebrew Christian Alliance of America:

"It was the first autobiography of a rabbi that I have read that bares his inmost soul. The author gives us the intimate experiences of a cultured Jewish leader first resisting, then yielding, his life to his Messiah. The book is rich in allusions to Jewish life, customs, thought and religion, and provides a background to the reader for an understanding of the Jewish soul. In fact, I do not know of a better source book for Christians, and it should be read by every Jew. I constantly refer to it."

Copies may be obtained from the author
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CHRIST FINDS A RABBI

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By

GEORGE BENEDICT

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ERRATA NOTES

Page 20—Last line, scine, should be since.
Page 52—8th line, glorifying, should be glorying.
Page 199—1st line, christian should be Christian.
Page 203—29th line, he should be He.
Page 210—17th line, space should be between in and these.
Page 242—8th line, *Ive* should be *Ivri.*
Page 242—23rd line, dash and comma between use and of.
Pages 247, 249, 251—Running head, When We Parted, should read, Where We Parted.
Page 252—23rd line, truely, should be truly.

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Foreword

WHEN the first edition of CHRIST FINDS A RABBI appeared some years ago, I felt that the book would be adjudged as one of the most remarkable productions in autobiographical literature. Its burning eloquence; its profound insight into the Jewish soul with its mystical undercurrents and its strange contradictions, artificially created by the abnormal conditions under which the Jew has been obliged to live since the beginning of his exile; its keen analysis of Jewish-Christian relations; its enthusiasm for him who is Israel's true glory, hold the reader spellbound from the first page to the last. We are told all this in language so beautiful and gripping, that one almost feels as if the days of Isaiah had returned.

Since then the Jew has again made history, alas! a repetition of the history of his tragic past. We have lived through an inferno of Jew-hatred, unbelievable in its ferocity, unless you recognize the existence of that being called "the Dragon," who persecutes "the woman that brought forth the Man-Child," that is Israel as the Mother of the Messiah (Rev. 12:13) who will yet crush the Dragon's power.

The new chapter which has recently been added to the sufferings of Israel, the *mater dolorosa* of nations, has given Mr. Benedict ample material for new additions to his book. The book remains otherwise the same as in the first edition, except for the elimination of certain Talmudical interpretations, beyond the capacity of the general reader.

It is one of the signs of the times, that of the fresh

budding of the Jewish fig tree, so long dried up; one after another of Israel's notable sons, even spiritual leaders, rabbis and literati, openly confessing the Name which is above every name; which Name the Jewish people have so long refused to honor. Surely, Jews should take note of this phenomenon. God is indeed speaking again to His miraculously preserved people. And when He has spoken *to* them, the hour is near when He will again speak *through* them. It will not be an empty formula then to speak of "*The Message of Israel*"; the message of the desert bramble aflame with the glory of the Christ.

MAX I. REICH.

Acknowledgements

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To the Reverend Leicester C. Lewis, D.D., my special acknowledgements and heartiest thanks for his valuable assistance in the revision of my book.

To

SAMUEL F. HOUSTON

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

WITH LOVE AND ADMIRATION

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Introduction

THIS book is the life story of a man on fire with religion. It is the story of a life in our own day which duplicates and perpetuates that experience of religion which took place in thousands of Jewish souls during the first century of the Christian era. It portrays the experience of one who, called by God, obeyed, and of one who seeking has found.

Thus even to the casual reader this autobiography of a young Jew from England, who found his religion brought to fruition by Christianity in America, is bound to prove of absorbing interest. Indeed, it presents an important chapter in the entire history of the religious development of our American people. Nevertheless, entertaining and at points startlingly pathetic as this side of the story is, this is by no means the chief note of its message.

The outstanding value of Rabbi Benedict's account lies in the fact that his is a pioneering book. It ventures far out into the open of religious thought, and shows definitely that historic Judaism can find its genuine climax only in historic Christianity. Rabbi Benedict was never one of those unbelieving Jews who can pass so easily over into undogmatic Christianity, and thus touch the heart of neither religion. On the contrary, he was and for that matter still is a devout and believing student of the Old Testament, holding fast in the words of his great predecessor St. Paul to "all those things which are written in the law and in the prophets." To the rabbi of today precisely as to

the rabbi outside Damascus, Jesus Christ came, and spoke, and conquered, and today as centuries back the rabbi "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The devotee of the Old Testament became the disciple of the New.

Hence this book will make its appeal primarily to those who have had real and personal religious experience. Both the superficial Jew and the superficial Christian will find it extremely irritating, for its author is one who knows God, and who therefore speaks from knowledge. It is in this sense that I call the book "a pioneering book." It is an account by one who brings back to a religiously conventional world the vision of that far land of cosmic reality where Judaism and Christianity unite the untold centuries. To both thinking Jew and thinking Christian this book offers distinct stimulation. To the Jew, the critical and soul searching question is posed, "Why not?" and to the Christian the equally compelling demand is made, "Do you now believe?"

I am sure that every reader will be deeply moved by the thrilling spiritual experience it recounts. The clarity and depth of the author's convictions are most impressive, and present a very clear-cut argument to the effect that Christianity is the only rational and historical outcome of Judaism and this, moreover, when both religions are taken at their full value, and not watered down to a mere social goodwill. Is Rabbi Benedict unique in this conviction? Only recently news has come from Rome, that the Chief Rabbi of Italy has embraced Christianity. May it not be that once again the "fulness of the times" has come, and that

the glories of Israel are to come of age now in the universal expansion of Christianity?

I commend this book unreservedly to all who are interested in the religious odyssey of an individual soul and also in the eternal odyssey of a great religion.

LEICESTER C. LEWIS.

St. Luke's Chapel,
Trinity Parish,
New York

I

EARLY DAYS

I HAVE been blessed by a marvellous experience. Five different times have I met Christ. What can it mean?

For I am a Jew.

And I have been trained as a Jewish rabbi, whose interest in the Christian Saviour, if any, should be scholarly not heartfelt.

Yet he dominates my life and conscience.

Why?

I come from a family which, as far as genealogy can trace, gives me, on both sides, rabbis purely as progenitors, and among them, even to recent times, very eminent ones. Samuel Shalanti, Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, was a grand uncle. From earliest days, can I remember my dear mother saying to me when I was naughty, *"Dass muss ein Urenkel von Reb Yitzchok Elchonon nicht tun"*; "A great-grandson of Rabbi Isaac Elkanan mustn't do so." The Hebrew University in New York City, known as the Yeshivah, is an outgrowth of the Isaac Elkanan Theological Seminary, named after my ancestor, on my mother's side.

My father was rabbi in Spandau, Berlin, Germany, where I was born, on February 25, 1887. Later he was rabbi in Sheffield, England, where I was brought up. His two brothers, Solomon and Adolph, were rabbis; the first in Oels, Germany, the latter in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Commenting upon the religious atmosphere of the Scottish home, which has given so many great spirtual

leaders to the Protestant Church, Dr. John R. Mott says, "Religion was the chief concern, and the tradition was, and is, strong that at least one son should enter the ministry. This was the deepest wish of the mother's heart. Many a mother consecrated her son to the ministry from the time of his birth." In this spirit my mother consecrated me, yet with cradle songs, to the Jewish ministry.

And perhaps, born in her while I was as yet unborn, was a still deeper wish, for she was an extremely pious and devoted daughter of Israel, she whose father, Michael Chaim, was a noted rabbi; in his younger days in Russia, then in Koenigsberg, Germany, for a total of seventy three years. He died at the age of ninety three.

As the American mother may dream of her son becoming President of the United States, so for three thousand years has it been the dream of the pious Jewish mother "that perhaps in the child of her own offspring God would deign to plant the soul of the longed-for Redeemer," the Messiah, who would bring peace to Israel.

It is one of the reasons why the birth of a boy among Orthodox Jewish parents is hailed as a great blessing and that of a girl with comparative disappointment; for the boy might prove to be the ordained Saviour who is to deliver the Jews from the oppression of the Gentiles.

My earliest memories go back to the prayers in Hebrew and German at my mother's knees; to the Hebrew psalms sung at meals on Sabbaths and festivals; to the synagogue services which my father conducted; to the lessons in the Hebrew Scriptures with translations by my father in German, and later in English. Thus would he study with me the Pentateuch

and the prophets, giving me his own interpretations of the meanings of the text, with Rashi and other rabbinic commentators to assist him.

He was a very considerable scholar himself; a graduate of three Russian yeshivahs, and after he came to Germany, of the Hildesheimer Theological Seminary, of Berlin. And he would delight in prompting my shrewdness in questioning him on matters of Jewish doctrine, theology, and quite early in my life, even philosophy. We would have long arguments on these subjects; as entertaining to me as were later games of chess. And he must have enjoyed them also; especially when I cornered him. For at such times he would turn to my mother delightedly, and say, *"Er hat Aristotle's Kopf"*; "He has Aristotle's head." For the great father of Greek science is still a great master, as in medieval times, for the student of Talmudic lore, in which he comes in for frequent mention.

I was the oldest son of quite a large family, so there was usually plenty of activity within the home circle. And there was also plenty of street fun in that old cutlery town of Yorkshire. I was a leader in boyish pranks and an adept at football, and very fond of the school gymnasium in the yard of the Springfield Board School. My father was very busy in his various offices as rabbi, for preaching was only one of his half dozen religious functions. I recall that when I was but eleven I would occasionally help him out by giving a private Hebrew lesson, sometimes to boys older than myself, when he was at a funeral or otherwise engaged. Also I was very fond of reading, and at eleven, too, had already tried my hand at making verses and fiction writing. So the days passed rapidly.

My best school friend was a boy named Harry

Whitworth, a Christian minister's son. Oh, where are you now, Harry? He was a handsome, manly, very quiet lad. It was hard to get him aroused, and to fight, among us boys who were always fighting. But once, in a long while, when some fellow "got his ginger up," there was no one who could stand up to him successfully for very long. For he was strong, and unbeatable, he was that resolute.

Harry was my first Christian friend, and I want to celebrate that friendship by telling how it started, in his defense of me, when we were only eight. Boys the world over love to discover some peculiarity in their fellows which may become the excuse for tantalizing them. My peculiarity was that I was a Jew. That was sufficient. Some boys found that they could irritate me by shouting, "Who killed Christ?"

A young Scotch girl, Miss Stuart, was our teacher. We all loved her, she was so sweet and beautiful, with blue eyes and light brown, curly hair. I can hear the soft Scottish burr of her voice this moment. What a lovely old lady she must be!

I was the only Jewish child in the class. The morning's first half hour was given to the Scripture lesson, and one morning it happened to be from the New Testament, the betrayal and arrest of Jesus.

It was very sweet and very touching, the way she read it and commented upon it. But they were all Jews, these enemies of the great and noble Saviour of mankind. Oh, how wicked and how cruel they were! And, oh, how cruel to me; for my little soul was being crucified also!

When she told how that red-headed Judas Iscariot—where did she get him red-haired? Is that Christian tradition?—betrayed his Master with a kiss, my cheeks

flushed so hotly red that I felt sure that the vile color must have rushed up into my hair and turned it red, too, and so betrayed me to the children glancing at me. She had never thought of it. She must have thought I had no connection with that ancient people!

But I couldn't bear that morning nor attend to that morning's work, for I was a soul divided in myself. I felt bitterly insulted as a Jew and to myself proudly defended my heritage. I deeply sympathized, too, with that sweet and noble Friend of men and women, who loved little children so, and who rose after death, and wanted loyal followers, children who would be true to him, and not false, like Judas Iscariot who had betrayed him.

I wiped off furtively many tears of shame that were blotting off my slate all attempts at arithmetic. And Miss Stuart must have noticed it for she let me be; and when I rose to go home after school she asked me to stay a minute.

Then, when the last child was out, she called me over to her. And by then she must have understood; for she took out a dainty handkerchief, and without a word wiped the tears from my eyes. At which kindness of hers they came the faster, and I blurted out what was oppressing me.

I told her that I would not have betrayed him. That I wish he would have selected me to be his disciple instead. I said that when I became a man maybe I could become his disciple, instead of Judas Iscariot.

And then she kissed me and spoke soothingly to me and I felt a little comforted; for I did not remember her kissing any of the boys in her class before.

I rushed home; and the first thing I did was to look

at my hair in the mirror. Thank God, it was not red! It had remained black and curly.

I had to tell my mother about it, though I knew it was a forbidden subject.

But she stopped me quickly.

"Hush," she said. "You mustn't speak about the Toloh."

"Toloh" means "The Hanged One"; and in Orthodox Jewish homes one was not allowed to mention Jesus by name. And she wouldn't answer me when I asked her, "Why not, Mother?" Not even though I made several attempts. For I wanted to understand it, and I wanted her to comfort me, as the Christian teacher had done.

And the fellows who shouted after me, "Who killed Christ?" that were my own size I fought myself; and Harry Whitworth fought the bigger fellows. And so began a friendship that lasted all through my public school days.

II

I COME TO LONDON

IN SHEFFIELD there was a Russian Jew, a professed atheist, called Rosenblum, who from a barrow stand outside the school would sell us children a great delicacy he called "French nougat." Upon the rare days when I had a penny I would sometimes indulge in the sticky white confection which had half an almond in the center. "One a penny," he would call out as we passed, "one a penny." He was attracted to me, he said later, because he saw I was a Jewish child. A young man, and good-natured, he occasionally would call me when I passed him by, not having any money, and would offer me a piece "for nothing." But I was too proud to accept it that way and would avoid him, except when I had the coin.

How it happened I do not know. Perhaps it was because he desired to test my intelligence upon the subject as a rabbi's son; but when he found out who I was he began to talk to me about religion, and especially on the subject of God. I think I was ten years old at the time. He would deny there was a God, and all my heart would rebel at the idea.

For I loved God with a passionateness which must have been innate. Exactly as I would fight a boy stronger than I, fighting, and still striking out even though beaten to tears, and smarting with pain, but too proud to give in, would wear out his patience and temper and sometimes win in spite of odds, so I fought his attacks upon God which to me seemed so villainous, and certainly were unendurable. Would he better me

with the arguments of an older brain? I would oppose him with another and yet another until with a laugh he would yield, while I shed tears with the pain of his assaults upon the God I loved with heart and soul and might.

Then, after a while he came to the house to finish the argument, for often there wouldn't be the time for it in front of the school.

He was new to Sheffield and perhaps it was the family atmosphere that warmed him, for we maintained a very hospitable home, true to the Jewish tradition. But I thought it was my convictions that had won him over, and felt very much elated, when one day my father and I between us got him to join our synagogue, and he stopped scoffing at God and grieving me.

I have often wondered whether God ever had another so young and so ardent a champion as I was in those days?

Besides Miss Stuart there was another teacher, Mr. Hevinway, whom I shall always regard with affection because he introduced me to Shakespeare: first Julius Caesar, then Coriolanus, then Macbeth, and so on to Hamlet and others, before, at thirteen, I had reached my first year in High School. We read them in class, and with his fine deep baritone, accompanied by his manly actions, how he would read them!

I would study them at home, not in class only, and so often, that I presently knew by heart not only the great speeches but almost every word of Julius Caesar and Coriolanus.

And what a pleasure, and a comfort, and, I know, no end of soul nurture have they been to me these many years scine!

As the oldest son of six children and ambitious to meet my destined career as early as possible I felt that it was up to me to relieve my parents of the burden of my upkeep just as soon as the Jews' College in London, the theological rabbinical seminary for the British Empire, would admit me. I wanted to go immediately after my Bar Mitzvah, my Confirmation, at my thirteenth year. As I was born on Purim, the Feast of Esther, which celebrates the deliverance of Israel from that arch-anti-Semite, Haman, by Mordecai and the beautiful Jewish Persian Queen, the largest Scriptural reading from the Sacred Scroll, known as *Ke Sissoh*, (Exodus 30:11 to 34:35) was my portion to read in Hebrew in the synagogue. The usual Bar Mitzvah speeches were mine to make; there was an unusual Bar Mitzvah dinner after the morning service, in which the officers of the congregation were, in the rabbi's son's honor, hosts to the whole congregation.

And after such a send-off, which was amply reported in the Anglo-Jewish press, as well as in the Yorkshire papers (my first taste—oh, so delicious!—of publicity) I thought I could conquer not only the Jews' College, but even London itself, that mighty city, where for years I had dreamed of going, but had never been.

Dr. Herman Adler, the Chief Rabbi, had upon great occasions, when he paid his circuit visits north, been a guest at our house. He was President of the Council of Jews' College, and my father applied to him. We were advised that I was altogether too young, but that my application might be made the year following.

So when I became fourteen I was notified to present myself to the Council. They met in the board room of the College, located at Tavistock House, Tavistock

Square, Charles Dickens' one-time residence. I went by myself, and faced that august body alone, for train fare for mother or father could not be spared. The play *Alone in London* was just out at the time, and I saw it extensively advertised on the billboards. I remember, as I travelled up Holborn on top of the bus that I, too, felt very much that way.

I was armed with a wonderful ambition to become a great rabbi, even as ancestors of mine had been. I was unusually young even at fourteen to be admitted. But I relied upon a letter of recommendation to the Council from Mr. Eliot, Principal of the Sheffield High School, which I carried in my pocket, and I counted upon one phrase in that letter to help me through. In view of my father's circumstances, bravely struggling to bring up a large family, I believe it did. The phrase was this, "The lad should be well taken care of. He has the makings of a great man in him."

What a phrase that was to burn into an ambitious boy's brain! How it supported me during the lonesome six hours' ride from Sheffield to London, for it was the first time I had ever left home and I was beginning to cry for homesickness as soon as the dear faces, smiling and crying "good-bye" to me, were left behind in the railroad station.

"Makings of a great man." But how much to be made! "Makings of a man," would have been more correct. Of how many boys full of promise leaving the parental shelter is it not said what Mr. Eliot, my kind Principal, said of me! The vast majority fail, not for lack of the noble elements perceived by thoughtful friends, but for lack of a completeness elsewhere in their nature to fortify the ordinary strains, and without

which the fulness of stature which is inherent in Everyman and Everywoman cannot be reached.

How, for instance, should Mr. Eliot know that there was one strain, a spiritual strain, in my Jewish nature which needed special nurture and special care, which it never received? That it was the *leading* strain in the warp and woof of my soul upon which all other strains hung? That *it* weak, all hung slack. That all strains waited for this one strain, which when woven into the main strain, the whole soul in its fulness might go forward to the ends God desired of it when it was born.

How should he know this when after years of lonesome agonizing for my God I have only just found it out?

Mr. Hyams, the Secretary, presented me to the Council and read Mr. Eliot's letter. Mr. Hyams became afterwards my good friend and advisor, paying me my scholarships at his office in Duke's Place, Aldgate, during my nine years at Jews' College, and after matriculation at the University of London, upon the first of every month.

"Why not wait two or three years?" kindly asked the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, who, interested in my youthfulness, had asked me to come up to his chair.

"I want to start early so that I might become a great rabbi," I said, immediately adding as an afterthought, a word which wouldn't hurt, I imagined,—"like you."

He laughed softly, and in his deep rich voice asked me to wait outside a little while. When I was called in it was to inform me that I had been admitted, and awarded a scholarship of fifty pounds a year, a lot of money in those days for a little fellow like me.

III

PETTICOAT LANE

MY UNCLE, Joseph Chaim of Berlin, who was a very pious and prominent member of the Jewish community, and for half a century a merchant on the Friedrichsstrasse, had a friend in London, who was a leader in the religious life of the East End. His name was Dr. Sternheim. On the recommendation of my uncle I was entrusted to this gentleman, but slightly known to my parents. He was to be my guardian.

Unfortunately for me he was an old bachelor of the bachelorest type, and knew nothing of what a child needed, yet a man with a heart of gold, who had spent a large personal fortune, for he was of a family of Berlin bankers, in the promotion of an ultra-orthodox theological seminary which he had established in Aldgate, and of which he was the main support. My guardian's idea was that Jews' College in the West End was not Orthodox enough. To him "the lambs" as he termed us, of that institution, were "*goyim*," that is, "heathens."

To us "lambs" he was a fanatic, and none of us, with the exception of myself, because he was my guardian, ever accepted his invitation to enter his institution for the purpose of extra study in Talmudic lore and rabbinics which he deemed we were not getting enough of in the West End. This was one of the main reasons why he deemed us "*goyim*."

He did not like it at all that I, of holy lineage, should have been enrolled in the Jews' College, which has

turned out most of the rabbis for England and her colonies for the past eighty seven years. But my parents were too wise to decree me a place in his establishment, so he thought that he would see that at least I would receive my room and board in a strictly kosher home. And he could discover no family who could guarantee this, in his eyes, main condition for my welfare so well as the "Braunsteins," as I shall call them. They kept a junk and rags store in that classical thoroughfare of the East End, known as Petticoat Lane, or Middlesex Street.

It was two years before my mother, as particular in the cleanliness of her household as perhaps only an old-fashioned German housewife can be, discovered the unsuitability of my surroundings, and then made arrangements for me to live in Dalton, North London. But meanwhile my residence in London's ghetto had gotten me acquainted with the many interesting phases of the varied Jewish life there, and through all the years of my London life I would at times come East to ramble through its streets.

And not only there, but all over London, which spreads itself over an acreage much larger than New York City, we students would walk. A company of us walked daily the five miles to College and back. Rarely would we take the bus. And then, either in company or alone, I would cover, when leisure from studies permitted, many more additional miles after school hours. Miles meant nothing to our young legs. From Mile End to Elephant and Castle and back was a favorite stretch. I suppose that it is ten or twelve miles each way. And we thought nothing of it. Walking and cricket formed my chief exercise.

I mention the excellent habit of walking because of

a peculiarity I discovered in myself through interminable wanderings through the Metropolis. This peculiarity I presently concealed, because the boys, I found, were making fun of it. I had an irresistible piety towards churches. I was a normal boy in every way. Perhaps I hated smuttiness in pictures, stories and conduct more than some of the others. But there was nothing unusual about that, for there were other students at Jews' College who were every bit as pure-minded and "nice" about such things as I was. And these were among my choice pals. But even these had no understanding of what the Psalmist must have meant when he wrote, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord."

The Great Synagogue on Duke Street where Cantor Haas sang and Lord Rothschild worshipped; Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, burial places of kings and poets; the little Chevrahs, unpretentious synagogues; the great City Temple, on Holborn, where I heard famous Protestant divines preach at noon on weekdays; churches large and small, Christian and Jewish; Orthodox, and liberal like the West End Synagogue, where Claude G. Montefiore worshipped, and where I would sometimes go on a Saturday morning, a six mile walk for me; all knew me, or, rather, did not know me, for I would never make myself known to anybody.

I loved best to slip in quietly and sit in the rear, whether services were going on or not, and absorb the atmosphere of the place. For each alike would pour into my soul a sweetness and peace which seemed meat and drink to me, for I always went forth strengthened and refreshed.

It was a peculiarity I could not resist and which the

boys could neither stand nor understand. So, after a while, I rambled alone, except for my closest friend, Abraham Stone, who, when he was eighteen, left the Jews' College for Morocco, to join the Foreign Legion. With him I came to an understanding, pledging myself, when I sought his company, to enter no house of worship of whatever creed on our way.

I have a record of one of these visits, to a synagogue in Whitechapel, in a poem which was published in *The Jewish Exponent* of Philadelphia, as one of the "London Jewry Sketches" of ghetto scenes in verse and prose which I sent over from England. The swaying of the body while praying, and mourning in stockinged feet mark this synagogue out as belonging to the sect of the Chasidim, "Pious," who worship God enthusiastically, in the spirit of the saint who exclaimed, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto Thee?" (Psa. 35:10). They believe that their swaying brings the Messiah nearer, for they know not that he has already come!

And on Tisha B'Ab, the anniversary of the destruction of both Temples, when they fast and mourn for twenty four hours, and chant "Eichoh," the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the prophet who sat on the ruins of the first Temple, they sway doubly hard to bring the Exile to an end, not realizing that beyond the threshold of the synagogue, just one step forward through the door, the Son of Righteousness is shining for the Chosen People, to throw light into the darkness of their Exile and self-imposed isolation from the human race, and banish it forever.

TISHA B'AV IN A GHETTO SYNAGOGUE

It was the eve of the Ninth of Av,
The people were silently bobbing;
All muffled and bent sat the gray old Rav[1]—
All muffled up and sobbing.
The Shammus[2] was shaking—and taking snuff,
And the Chazan[3] was mumbling before us;
The Shammus was blubbering—and taking snuff;
And the people had taken their boots all off;
And they crouched, and howled in chorus:

"Eichoh,[4] oh, woe to us, woe! Eichoh—
How are Thy people perished;
How have they sunken so low, so low,
That once so mightily flourished?
O Shaddai,[5] let Thy anger sleep,
And to our land restore us;
O Shaddai, let Thy anger sleep!
How long in darkness shall we creep?"—
And the people wailed in chorus.

"Eichoh—how has the foeman's sword
Struck low the faithless city?
Evoe, have pity Thou, O Lord,
For the enemy has no pity!
Oh, scatter then this hoary cloud
Of exile that hangs o'er us;
Oh, scatter Thou this hoary cloud
And tear in shreds the ancient shroud!"—
And the people sobbed in chorus.

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[1] Rabbi.
[2] Beadle.
[3] Cantor.
[4] Hebrew for "How," opening "Lamentations" of Jeremiah, which is chanted on this day.
[5] Almighty.

"Eichoh, Eichoh." And a shadow slow
Crept down from the time-laden rafter;
Crept over my soul with wings of woe,
And rent it with grief-laden laughter;
For the Chazan and Rav they bobbed and prayed,
And a cloud of tears hung o'er us;
For the Chazan and Rav they sobbed and prayed,
And the whole Shool[6] slobbered, and wobbled, and swayed,
And the people wept in chorus!

* * *

From the rafters, from the ceiling,
Down the wall, along the floor,
Came the maudlin shadows reeling,
Blacker, thicker, more and more;
Softly, slowly stole
Through my darkened soul;
Heavily o'er my sad heart swept—
Till I wept.

I wept. And ever on my hearing
Struck the mournful Eichoh swell,
Sometimes failing, sometimes nearing,
Like a surf-embedded bell;
Like the muffled hum
Of a deadened drum,
Still the people honed, and moaned,
Droned and groaned.

* * *

Lower and thicker the darkness fell,
Into my sad soul eating;
Faint grew the sound of the Eichoh swell,
And loud my heart began beating;

[6] Yiddish for synagogue.

For I thought that as I sat—behold!
  The windows and ceiling lightened,
The blackness slowly, fold on fold,
Rolled back, and a Man,[7] majestic and old,
  Gazed out at the people frightened!

His hair and beard streamed wild and white,
  Like mists by a fierce breeze breasted;
His eyes they blazed, yet within a light
  As of fathomless tenderness rested.
Over his shoulder a goatskin hung,
  His bare breast half revealing;
And to his goatskin girdle clung
A leathern bottle, that flapped and swung,
  As his voice broke stern and pealing:

"Arise, O People, from the dust!
  How long will ye be whining?
Scrape from your bones this cankering rust;
  Go out! the sun is shining.
Yes, yes! It's shining for you and all;
  And what if its light be hidden
For a time by persecution's pall—
Will it help you to stay indoors and bawl?
  Will you live and die bedridden?

"But yesterday it blew a blast;
  Today, too, brought its sorrow;
And must ye from a buried past
  Bring pains to the doubtful morrow?
Come, quit these fruitless cries and sighs,

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[7] Elijah the prophet, who, according to Jewish tradition, is the forerunner of the Messiah, and will announce his arrival. Hence, when John the Baptist proclaimed Jesus as the Christ, many thought he was Elijah.

These meaningless complainings;
Lift high your heads, and dry your eyes;
Arise, O Israel, arise!
And cease these empty plainings.

"By broken backs, and heartstrings loose
Will Zion ne'er be builded;
For slavish breasts the Lord's no use;
Or prayers by weaklings yielded.
Then stiffen your backs, and quiet your fears,
And end this vain beclamoring!—
Another ocean or two of tears,
Another thousand or two of years,—
How long will ye be yammering?"

The voice it ceased, the great eyes blazed,
And a while in the shadows hovered;
Then, suddenly, even as I gazed,
Their bright light failed, gloom-covered.
For the darkness thickened all around,
And the tear-cloud lowered o'er us;
And like the surge's loudening sound
That greets the traveller homeward bound,
Out swelled the Eichoh chorus.

* * *

It was the eve of the Ninth of Av—
The people were silently bobbing;
All muffled and bent sat the gray old Rav—
All muffled up, and sobbing.
The Shammus was shaking, and taking snuff,
And the Chazan was mumbling before us;
The Shammus was blubbering, and taking snuff;
And the people had taken their boots all off,
And they wailed, and moaned in chorus.

IV

RUSSIA

THE Russian Jewish students who had made Dr. Sternheim's Yeshiveh, Rabbinical Seminary, their habitat, studying and eating and even sleeping there, on the bare wooden floors and benches, for he had no beds or cots provided for them, would make good material, he had hoped, for the building up of the ultra-orthodox Rabbinate for the British Empire which, he thought, was England's greatest need. For this he had spent his entire fortune and was collecting contributions from well-wishers. Yet, as far as I know, not a one of them ever became a rabbi. It seemed to me to be merely a refuge, and a temporary one at that, for young foreigners who were trying to get on their feet in London, and who dropped out of sight as soon as they had found a job in a factory or entered business. I think they were more valuable to me than to Dr. Sternheim because it was from them that I first learned about "isms." Not only Zionism but Socialism, as well as Anarchism and Communism. And though I found Atheism rampant in all four, this, somehow, was one "ism" I could never be drawn into. On the contrary, it was just natural for me to look for Deism in every "ism," and when I abandoned a political philosophy it was primarily when I found that Deism had no place.

Except, of course, Zionism. The *Arbeiter Ring*, "Workmen's Circle," generously supports Jewish colonization of Palestine and are good Zionists. But it is an organization which is permeated with a Yiddish

kind of Judaism, many of whose members leave God out quite completely. This disgusted me, but all the same I fellowshipped with them on Zionism because this is too Jewish not to share in with my people.

Also for Communism I cherished great hopes during my London days. Before the Bolshevist Revolution there were six million Jews in Russia. These had groaned for centuries under the merciless bureaucracy of the Czar by connivance of the Russian Orthodox Church. With the Jew the great masses of the Russian peasants, the poor mujik, had also suffered. According to my Russian Jewish friends, several escaped revolutionists, both Jew and peasant needed to have the grievous yoke lifted from their shoulders, overstriped with knout or massacred by pogroms.

Among Dr. Sternheim's rabbinical proteges, next to Ziperfein, I felt closest to Leon Bernstein, who had escaped from Siberia for partnership in the throwing of a bomb. They gave me first hand information of conditions in Russia; of the revolution that was fermenting; of Rasputin, the mad adulterous monk, who ruled the Czarina, and of much else. As a Jew I detested particularly the instigations of pogroms, massacres of Jews, by these same ignorant mujiks, stirred up by Russian church leaders, whose policy it had become to solve the vexing Jewish problem by forcible conversion, massacres, and expulsion of the rest.

May I here say that before we condemn the Bolsheviks for curbing the Russian Orthodox Church we should study how for centuries the hierarchy worked hand in hand with the aristocracy and the Czarist militaristic clique in keeping the peasants in poverty and ignorance and, as for the Jews, well, let me quote from the Jewish Publication Society account of the

persecutions that drove one million Russian Jews to settle in the United States during 1880–1882, alone.

"The reign of Alexander III, like that of Nicholas I, was devoid of even that faint glamor of liberalism which, in the days of Alexander I and Alexander II, had aroused deceptive hopes of better times. During the thirteen years of Alexander III's autocracy (1881–1894) not a ray of light was permitted to penetrate into Holy Russia . . . The history of Russian thinkers became again a long list of martyrs and a register of convicts.

"Pobyedonostsev, the Russian Torquemada, was appointed procurator of the Holy Synod. He is accused of instigating the imperial ukase decreeing the pillage and slaughter of the Jews. Before the new Czar had been on his throne three months, Russia was drenched with Jewish blood. There began saturnalia of rape, plunder, and murder, the like of which had been witnessed nowhere in Europe. For half a year the pogroms swept like a tornado over southern Russia, visiting more than one hundred and sixty communities with fire and sword, resulting in outrages on women, in the murder of old and young, in the ruin of millions of dollars of property. In the words of the Bishop of Canterbury, 'It looks as if the enemy of mankind was let loose to destroy the souls of so many Christians and the bodies of so many Jewish people.'

"The mob got tired of carnage, ceased its work of extermination, but the bloodthirstiness of those in authority was not assuaged. Pobyedonostsev inaugurated a policy which, in his own words, would 'force one-third of the six million Jews to emigrate, another third to embrace Christianity, and the remainder to die of starvation.'" (Haskalah Movement, in Russia, by

J. S. Raisin, pages 268–270, Jewish Publication Society of America.)

On the indifference and heartlessness for ages of the Greek Catholic Church in Russia to the misery and wretchedness of serf and Jew dwelling in their midst, books might be written. Let it suffice to remember here for the caution of Christians who need such caution that the Bible many times warns us against unchristian conduct by Christians, and promises that punishment is sure to follow. Let it suffice to mention one warning, that of St. Paul.

He is speaking of unchristian conduct to Jews, but, of course, he would warn us no less of unchristian conduct against Christians by churchmen, even if they were only Russian peasants.

He is speaking to his own congregation, Gentile Christians in Rome, who, he regrets to see, are beginning to act proudly, and as though they were a race superior to the Jews, from whom they had their Bible, and their Jesus, and their church, and their apostle Paul, and everything else.

Says Paul, "Boast not against the branches, who were broken off the tree of Israel by their rejection of Jesus as the Messiah. Do not hold yourself superior to them; be not highminded, but fear to do evil against them. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee, who art only a wild branch grafted on the original olive tree of Israel, and so partakest of its root and fatness. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God; on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in God's goodness; otherwise thou also shalt be cut off!" (Rom. 11:18–22).

Now I think we have sufficiently shown that the

Russian Greek Catholic Church did not continue in God's goodness, but for centuries failed in its duty of compassion and uplifting, and finally God said, "Down with that rotten tree!" And the Bolsheviks moved in.

I had met Max Aveling, who was professor at the University of London, and his wife, daughter of Karl Marx, at an informal function in the Great Queens Hall. His voice, without our modern magnifying devices, absolutely filled the great auditorium. He was a wonderful orator, and spoke on Communism. I heard Prince Kropotkin, and read Bakunin and others on the same subject.

Now Jesus was the first, I say it most reverently, of all Communists. He is the Eternal Contemporary, on this as on all matters of moment to mankind. His dislike of the Pharisees, himself a Pharisee, as Klausner and all modern students of his life have shown, was largely due, I am convinced, to the fact that he and they were on opposite sides of this question.

For the Pharisees were Separatists. The name Pharisee, or Perishata, as they were called, from the Hebrew Perushim, which denotes Separatists, was given to them because they were the strictly observing Jews who said that every tittle of the Law of Moses must be sacredly kept. They prided themselves upon keeping away from the nonobserving Jewish masses, the Am Ha-arez, "uneducated," and the sinners in the community, to whom Jesus' heart went out in compassion as the neglected sheep of Israel.

Theirs was a brotherhood into which they admitted only such as pledged themselves, in the presence of three fellow-members, to live faithful to the Pharisaic rules of piety, vowing to avoid contact with those

ignorant of the Torah, and sinners, and especially to observe the dietary laws.

The Pharisees, among other things, found fault with Christ because his community spirit, his desire to share his meals in common with the "lost sheep" equally with the learned classes, as well as everything he owned, even his divinity, led him at times to neglect the Levitical laws of purity, which prescribed, and to this day do for Orthodox Jews, the washing of the hands before eating, with a blessing over the washing. Certainly, that multitude of thousands who participated with Jesus in the great picnic, when he divided up among them, his disciples and himself the loaves and fishes, had not attended to this Pharisaic detail before partaking of the feast the Messiah spread.

But to Jesus it was more important that these thousands, who had come on foot out of their villages to hear him and see him and be near him all day, be now fed, seeing they were hungry. As Matthew 14 tells us, "He was moved with compassion for them." So he commanded them to sit down on the grass, made the blessing over the bread, which takes a second, and had the food passed around, and did not bother about having them all wash their hands first, which would have taken hours.

One winter in the depression in a street off the Bowery I engaged in conversation with some men in a bread line. I questioned them on the relative merits of missions that were handing meals out to the hungry. I was told that this particular bread line was favored for a mission up the street because this gave you food as you came in, while the other required your presence at a prayer meeting with hymns which lasted about an

hour before they fed you. And I said to myself, "The Pharisees are not all dead yet."

That is the reason why Jesus, in a sense, was the first martyr to Communism, because his consorting "with publicans and sinners" was one of the things the Pharisees had against the Saviour. He abhorred Separatism. He was a Communist in its true sense.

And so, when in the year 1906 the Communists broke out into fierce revolt and the streets of St. Petersburg ran red with blood, I prayed for the success of the enterprise, believing that it had the blessing of God upon it, and hoping that the terror of the Czarist regime would be lifted forever. Three of the Yeshiveh bochurs, my friends at Dr. Sternheim's Seminary, had two months before silently disappeared from our midst. I thought of them and particularly of Leon Bernstein, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, to whom I had become quite attached. The Revolution had become their religion, and during the long winter nights we would discuss various aspects of it while they drank glass after glass of boiling hot tea, very sweet, which we cooked on the open coal fire. And their religion was not a commonplace thing like ours at Jews' College, but glowing and intense, and this was the magnetism that attracted me to them. And so when the news of the Revolution came out in the newspapers I thought of them as perhaps dying on the barricades; and with much shedding of tears and as though with blood out of my heart, wrote "Russia," and "The Revolutionist's Death Song."

RUSSIA

The Carmagnole has come again!
They are dancing the wild dances of the French Revolution!
The Carmagnole has come again!
'Twill not out but through bloody pain.
Oh, the sufferings they endure—
Women good and children pure,
Old and helpless, strong and fighting, worried, thrust at, hacked and trod
Into sod!

You are crying, heart, are crying;
But your tears are salt, not blood,
That but cleanse the sore still lying
On your ancient wounded good.
You are crying. There they're dying,
And are weeping tears of blood,—

They have chosen the road of pain!
They are dancing their wild dances round a mad solution.
They have chosen the road of pain—
God help them!

THE REVOLUTIONIST'S DEATH SONG

On the skin of the earth, in the air
We have our being!
And no one has a care
But of what he's seeing.
Of the dead in the sod below,
Or the rumbling, tumbling flow
Of the stuff in the depths aglow
There is no seeing.
On the skin of the earth, in the air
We have our being!

But some day there'll be hell!
And but one master.
A monstrous, brazen yell,
A crack and—blast yer!
And babes will be unborn,
And sheep no longer shorn,
And tyrants all lie torn,
And silence master.
Yes. Some day there'll be hell,
And silence master!

V

JESUS AS "A BOND OF UNION"

AT THE City Temple, Holborn, which I passed daily on the right as I walked to Whitechapel, there was a speaker, a Dr. Campbell, who was giving some much noised noonday talks to business men. I was curious to hear a preacher who had established so great a reputation as a pulpit orator. So one day I got myself excused on some pretext from afternoon sessions, and entered the famous church.

I felt the freer to attend because his subject was from an Old Testament text, "The eternal God is a dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms," a favorite verse of mine, already in those days.

His gestures were few but striking. His voice was deep and booming. For the first time I saw a newspaper showily, or, rather, dramatically, used in the pulpit. He waved it at us, after reading some extract, and spoke of what finds a place in the everlasting Arms, and what in the changeable Stock Exchange.

He spoke of the temptations of Jesus in the desert, and of how he threw aside riches, and power, and all earthly glory for the spiritual wealth not dependent on the market; for the power securely established in men's souls; and the glory that belongs to the sovereignty of Christ the Messiah, as ruler of the Kingdom of God that rests in the hearts of men. He showed how all of us, by the exercise of character, could rule men's souls for worthy ends.

I have heard hundreds of sermons from Jewish and Gentile divines, including some of the greatest, but,

judging from the deep rut grooved in my memory, this left the greatest impression.

I remember being convinced that the New Testament, which he bridged so securely with the Old, should, not a day longer, be terra incognita for me.

And I took, religiously speaking, the most momentous step in my life.

I went to the Farringdon Road book market, where there were two solid blocks of second-hand books on pushcarts, and where I used to pass hours at a time lightly skimming different volumes from cover to cover, and occasionally buying one I desired to own. Here I bought myself a copy of the New Testament.

This I never mentioned to anyone, as, in those days at any rate, Jewish theological students were not supposed ever to open the Christian Scriptures. Little did I know at that time that practically every bit of this great literature was written by Jews.

I think it was the discourses on Jesus by Dr. Joseph Krauskopf that gave me courage to do this. In the third year of my residence in London my father went as rabbi to Pottsville, Pa., with mother and the rest of the children, and I would delight in the study of those pioneer lectures delivered to his Sunday morning congregations in Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, which my sisters sent me, and in reading in the London Jewish papers accounts of the same, mostly in the way of very bitter criticism.

In Sheffield, as elsewhere, my father was Shochet, ritual slaughterer, as well as rabbi. As a little boy I once asked him to let me see him at his work. He took me along to the slaughterhouse, and I saw him, with his long knife, keen as a razor blade, draw it twice across the throat of a cow. It was a bloody and a pitiful

sight and made me sick at heart, and I never asked to be taken again.

While waiting for him, and while he sharpened his knives, I had looked about me. In an adjoining room I had seen a Gentile butcher strike a bull down with one stroke of a pickaxe on his skull.

For weeks after my dreams were haunted; by the helpless cow thrown to her side, and the strong bull, who had received the blow standing, and forthwith fell to his knees before he tumbled over. Something like that happened to me when I opened the New Testament.

I had buttoned my coat over the precious but forbidden Scriptures, for they don't wrap authors in the Farringdon Road book market, and thus I bore it home. I went to my room, closed the door and opened the book trembling, not from fear but excitement. I shall never forget the first verse I saw in the first New Testament I read, for I read it and read it again, and rubbed my hand over my eyes to see whether I was seeing right. Then, as the full significance of the verse struck me, I fell on my knees like the ox. Religious emotion has a habit of affecting me just like that. To this day I often fall on my knees in prayer, which is an un-Jewish thing to do.

For the words I read surely were the most astounding words ever spoken on earth. No one but a crazy man or a most sane God could have uttered them.

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

I had happened to open at John 16:33.

Surely the noblest, bravest and greatest optimist was he who, just before going down to utter defeat, and knowing that he was so going, to defeat in the world's eyes, to a horrible and shameful death, which

would scatter his friends, and leave him to die alone with thieves, could proclaim himself the world's Conqueror!

"What a man!" I thought. And then, like a flash, that brought my forehead to the floor in obeisance, "Or, what a God!"

I lay stretched on the floor for a while, my brain buzzing. Then I rose, to await Ziperfein.

Nachman Ziperfein, with full, high brow like some budding Shakespeare, and black locks more silken than a woman's, proud as a prince, and princely by nature, yet always, always poor, poor as a church mouse, was my roommate.

He had escaped from some village near Odessa. It was a great grape district and he was never tired of talking of the grapes. He had escaped because the Jewish community was so fanatic that it had forbidden him to study the Scriptures! I mean, of course, the Old Testament. I had never heard of such a thing before among Jews, although I have heard of Roman Catholics who were prohibited from reading the Bible.

They wanted him to study nothing but Talmud, and called him an *Apekoros*, "Infidel," because he liked to discuss the philosophy of Job, or the poetry and mysteries of the prophecies.

I had discovered him at Dr. Sternheim's Yeshivah. He was sleeping there nights, and cooking his own meals of what Fraulein Wechsler, the Yeshivah's charitable provider for the homeless bocher, "student," used to bring. A few words with him, and friendship for him awoke in me and a keen interest. He was looking for a position as teacher in a Talmud Torah, or Hebrew School, and must first acquire a knowledge of English to obtain one.

I offered to teach him English, but got no further than buying him Ollendorff's Method in German and English, for he knew German well, having spent two years at a University in Vienna. He thought he could do better without a teacher. He mastered English almost perfectly, including spelling, entirely by himself in six months.

I invited him to room with me. I would get him a cot, I told him, and he came. He made a wonderful comrade, as I thought he would be. He was writing a commentary on the Ethics of Spinoza, which he hoped to publish. We would read over the Latin original together, and had great discussions. I learned to love Spinoza with a love which has kept true all these years past with two other loves, my love for the Bible and Shakespeare.

For entertainment we sang. He had a magnificent bass voice, and I, in those days, a good baritone. The way he sang Heine's "Die Zwei Grenadiere" is thundering in my soul at this moment.

I had a fireplace, an open grate, like all English rooms. And for fun, as he taught me, we would sometimes cook our supper steaks over it, and with et ceteras have a jolly good time, then study, talk, or read till two in the morning.

I showed Ziperfein my discovery. To my amazement I found he knew a good deal on the subject. Perhaps the earliest and certainly one of the finest works along the lines of modern Biblical criticism had been written by Spinoza. Spinoza's Christlike character had been, in part, at least moulded by his study and love for the character of Jesus, as anyone can see who reads his "Theologico-Political Tractate." And Spinoza, greatest of modern philosophers, teacher of

masters from Goethe to Huxley, driven out of the synagogue by the Amsterdam fanatics three hundred years ago, and compelled to take refuge among Christian friends, like his greater predecessor, almost fell a victim to a religious murder, by the dagger of the Jew who stabbed him.

"Ziperfein," I said, taking a bottle of muscatel and two wine glasses from the closet, and pouring us each out a glass, "what blessing will Jews make when the Moshiach (Messiah) comes?"

He drank down his glass, and poured himself out another.

"I'll drink while you find one," he replied. "There isn't one. When he comes we'll make one up. Meanwhile drink." And he drank.

So I held my glass up to the light, and said the "Shecholak," which is the nearest I knew. It is the blessing in use when a great sage is met. It was the first time I had occasion to use this prayer, but I knew it because we had studied all the blessings at the Seminary from Singer's Daily Prayer Book. All blessings, of course, are said in Hebrew, but the translation runs, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast imparted of Thy wisdom to them that fear Thee." I followed it up with the consecration over wine and, pointing to the open page of John, drank.

Ziperfein never prayed; I prayed frequently. By that I mean, in addition to the regular prayers, I used little blessings, as occasion prompted. It was one of our numerous subjects of contention. The prayer habit was mine from my sainted mother. It began in infancy, before I can remember, with the morning prayer: "Lieber Gott, ich bitte dich."

But his experience in the Ukraine had embittered him. It had knocked all religion completely out of him, except that which was so fine that I could only feel it, for he never spoke of it. I was only happy that it had not made him an atheist, which would have made him unendurable to me, instead of the priceless friend he was. How sorry I was when he obtained his teacher's position and left me! For our bedroom was really too small for two.

I called him "Zippy" affectionately. Sometimes, to annoy him, I called him "little Zip." For although he was three years older, I was two inches taller. And I was proud of this fact, for I had been diminutive for years, and now, suddenly, was beginning to shoot up. I wouldn't have taken a ton of diamonds for an inch of me.

"As a world conqueror," I said, "Jesus has certainly proved his title to the name far more than Alexander the Great, Timour, Napoleon, or any of the other masters of men, whom history calls great. For none of these has ever approached the extent of his dominion, seeing that Christians now number six hundred million, one third of mankind. And for length of reign, nineteen centuries!'

I reached for my Bourrienne, the life of Napoleon, by his secretary, from my shelves of books. I had about two hundred books, mostly from the Farringdon Road book market, which I moved about with me wherever I lodged, together with my piano organ, which I taught myself to play by ear. These involved some expense in moving, but reading and music were my great loves.

"Let another man," I continued, "one who certainly

was a man and a judge of men, Napoleon, speak. Listen to him at St. Helena:

"'Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I have founded great empires, but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force!

"'Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him. I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you that all these were men and that I am a man. None else is like him. Jesus Christ was more than a man.'"

"Jesus, the Optimist, is our greatest representative," I continued, "for optimism is the secret of the Jewish survival, and the secret of Jewish heroism. And Jesus, the world's greatest optimist, and the most successful man that ever lived, is certainly a credit to Israel, the most optimistic of peoples. And his success, unlike that of all other world conquerors, has not died with him, but is still growing; until it will involve the other thousand million, and make the whole world Christian. Who can doubt it?"

"Not I," said Ziperfein. "In fact, Moses Maimonides intimates as much."

I knew something of what this great rabbi scholar and philosopher, of the 12th century A.D., had said about Christianity being the daughter religion of Judaism, through whom the fear and the love of God, Israel's work, was being spread throughout the earth; but I wanted to see it from the original sources. "Show me," I said.

Ziperfein only had about twenty books to my two hundred. But he didn't need as many, because he carried an immense knowledge in his head. And this was particularly true of Hebraica and Judaica, of which

lore he had more than any Yeshivah bocher I have ever met.

Maimonides' works he had complete; for as far as Spinoza's Jewish background was concerned, he was the Dutch philosopher's head master. So we read together, he translating for me, what was there said, in hearty approval, of Christianity's work for God because Israel, too much oppressed by foes, has enough to do to keep her own soul alive. She has no strength these bitter days of exile to look to the salvation of other nations.

"Do you not see there," Ziperfein added, "the hope in the back of Maimonides' head, that with the pressure relieved from Israel by the advent of justice for the Jew, and friendship instead of hatred, we will again be, as once we were, a great missionary people?"

"Yes. And why cannot Jesus, our greatest Jew, our most successful son, and Christianity's great leader, become, as Dr. Krauskopf suggests, once more our proud possession, as he is that of Israel's daughter religion?"

"Did Dr. Krauskopf say that?" asked my friend. "Lord, that's a brave man! He'd lose his congregation here in a jiffy for that, wouldn't he?"

"Yes," I cried triumphantly, and I showed him the last lecture I had received. "That's America for you! And if Jesus is our own again, why cannot he unite us, the Mother and the Daughter, as his heart must be aching to do?"

"You speak as though you thought he must be still alive. You're crazy!"

"Am I? Who is doing his work then? We were five million in Palestine at least, for one million of us perished in the siege of Jerusalem under Titus alone

and, according to vital statistics, if not massacred and converted, we would have increased to six hundred millions in the nineteen hundred years that have passed. Instead, *we* are fifteen million and *Christians* six hundred million. Spiritually speaking, and religion is spiritual or nothing, they are the reincarnations of the six hundred million Jews who should have been. As Dr. Campbell said today, 'By their fruits shall ye know them.' God does not know us today as He once did, otherwise we wouldn't be becoming more and more of a failure, and they more and more of a success. Look at you, a fine Jewish soul like you, even you never acknowledge God in prayer any more, and you know what the Talmud says, that a King is known by his court. You were not in Shool (synagogue) even Yom Kippur. Your religion has become, what the rabbis warned us it mustn't be, merely a tool to make your living from, not a faith to live by."

And I quoted him the passage from the Mishna about "profaning things sacred, despising the festivals," and how such a man "makes void the covenant of our father Abraham, and will have no share in the world to come."

Ziperfein merely answered with a shrug of his right shoulder, which meant to me, who knew him so well, "let the next world care for the next," and said:

"Well, what do you want of me? Help you study this in Greek?"

I was tickled at his offer to help me discover my new-found treasure by the light of the Greek original, and thanked him. For he had mastered Greek as he was mastering English, himself his master; and I had but begun my Greek.

But I had his respect for my opinion as I could see by his offer of conciliation.

"Yes, help me, and maybe I can work to help make Jesus a bond of union between Jews and Christians, and not a barrier that separates them, as now. O cruel injustice to the best of men, whom Jews are now beginning to call 'the perfect Jew,' and 'the best of men,' and 'Israel's greatest son'! If he is all this as scholars and great rabbis, like Dr. Krauskopf and Dr. Kaufmann Kohler say, why not accept him as our leader also? And by thus marching together under a common leader we would unite the forces of God. The host of the Lord God and the hosts of the armies of Christ, would unite to fight heathenism, militarism, materialism, immorality, and atheism, which, if religionists continue to fight one another may sweep the world away in a second deluge, a deluge of blood!"

I was much excited, even to tears, as I concluded. For the young German Kaiser, according to the morning despatches, was once more twirling his moustaches, and making England angry by his threats, and covering the front pages of European newspapers with war clouds.

But little did I dream, when I spoke of Jesus as "a bond of union," that in America, many years later, when I began to gather recent literature on the life of Jesus by Jewish writers, in order to prepare for my discourses on "The Jewish View of Jesus," which I delivered before Christian and Jewish audiences while rabbi in Roanoke, Va., I would find the identical words in a passage nobly expressed by Dr. H. G. Enelow, rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, New York City.

For Dr. Enelow closes his book, *A Jewish View of Jesus*, with the following words:

"Among the great and the good that the human race has produced, none has even approached Jesus in universality of appeal and sway.

"He has become the most fascinating figure in history. In him is combined what is best and most mysterious and most enchanting in Israel, the eternal people whose child he was. The Jew cannot help glorifying in what Jesus thus has meant to the world; nor can he help hoping that Jesus may yet serve as a bond of union between Jew and Christian, once his teaching is better known and the bane of misunderstanding at last is removed from his words and ideal."*

*From H. G. Enelow's "*A Jewish View of Jesus*," by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

VI

I GET INTO TROUBLE

I HAD passed my nineteenth birthday. But I must have been a great innocent for my years not to know that, without great discretion, my newly found opinions would get me into trouble. I was enthusiastic over my discovery of Israel's long lost treasure now found and about to be restored to my people! And who can be at the same time enthusiastic and discreet?

I felt like one who has come upon a precious secret that he is eager to share with the whole world!

Dr. Sternheim had obtained for Ziperfein a position at an East Side Talmud Torah. Had he been with me he might have warned me that the subject with which my soul was fullest was, while I felt that way, the least prudent of all possible themes under the sun to develop as a school exercise.

But the master for whom I wrote this composition was Dr. Israel Abrahams, the famous author of *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, our professor in English and homiletics. He was senior tutor at Jews' College; a man who had no equal in our hearts, for he was a true friend to each one of us, kindly and indulgent. Besides, I had always gotten the highest marks in composition, which was my strongest subject.

It was one afternoon shortly before Passover, and therefore in April. I can never forget that Passover! We were asked to write a composition in class, with our own choice of subject.

Here was a chance for me to deliver myself of a

great matter! We all knew Dr. Abrahams as a liberal. How interesting to discover what he would think about it! So I boldly headed my essay: *Jesus as a Representative of Judaism.*

I told how he was the world's greatest optimist, and as a perfect Jew, I quoted authorities on that, he was the best as well as the best-known representative on earth of the Jewish people, the most optimistic of all peoples.

I compared Jewish optimism with heathen pessimism; Jewish faith with Greek and Roman fatalism, quoting Hebrew prophets for the one and pagan poets for the other.

I showed how, all through Jewish history, trust in Providence and the moral spirit operated as a spirit of hope in the future, which ruled Jewish life at all points; while blind fate and unrelieved pessimism compelled Greeks and Romans to look back for their Golden Age.

"How fortunate for mankind," I said, "that the genius of Hebrew poetry, which created the book of Psalms had, through this universal prayerbook, now in use in millions of Christian houses of worship the world over, become the servant of one third of humankind; and with the continued spread of Christianity eventually would imbue with its own spirit the whole human race.

"How Israel's aspirations for the future, a future which, however dark in the present always gleamed with a silver lining, were making all men's hearts yearn for that spiritual kingdom, that reign of righteousness, which is setting the world's face more and more determinedly against recurring war, humanity's greatest horror!

"Did not Maimonides praise Christianity for doing

Israel's work, and accomplishing Israel's mission when Israel could not, by carrying the torch of the Torah, our Bible and our light, to all the dark corners of the earth? And is not a word of praise due, in these enlightened days to Jesus himself, who made Christianity possible? Nay, in reality, is not Jesus become Israel's greatest glory? Therefore why can we not in England do, as some American rabbis are beginning to do, claim him among our choicest sons, our representative without equal of Jewish optimism, in a world where optimism is so much needed, even in the 'Merrie England' of today."

I had been reading Robert Blatchford's *Merrie England*—I was a bit of a Socialist in those days—which had then come out in penny yellow booklets, published by The Review of Reviews. I, of course, used the term sarcastically, as he did.

I was reading my essay over, exultant. It was very strong, I thought, and original, and would make a great impression. Then I bit the end of my penholder to see whether it needed anything in the way of a finishing touch which I could add. A verse of Isaiah occurred to me that would be appropriate. Then Dr. Abraham's grave tones came from the front of the room, "Bring your compositions forward when you're done."

I glanced up. Dr. M. Friedlander, Principal of Jews' College, was sitting at Dr. Abraham's table. He had walked in noiselessly, as was his way, the quiet little scholar. His afternoon nourishment, for he was beginning to fail, consisting of half a tumbler of port with an egg beaten up in it, had been brought in while we were writing. He lived on the premises. The famous scholar, who had translated into English, from

the Arabic, Maimonides, masterpiece in Jewish philosophy, the "Moreh Nevuchim," "Guide for the Perplexed," was sipping his mixture.

In my enthusiastic state of mind I had written an exhortation addressed to the Jewish people for which a sermonic text seemed appropriate. So I added to the whole blunder the egregious addition of a Hebrew verse: *"Ho-om haholchim bachoshech ro-u or godol";* "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light" (Isa. 9:1).

This verse I wrote immediately under the heading.

I brought my essay up with a pleasant smile to Dr. Friedlander, with whom I was on close terms and related by marriage. My Uncle Adolph had come with a diploma from the Hildesheimer Seminary, Berlin, to take a postgraduate course at Jews' College. He did this mainly to learn English, as he wanted to minister to English-speaking congregations. A romance had developed between him and a niece of Dr. Friedlander's, who was visiting at Tavistock House; and when my uncle received the call to Christchurch, New Zealand, they were married. On Purim, my birthday, I had had supper with Dr. Friedlander.

His cordial finished, he began to glance over the papers. I watched him eagerly. Presently he looked at me with a frown. His usually kind pale face was drawn with distress. It made my heart beat. I watched him as he read it, laid it down, and rose. He walked towards me, stopped by my desk, hesitated, as if to speak, but did not, and walked out.

Dr. Friedlander never took us to task severely. A gentle reprimand, in case of a lapse, is as far as he would go. Or, if he did, it must have been in his private office, for I never heard him. Neither did Dr.

Abrahams. Although, as I have said, he was senior tutor, when any of us were to be taken to task severely it was by Dr. Hirsch, our instructor in Hebrew, Bible and Talmud. He was the inquisitor.

My heart was in my mouth all that next morning, spent mostly with Dr. Hirsch. An hour for lunch, Latin with Mr. Kilner, mathematics with Dr. Abrahams, dismissal, and, prompt as the hour struck, in walked "Puffer."

He was a short and very stout man, who breathed audibly with each step, hence his nickname. He walked over to me as I was getting my books together and said, "Come here." He waddled forward and sat himself heavily down.

Dr. Abrahams stood by.

It was coming. I had expected this, and in the expectation of it had not been able to sleep all night. It was Pascal the Progressive, all his life under the ban of Conservatives, who had said perhaps from similar experience, "The heart has reasons of which reason has no knowledge."

So armed by foreknowledge I had placed a recent discourse of my stand-by, Dr. Krauskopf, in my breast pocket, and with my newly acquired acquaintance of the New Testament in my head and with what I knew of the Old Testament and rabbinical sources to back it, stood prepared. But I had to be careful, for your worst argument in favor of the New Testament is from the Old Testament, from the Jewish point of view. This, of course, is because Jews, while they accept the Old Testament to be inspired, deny all inspiration for the New Testament. They admit it to be fine literature, and no more. They therefore refuse to admit any

connection between the prophecies of the Old Testament and their fulfilment of the same in the New.

There were sheets of foolscap on the table, an inkstand and a pen. Dr. Hirsch stood the pen in the ink; then leaned back in his chair and looked at me, his eyes half closed, showing the keen gray-blue orbs peeping from narrowed slits. From his breast pocket he took out my composition and opened it.

"You visit Christian churches a good deal?"

"But synagogues, too, regularly, Sabbaths and festivals, the others only occasionally."

"True. But you do not go out of curiosity merely. You go to pray."

I was silent.

"You go to pray?"

"No. I go to synagogues to pray, not to churches. But . . ." I hesitated. "Yes?" "When I go, the prayer comes. It would be true, perhaps, to say I go for the prayerful feeling." Here Dr. Hirsch made a note, and continued doing so throughout the interview, till he had covered several sheets.

"Is that Jewish?"

"Yes. It was Moses, certainly a good Jew, who said, "In every place where I cause my name to be remembered I will come unto thee and I will bless thee" (Exod. 20:24).

I gave my answers, when quoting, in the original Hebrew wherever I could. Dr. Hirsch was our professor in Hebrew and liked us to use the sacred tongue.

"Doctor," I added, taking advantage of his pause: "It was Moses' use of the word *'azkir,'* 'I cause to be remembered,' which from the beginning influenced me not to be forgetful of the great debt of gratitude we owe to Christianity. All over London, as I walk, churches

are dotting the streets and spires are piercing the skies. But for Christianity how few the places where God would be remembered! And this is true the world over."

Dr. Abrahams took a chair and sat himself down. After seating, he moved it, perhaps a foot, closer along the floor to me. I felt it as a sympathetic move, and was grateful.

"Well, that prayerful feeling, what induces it? *Cholilo!* God forbid! Not the Christian Saviour, not thoughts of his presence there?"

"Doctor, the *Shechinoh*, the Divine Presence, surely you admit that it dwells in churches as in synagogues. If anything, the order, the respect, the awe is superior to what you generally find in synagogues."

"What?"

Happily I thought of another Hebrew passage to back me.

"Yes," I insisted. "The minister uses words of Torah, from the Psalms, the prophets, and the Pentateuch. And you recall what Rabbi Chananya said: 'If two sit together and interchange words of Torah, the Divine Presence abides between them.' And here you have a hundred, sometimes a thousand hearing the words of our Bible, our Torah. And I have felt the Holy Spirit filling the place, till I went out filled with it and exalted.'

Dr. Hirsch took off his spectacles and looked at me. Then he quickly wiped their dust off with his handkerchief and replaced them on his nose. His face had reddened. He had not liked my enthusiasm for the churches, and Dr. Abrahams spoke, by way of mediation.

"You take out of the church only what you your-

self have brought in. All worshippers do not feel that way as they leave."

"But that applies to our *synagogues*, too!" I replied. "Everywhere God meets us as we meet Him."

So for two hours the inquiry went on. I will not trouble the reader with it. At the end Dr. Hirsch gathered up his papers, and said, "Dr. Friedlander, not feeling well enough today for the task, a most unpleasant one for him and for us, asked us to undertake it, as we have done. We will submit our findings to the Principal of the College, and you will hear from him in the next few days. Of one thing be sure, it is a very serious matter. Don't speak of it. There is no question that if anyone of certain members of the Council had happened upon your essay instead of Dr. Friedlander, you would unquestionably be expelled."

They went out. I followed into the street with beating heart, more wretched than I ever felt before in my life.

VII

BIRTH-PAINS AND DELIVERANCE

FOR several days I shunned College. I was heartbroken, dismayed, and could not go near it, though I lived within five minutes' walk, on a little street off Southampton Row. To have more time for my studies I had moved close by.

It was the year when, for twelve months, I never touched meat. I was a vegetarian, not from choice, but from necessity. The dietary laws were strictly observed by me, and there was no Kosher restaurant nearer than Whitechapel, five miles distant.

To be Kosher, a restaurant must be run by Jews. No Gentile owner could be trusted to serve Kosher meals. Based upon Leviticus 11, where Moses forbids swine and other "unclean" creatures to Israelites, rabbis have added numerous other restrictions to what a Jew may and may not eat, as well as many customs connected with the cooking and serving of food which time has made sacred to observing Jews. For instance, butter and milk must not be served when meat is eaten. Milk dishes must have a compartment all to themselves and strictly separated from meat dishes; the one set never to be used for the other, but broken up or ritually cleansed if a mistake is made in their respective use. Kosher is that which is ritually clean; Trefeh, that which is ritually unclean.

So I was always hungry. My digestion, on the light diet I was unaccustomed to, worked more rapidly than my pocket could make up for. Finally I found a nice Jewish home in the West End where I could

afford to board. And then, oh, what a relief to get a substantial meal once more!

At this time I lived alone.

Like a thorn in a poor beast's paw which he bites at but cannot remove, so a phrase of Dr. Hirsch's had stuck itself in me. Sharp; and tinged with injustice he had made it burn! *"Cholilo,"* he had said, "God forbid, that we should develop a *Poshe Yisroel,* a Transgressor in Israel." *Poshe* means sinner and enemy of Israel. I, as ancestors of mine had done, would give my life for my people! I a *Poshe!*

It was unendurable. Tears gushed and flushed my cheeks as he said it, and tears flowed freshly now at home, as I wept in the secrecy of my room every time his words came to mind.

True, Dr. Abrahams had felt for me. He had put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You know your Faust, and how he answered Margarethe when she distrusted his lack of faith. 'Do you believe in God?' she asked. And Faust replied, 'If I told you, how could you understand me? *Name ist Schall und Rauch, dass Gefühl ist Alles.* Name is but sound and smoke, feeling is all." So Dr. Hirsch feels most kindly towards you and would save your career, and probes deeply but to discover your tendencies and turn them into the proper channel."

I believed that, but the emotional reaction from the operation which had cut into heart and soul, which had weakened my faith in myself and my future, which had injured my pride and self-esteem, and above all things, my fear of the effects of my disgrace and expulsion on my mother, with the ruin of her lifelong hopes in me of a career in the Rabbinate, made havoc in my feelings.

For this I had lived a strict life, abstained from pleasures, and in order to carry on, for there were not always scholarships, had organized English classes for foreign Jews, given private lessons, and learned all sorts of shifts, such as living on black bread and tea for days at a time when money was short. I had been true to the adage of scholars, like Rabbi Joshua, who said, "This is the way that is becoming for the study of the Torah: a morsel of bread with salt you must eat; and water by measure you must drink; you must sleep upon the ground, and live a life of trouble while you toil in the Torah. If you do thus happy shall you be and it shall be well with you. Psalm 128:2. That is, happy shall you be in this world , and it shall be well with you in the world to come."

Truly I was happy and likely to make my mother so!

For I could not count upon Dr. Abraham's friendship nor Dr. Hirsch's goodwill. There were members of the Council, "the dukes of Jews' College" we boys called them, who would sweep me and my visions of doing great things for Israel out ruthlessly if they but caught a sniff of what I believed concerning "the glory of Israel," as I had called Jesus. For Dr. Hirsch had said, "What has come over you that you so boldly pronounce his name in these halls; you, who in your father's house never dared, as you admit, ever to whisper it?"

And I had replied, "Why not, when in America, in leading Jewish congregations, the name, Jesus, is pronounced even in synagogues from pulpits, before the Holy Ark? It is a shame cast upon his great name, so to treat the most famous name on earth! And, Doctor, it would be for God's glory that you, and Dr. Abra-

hams and I rescued from shame in Israel the name of our most glorious son!"

"So!" said Dr. Hirsch, taking his spectacles off again, and for the third or fourth time. wiping imaginary dust off. His eyes blazed indignantly, and in his best sarcasm—he was noted for his sarcasm; oh, how he lashed into us boys at times!—"So, now you want to take *me* into partnership with you, do you? Thanks!" He replaced his glasses. "Pray," he said purringly, "and how for God's glory comes it?"

I replied in Hebrew again, though I saw that even Hebrew would not cool his anger this time, "Is it not written? Whatsoever the Holy One, blessed be He created in His world He created but for His glory, as it is said, Every one that is called by My name, it is for My glory I have created him; I have formed him, yea, I have made him!" (Isa. 43:7).

It was then that he said, "God forbid, lest we develop a *Poshe* in Israel!"

His goodwill! How much could I have after that? And even Dr. Abrahams, whose goodwill I was more sure of, what could it do for me, if Dr. Friedlander, with his strict sense of duty, referred it to the Council? He could barely save himself, he, Israel Abrahams, the greatest Jewish scholar in the world, who, if rumors were true, had almost lost his position at Jews' College because he had been seen eating in a non-Jewish restaurant on Oxford Street. A member of the Council, looking through the shop window as he passed, had seen something on Dr. Abraham's plate that looked suspiciously like pork chops!

"You have deceived me, O God!" I cried, and I fell on my face to the floor. "Or, have I deceived myself?"

I could not contain myself. My heart shook with

sobs and the brain pressure was more than I could bear. A peculiar feeling seized me. I felt I was going to die.

Was I? And so my poet's hopes, my rabbi's ambitions would end! Not here! Out in the street! I must see the sky! I walked falteringly down the stairs into the street, trembling in every limb, and forced myself to walk. Yes, I would walk and walk.

And as I walked I wrote what I thought was my farewell to earth. On an envelope in my pocket, with a bit of pencil, and the rest of it on a scrap of paper, for I always carried paper and pencil in my pocket.

BIRTH-PAINS

My eyes are in the sky,
  My mind is in the heaven;
And yet securely I
  Tread earth too, with steps even.

It is the change, which last
  Has come upon my soul;
It says, "Life's terror's past
  For you; you're near your goal!"

The endless kicks of fate
  That whirled my heart around,
And filled my tortured pate
  With dreams, for refuge found;

The endless kicks of fate
  Have made me hate the ground;
And fill my tortured pate
  With dreams of things unsound.

Oh, woe to the poor youth's years
  Of unrealities!
Of rough nights drowned in tears
  For lone calamities!

Of fruitless, bitter cries;
  Of penitent ignorance;
Of time that seemed full life,
  Yet passed as in a trance!

Of goodness far too good,
  That still imagined wrong;
And covered me, like a hood,
  With a conscience far too strong:

Allowing no pleasure at all;
  And each little happiness
Chilling, as by a pall,
  For fear of a vain excess.

Woe, woe! to the lifeless years
  That so fled over my head;
And made me wish in tears
  A thousand times, I were dead!

Say, was this a poet's life,
  Or a miserable monk's, drear-drawn?
A nature's child, sun-rife,
  Or a rabbit-warren's spawn?

God, God! When I meet Your Face
  You will answer me straight, I know,
Why You made my hopes to chase
  This heart to its ruin so!

About the rest of that day I remember nothing more. Whether I ate or drank, or where I walked I know nothing, but only that I came home when it was dark and went to sleep, a shaken sleep.

But the next morning a wonderful thing happened, to me an epoch-making thing.

I remembered the verses and took them from my pocket. The pencilled scraps were almost illegible, and I copied them in ink into the school composition book I kept for that purpose while I could call back the words. I did this propped up in bed, for I felt fatigued.

The May sun was shining through the window. Weal or woe, the day must be bravely faced, and I jumped out. It was a habit from my earliest days, for my dear mother had taught me, "*Morgen Stunde hat Gold in Munde,*" "The morning hour carries gold in its mouth."

I bathed, dressed, and prayed. Always the sombre thought of my threatened expulsion in my mind! Where was that text which had helped get me into trouble? I opened my Hebrew Bible at Isaiah, chapter nine.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." Israel is still in darkness, in exile, so it can't apply to her. To whom then, but to the heathen world converted to Christianity out of the darkness of fetish worship and from savagery to civilization?

"Thou hast multiplied the nation." Not Israel, for we are a handful upon earth. It is the people of Christendom, God's spiritual nation, they, not we, who have multiplied, and deservedly, for they are doing God's work, a thousand times better than we are. And so I read on, commenting as I went on until I came to the words:

"For a child is born unto us, a son is given unto us; and the government is upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"It was Isaiah," I thought, "who lived at least seven hundred years before Jesus was born, who said this, our greatest literary prophet. There is no one who lived before Jesus to whom this can apply, and since his birth there is no one but he who has done all this. And the Jews, a small proportion of them, still believe that the Messiah is to come! and the rest have abandoned all faith in a Messiah. Meanwhile one third of the world, without aid of the Jews, have been won to the worship of God under the government of the Christian Saviour. Do we Jews believe that anyone can arise who can put Jesus in the shade? What kind of Messiah do Jews believe in that can accomplish more? Perhaps with armies and navies bring us to Palestine through a deluge of human blood? What Jew would follow such a Messiah? Another Prince of Peace, then, eclipsing Jesus? Oh, what blindness and foolishness not to accept on our knees what God has given us! And he not a stranger but our own glorious son of Israel!"

And before the bed, on which lay the open Bible, I fell on my knees and passionately thanked God for Jesus!

And then a strange thing happened. The music of the morning before which had chimed out the poem of gloom suddenly broke in my mind into a song of elation. My blood tingled. I grasped the composition book and resting it on the bed, while the tears flowed in floods of gratitude, now hurriedly wrote a companion

poem. I did not pause to think but just felt and wrote!

But I recall this, that as I wrote of "the relentless Good," whose clutch I felt, I stopped and gasped for breath. For it seemed as though something living and small, yes, small and precious and soft, had fallen from the ceiling into my arms! I saw a beautiful baby, robed to its feet in white, come floating from the ceiling! And I threw my face upon it, for it was resting in my arms! It was my first vision.

DELIVERANCE

There is something in my blood,
There is something understood,
In a deeply different way,
Learned from pangs of yesterday!

And the tears that soak this truth
Start from eyes still filled with ruth,
At the thought of all the years
Filled, instead of joy, with tears.

Tears of child, of youth, of man,
Left to pant as best he can
For the knowledge that could save
From the black, untimely grave,

Ever yawning in his mind:
For the youth was not so blind
But that some eternal force
Gave the wrench man calls remorse.

Placed a word within his heart:
"Thou art better than thou art."
Bound it up into his blood,
To be better understood.

Made him feel: "Why this divorce
Of the streaming vital course,
That with longing makes me gray
To precipitate the day

When I shall be sound and whole,
And find comfort in my soul;
When this creature formed by nature
Should be smooth in every feature?

There is something in my blood
Born of the relentless Good:
Something new-born, and I gasp;
Something new-born, which I clasp!

Yes, I feel it. What's its name?
Nay, I know not. All the same
Hard I clinch it to my breast;
It is safe, though unexpressed!

And the knees they yield their pride,
And the head sinks down beside;
And a conscious living peace
Softer than the pillowed fleece

Fans the heart and dries the tears,
Whispers, "This begins new years;"
Vouches, "The black past lies dead;"
Beckons, "Forward face, instead!"

I wrote it, locked my door without reading it, and went out to get breakfast. I was afraid to stay in the room, and wanted no one else in it.

After breakfast I started to walk to Bunhill Fields, six or eight miles away. A good walk, but a walk would do me good, for I must think this over, and Bunhill Fields was a place of pilgrimage for me. There lay one of my heroes, Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Forward face, instead!" I could not doubt it was meant for me, but also for all Israel. For that *Kol Yisroel*, "the whole of Israel," without which a good Jew takes no important step; and least I, who had sucked in thoughts of leadership in Israel with my mother's milk!

But what was that vision? It was real, not a dream, for a record of it lay on my bed. The verses were there, and I had felt as though a hand, gentle but irresistible, was holding my wrist as I was writing. And the tears that fell showed their passion and significance. They could not so shower out of my soul and not mean something!

And the Babe that descended into my arms, symbol for me, of what? I hardly dared think of it! Was it the Christ-Child, come new-born into my soul? Yes. I began joyfully to run with the excitement of that thought, but quickly stopped myself. What is this? The people will think you are crazy! Sober up, my boy, sober up. You are not in Bunhill Fields yet.

I was devoted to children. I had always loved them dearly all my life. And so this idea of my duty had come to me like a little baby, to be taken care of, expecting great things from it, when it would be grown up, as my mother expected great things of me. And

meanwhile, I said to myself, for the thoughts simply would not down, you must shield it quietly from all the world, as a precious thing, too precious and tender to be thrown out into the cold and thoughtless world, the too often cruel world, to take its chance of being injured.

Meanwhile I was a wandering soul. Where could I find rest? My dear ones thousands of miles over the water; my college closed to me, for my pride would not let me go, to be told, perhaps, "You will hear from us."

Outside Bunhill Fields, by the iron railing, there was a recruiting sergeant. By his huge bearskin head covering I knew him to be a Grenadier Guard. Abe Stone, my closest friend at Jews' College, always had a great desire to be a soldier, but his father, a very religious Jew, insisted he become a rabbi. I knew Stone was only waiting for his father's death, an old man who had married very late in life, to break away, for there was considerable property coming. Often in our long walks would we discuss soldiering as a profession. Certainly it was a more exciting life than that of a theological student! And to be an officer in the Foreign Legion of France, his great ambition, which he could become, he informed me, for he made inquiries, by joining a military lycée in Paris, was something to be looked forward to, in his opinion, far more than to be a rabbi. And he had often tried to persuade my mind that way.

He had written to me from Algiers lately, and told me he was having a great time, and wouldn't I come? For his father had died, and he was receiving an annual income.

But I had no money for lycées, and such things.

I could, however, join the Grenadier Guards, my favorite British regiment.

I was missing a lot in life, and for what? Perhaps to be expelled. And why? Because I loved my people, and loved Christianity's great leader, born to be ours, whom misleaders of ours slew; and now, adding insult to injury, we had to call him *Toleh,* The Hanged One!—this great and glorious leader of one third of mankind. And because I loved and revered his name for all he had done for the heathen world and for civilization and had dared to mention his name in the sacred halls of Jews' College, I was to be expelled. Sacred halls! I hated them! I would speak to the recruiting sergeant.

After some preliminary conversation I asked, "What is the height required?" "What height are you? About five ten?" "No, five foot nine." "Good enough. We average five foot ten. We are his Majesty's crack corps, you know. But a few weeks with us and you'll be that height. Come in." But I thought I'd think it over.

The thought of how my mother would feel flashed into my mind. "I may be in to see you tomorrow," I said, and went into the cemetery.

Ah, that family heritage to be a rabbi! It would stick to me like the cerements they would wrap me in at last! Let me seek counsel from my Tinker Saint.

There were cracks in his worn tombstone; and the little green graveyard lice were enviously obliterating his epitaph with the scratches of their feet, aiding time and the elements.

"That's fame," I said. "Now, Bunyan, you're a saint, but on earth you were also a wandering soul, driven and whipped from pillar to post, starved and

jailed the best part of your life. But now you're a Christian saint, yes, and my Christian, too, you great soul!"

"What a pity," I thought, "that there is no tomb of an Isaac Elkanan or some other Jewish saint in all London I could go to in my distress! But yet that doesn't matter. Once saints are made and, above all things, dead, they are safely saints for all time and all men, regardless of creed. Only die, and men at once become broad-minded about you, be you Baptist or Methodist, Jew or Christian. But not so of Jesus. Jews have not yet become broad-minded about him, their most precious gift to the world. Can I help them become so?"

I waved to the sergeant as I passed him on my way home. I had seen nothing of the world. Perhaps that was just what I needed. Maybe I would see him tomorrow!

I walked home. Perhaps there was news from College. But there was no news, and I wandered out, got my lunch, and spent the afternoon reading in the British Museum Library, mostly a history of the British Grenadier Guards.

That night I was very tired, and I went to bed early. Shortly before dawn, in a dream of my head upon my bed I had a vision, my second.

I dreamed I was lying in my tomb, where they had buried me. And as I lay, stretched out still, these words came to me. They recurred to me as I awoke.

I recalled them so clearly, and through all these many years past I have repeated them to myself so often, that I have never taken the trouble to write them down. Now, for the first time in my life, I am recording them for my readers with my experience.

This is what I said. I am recalling the lines:

THE KEY-WARDEN

"I am locked up in a stony dwelling,
And unconscious to myself sleep mighty forces!
Day by day I die and get no nearer
To the unlocking of these mighty forces,
Sleeping from eternity within me,
Treasures richer than the greatest king knows . . ."

And here, just as the poem began to sound interesting to me, listening to myself reciting it in the tomb, it stopped.

The cover of the tomb was raised. Its lifting put an end to the words of prophecy that seemed to be coming, the promise of good news I was expecting, but instead there was revealed to me the world of reality waiting for me outside and I gave a great sigh of relief. It felt good not to be dead.

I rose to leave, and as I put my leg over the side of the stone coffin I beheld the Person who had unlocked my tomb, and raised the coffin lid.

He was tall and dressed all in white, and had a small, dark, pointed beard, and in his right hand he held a key, the key that had unlocked my tomb.

In this figure in white, though seen for the first time, I recognized the Christ.

And the key he held in his hand I knew was the Key of Life.

I spent the whole of that day in the British Museum Library. Dr. Abrahams once had said to me, "Don't study too much at home; it is fatiguing. I often take my work to the library of the British Museum." And I had frequently since then taken his advice. Indeed, it was one more reason for my moving West.

Somehow, after that dream, I did not feel like wanting to see the recruiting sergeant. I could not have these visions, I thought, without something more important than soldiering being intended for me.

And the next day I spent the best part of the morning writing a long letter home.

I mailed it on my way to the library, had my lunch, and coming home in the evening found waiting for me one of my friends from Jews' College.

"I've been sent to find out what's been the matter with you."

From his manner I saw he knew nothing. And I gave a great sigh of relief. I shook his hand heartily, so heartily that he looked at me in a funny way.

"What's the matter? Been sick?"

I looked in the glass. I was very pale. Perhaps I *had* been sick. I would say so anyhow, and I nodded my head.

"Who sent you?"

"Dr. Abrahams."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, only, 'See what's keeping him. Maybe he's sick.' "

"How's everything?"

"Oh, fine. Coming tomorrow?"

"Sure." And we spent a pleasant half hour together chatting. I went back to College in the morning, and privately interviewed Dr. Abrahams. He said that no further action would be taken, but that I must be careful in the future.

"Don't talk of the New Testament," and he smiled, "or of your favorite, around the College; and best not at all anywhere, for you are not in America, yet!"

The summer came, with its vacations, and upon

our return to College, I was told to prepare myself, among others of the senior students, to assist in the conduct of congregational services for the High Holy Days. Dr. Friedlander told me I was going to Ireland, to aid an aged minister, Mr. Meyers, with the Belfast Hebrew Congregation, to read the Torah, chant prayers, and preach the sermon for the second day of Rosh Hashonah, an honor we boys valued, all the more because it offered a tidy remuneration.

As for me, longing to see the world, I felt in the high heavens to be going to see Ireland, and get a trip over salt water. I have always loved the water.

I went to Belfast, had a splendid time there, and, as though to be my reward for all the agony I had been through, I spent a week there after the High Holy Days, before I left for home, and fell in love.

I have a souvenir of this experience in a poem which was published in the United States in *The New Era* magazine. To it I owe not only a reminder, which I can never forget, of a most charming Irish girl, but also my acquaintance with Edmund Clarence Stedman, last remaining friend, with Howells, of the poet Longfellow and that great circle, and author of two of the finest works of criticism in the English language: *American Poets* and *Victorian Poets.*

Mr. Stedman saw the verses, and told his friend, Mr. Joseph Coates, of Philadelphia, publisher of the periodical, that he would like to know me. And one of the first men I met when I came to America was Mr. Stedman. This was the beginning of a friendship between us which lasted till his death.

THE LIGHTS O' TOSCAR*

The wind is soughing and sighing,
And rattling the rigging and hawse;
And the smoke from the funnels flying
Pours thick through the snortling jaws:
I'm watching Ireland sinking
Deep down in the misty sea;
And thinking, sweetheart, thinking,
If you are thinking of me!

The wrathful wind is lashing
The waves, till they writhe and reel
In anguish; and come dashing
Blind, at the cutting keel.
There's just the merest simmer
To show where the shore has been;
And the Lights o' Toscar glimmer
Now red, now blue, now green.

The ship is swiftly sundering
The black, unwilling main;
While I'm looking back and wondering
When I'll see my love again.
The dolphins are skipping and darkling,
A silvery, careless band;
And the Lights o' Toscar sparkling
Burn clear on our weather hand.

---

* Toscar is a cape; the last bit of Ireland visible, as one sails from Belfast south through the Irish Sea.

Boldly the sea-gulls dipping
  Screech at the churning bows;
While fondly I'm relipping
  Our mutual parting vows.
The kiss on my lip's still burning
  In spite of the cold wet spray;
Though the Lights o' Toscar turning
  Have almost died away!

VIII

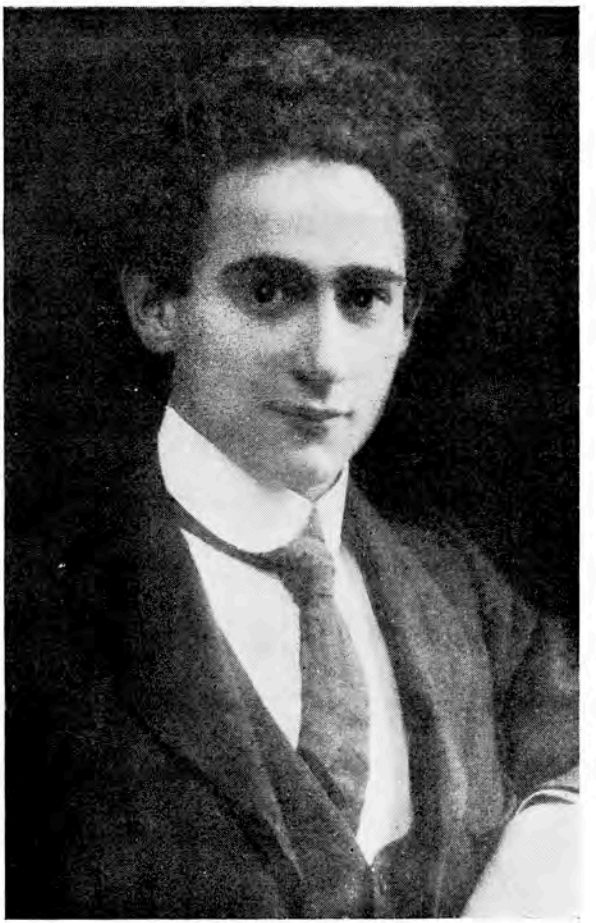
I COME TO AMERICA

FRIENDS, made by contributions in verse and prose both fictional and realistic of London Jewry life, were coming from America as delegates to the notable Fourth Zionist Congress in London. Theodore Herzl, founder and martyr of Zionism, was at the height of his fame as the world-wide Jewish leader and Israel's champion among the nations; who had fought for their rights to Palestine, ignored and trampled upon for nineteen centuries, before kaiser, king, and sultan.

My writings had been published and several were widely copied in the American Jewish press, primarily published in *The Jewish Exponent*, Philadelphia. An editorial in that journal, when the first of the Ghetto series, the "Long Shemonah Esrah," appeared, gave me a cordial invitation to come to America with the promise of a very hearty welcome.

I met these friends at the Congress. An article of mine, strongly pro-Zionist, in the *London Jewish World*, then edited by Jacob De Haas, who is now in this country, had attracted much attention. Jews' College, then for the most part like the Jewish world in general, was hostile to the movement, and awarded me some criticism. Dr. M. Friedlander was himself a Zionist, without so announcing himself publicly, because the authorities of Jews' College were bitterly anti-Zionist; and besides myself among the students there were possibly one or two.

Inspired by the announcement of Dr. Herzl's



GEORGE BENEDICT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY THREE YEARS

coming to lead the Congress I wrote a song, "The Lily of Sharon," which was printed in the *Jewish World* and which earned me an introduction to Dr. Herzl and his friendly interest.

I shall not forget the night I met him in the room adjoining the meeting hall during a lull in the sessions. De Haas introduced me and my song. Dr. Herzl had me hum it, and took a liking to it. He told me the Congress would wind up with a grand event to be held in the ballroom of the hotel where the sessions were held, and asked me to sing my song for the affair. I had a good voice and liked to sing. I knew that the notables of the Jewish world would be present, and felt honored and elated, and informed him that I would be happy to do so.

In its early days Zionism was a sort of Messianism, and, in spite of much antagonism, created in its friends unprecedented enthusiasm wherever it went. I had observed in the Whitechapel district that whenever a Congress delegate with his badge on his breast would be seen immediately Jewish backs would straighten themselves and Jewish eyes would light up with a new hope. I can see now the glow in the beautiful black eyes of Herzl and the happy smile on his fine face when I told him this.

He took out of his breast pocket a picture post card which, he told me, he had just received from home and showed me his three children: Hans seated between his two sisters. When I learned of the suicide of Hans upon his father's grave several years ago I recalled with sorrow the look of joy and parental pride with which the great Herzl spoke of his children. Hans in some of his features resembled his father, but not in courage to endure and in patience; upon the abundant resources of which in his

breast Israel's greatest modern idealist had so often to draw.

Hans became a Christian, hoping to replace with Christian companionship the loss of his Jewish friends. The insincerity with which Hans entered the Christian Church and from the reaction of which he suffered, and was brought to despair, should be a warning to the Jew whose motives are not whole-hearted. Let not the Jew who seeks enrollment in the Church hope to benefit by Christian companionship unless he first has Christ's. For men's favors, whatever be their creed, are unstable; God's only endure.

The Church is the shell of the walnut; it is important as protective covering; but the kernel is Christ.

Zionism has been a terrible disappointment to many of its friends. Not so much because it has not politically panned out in making of Palestine a stronghold for oppressed Jews and a national Jewish home, serious as that is, but because it has failed spiritually; failed in what was first expected of it, a means of satisfying the Jewish heart and of filling the void in the Jewish soul. I believe that what killed Theodore Herzl were not the vast labors and difficulties with which he ceased not to contend from the time that he first conceived his *Judenstaat,* but because he discovered in himself and from the experience of others that Zionism was not the panacea for Israel's spiritual ills which he, and all the most sensitive minds behind the movement, dreamt it would be. It was, as I intimated, a sort of Messianism, at first. It seemed to offer to Jews without a religion a makeshift for religion. The "assimilationists," Herzl, Max Nordau and their friends, whom anti-Semitism brought to Zionism as a defense measure as well as to give homeless Jews a home, hoped to fill

the spiritual void in their Jewish souls with the drive for Palestine. It was an urge which became their religion. But it was a religion whose high priests, Herzl, Nordau and their friends, were without a religion. For they were all either agnostics or atheists. In their advance upon the Holy Land the God who had first made Himself known there was completely left out of the reckoning. "By their fruits shall ye know them." These fruits are seen today in the Jewish communists and atheists, who are as common as blackberries in summer in the Palestinian colonies and cities. Secularist Jews may pooh-pooh this as sentimental Judaism. Yet I believe this to be the fundamental defect of the whole movement which started so proudly; a vital defect which vitiates it at its sources and makes success impossible.

Nevertheless, as rabbi in Tampa, Florida, in Roanoke, Virginia, and wherever I have worked I have helped establish, where there was none, a Zionist organization, and supported those I found. For Zionism as a relief measure merits the earnest support of every Jew.

And so I present three Zionist poems, "The Lily of Sharon," of which I have spoken; "On," also written in those days when I was an uncompromising Zionist; and "The Nearer Humanity," in which I pay my compliments to those Jews who would be everything and anything except Zionists.

THE LILY OF SHARON

A lily lies broken and bare on a highway,
  Broken and bare and maimed,
And people from many a neighboring byway
  Carelessly pass her, shamed.

Come carelessly passing her lying there broken
  Lying mud-spattered and torn;
Of her once glorious beauty now scarcely a token,
  Seems man and God forlorn.
  In hope, though desponding,
  She lies unresponding,
  To insults, to gibes, to jeers;
  Herself bruised and battered,
  Her children wind-scattered,
  A mother bemoans in tears!

Lightly the all-crushing Time-Wheel runs o'er her,
  Pitying leans light and rolls on:
Kindly the all-burning sunbeams do lower their
  Fiercest gaze for her, so wan.
Time lends his sheltering track to her, bleeding:
  Soon the sun heals each cut;
But the men—ah! the passing men push her, unheeding,
  Out of the refuging rut.
  What doest thou, poor Lily,
  On highway so hilly,
  So far from the land of thy birth?
  Thy hopes lead thee whither?
  How camest thou hither,
  To this hardhearted, rock-bestrewn earth?

I once was the fairest and happiest flower,
  The proudest and haughtiest dame;
By the King's own hands tended in His royal bower;
  The Lily of Sharon, my name!
But the weeds they rose up in their envy to choke me,
  And brought me very low:
And flung on this roadway, the passers-by broke me:
  Have filled my cup with woe.

My home, it is Zion,
My Hope, Judah's Lion;
Awhile he has left me in pain:
Not for e'er to debase me,
But soon to replace me
In Zion, to flourish again!

ON*

When Israel marched from Egypt land,
And broke her yoke of slavery,
And standing by the Red Sea strand
Drank her first draught of liberty,
And torrid Afric's horrid hordes came on with new-linked chains once more
Her limbs to bind;
And trembling Israel cried to heaven when she beheld the sea before,
The foe behind;
Then burst a voice from high:
"Why do the children cry—
Why do the children cry to me?
Why do they not go on?"

And Israel found her promised home
And lost it; and her destiny
Has forced her ever since to roam
In search of it o'er land and sea.
And blood-soaked footprints mark her path, through briers, and beasts, and storms, and stress;
Her life one dirge;

*And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward (Exod. 14:15).

Yet some of Israel's sons from out the black medieval
wilderness,
Did at last emerge.
And now, from a foreign strand,
We long for our native land;
And again the command in our ears as we stand,
Why do they not go on?

Yes! we are through, we favored few;
And some of us would rest content,
If only our poor brother Jew
Would not scream so when being rent!
We're tired of wandering through the world, but,
brothers, we can have no rest
Here on the strand;
Behind come foes more cruel far than the seas of hardships we must breast
For our Fatherland.
Now, brothers, which is it to be:
The foe, or the God-governed sea?
Come, make your choice with me, for the sea!
And let us on, on, on!

THE NEARER HUMANITY

When Heine lifted the lid of his eyes to see to write,
And wrote for freedom, he, poor passion's slave!
When tortured he writhed his shrunken limbs through
the endless night,
Did he ever think, as he lay on his mattress grave,

Did he ever think of the people that groaned on their
mattress grave,

For freedom groaned, through centuried nights of tears?
Yea, anguished called aloud on her sons to come to save,
And called in vain, for anything but jeers!

Oh, Jews, oh, purblind Jews that prate of Humanity's right,
And with your shouting drown your people's sighs;
How long will you lift up the lid of your eyes to see to fight,
To fight for strangers, whilst your mother dies?

* * *

When, in a later chapter, we come to trace the history of the Messianic Ideal we shall see clearly, what at this point we shall merely indicate, that it is the Messianic Ideal more than anything else in Jewish history which has held the ancient people together and has kept Judaism alive.

Judaism is today disintegrating because it has largely lost its Messianic belief. Zionism arose in an attempt to fill the place in the Jewish soul left vacant when Messianism fled. But Zionism, as we have said, has proved, spiritually, a great failure. And Judaism must seize upon Messianism again, always the soul of Zionism from the days of the prophets until today, if it would live.

Judaism feels the loss of its age-long ideal. A nation like the Jews, that has been kept up only through an idea, God, and its companion idea, Messianism, faith in the Servant of God, who would establish Israel's leadership and God's sovereignty among the nations, must have an idea to cling to or perish.

Zionism failed to feed us spiritually because it was not an idea, but a hunger for a piece of ground. As

such it can never satisfy, never nourish the Jewish heart and soul. What then shall Judaism grasp to save the Jewish people from perishing, from perishing beneath the oceans of time which have drowned Greece and Rome, Egypt and Babylonia?

I know no other, there is no other, except the idea which has given Christianity its soul and life, its soul triumphant and its life victorious, Jesus, the Christ, who is the realization of the Messianic Ideal!

In the latter part of July I heard from my folks that my father, who had been sick for some time, was now in serious danger. My family needed me, that I saw; and, inasmuch as I had qualified for my rabbinical diploma, by an examination recently passed, I thought it best not to delay for the formal graduation exercises, but to receive my certificate and depart for the United States.

I spoke to Dr. Abrahams about this, and, under the circumstances, he advised that it was the best thing to do, and so arranged it with the Principal, Dr. M. Friedlander. Accordingly, in the presence of Dr. Hirsch and Dr. Abrahams, Dr. Friedlander handed me my rabbinical diploma, and I took the next boat for the home that had been my family's for seven years, anticipating its marvels and, with the heart of hope with which every stranger sets sail, saluted the Statue of Liberty, August 1, 1910.

IX

THE SPIRIT OF MANKIND

INTO the joy of meeting, after many years, my beloved mother and my sisters and brother, I will not enter. The finest, deepest, greatest things, the loves that furnish life with everything which is substantial and worth while, fortunately, like God Himself, are for all who will. They are to be had merely for the asking. And everyone will understand my happiness and theirs, from similar experiences. As for my poor father, I had to visit a sanatorium to see him. The hospital had done everything it could for him and his disrupted nerves, for he was suffering from a nervous breakdown, and one from which he never more fully recovered. A long rest cure was demanded, if cure were possible.

So I immediately obtained work, but such as would enable me to act with some degree of independence. A call which I received from Jersey City, to become rabbi of Congregation Beth-El, I investigated with a visit on a Friday night, and a sermon. But after due consideration, I declined the call. With what was happening in my inner life I felt that more, far more, important than work in the Jewish ministry was time to think, freedom to evolve, and opportunity for study. Neither in justice to a congregation nor to myself could I consistently fulfil a rabbi's duties, I felt, before thinking things through.

Judge Mayer Sulzberger of Philadelphia, great as a scholar, jurist, humanist, and national Jewish leader, who had discovered Israel Zangwill in London's East

Side, and as President of the Jewish Publication Society brought his masterpiece, *Children of the Ghetto,* before an admiring world, asked me to become the librarian of his collection of Hebraica and Judaica, the finest and most valuable private collection in the world. Before his death he presented the collection to the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. I prepared the catalogue.

Truly one of Israel's greatest and noblest was this passionate collector of Jewish books. It was an invaluable experience of my early American days to be associated with him daily. I see him now coming in to me with his latest treasure: perhaps a yellow leather-backed and musty folio he had just received from Holland, a rare copy of the earliest printed Talmud, a Soncino, for which he had paid fifty thousand dollars; "and a bargain," he assured me.

It was in the spring of 1913 that I first met Theodore Roosevelt, who had become for me the Greatheart of the *Pilgrim's Progress* of my admiration in childhood, the brave and noble leader of Bunyan's imagining. Our meeting was owing to his being shot in Chicago in October, 1912. His insistence upon finishing his speech, while neither doctor nor fearful friend could get him to stop to have his wound attended to, though for aught he or anyone else knew it might mean his death, with his hand over the wound in his breast for over an hour, to me represented man's untamable, death-defying spirit in a great cause. And so I came to write the poem, inspired by this scene on the platform, of Greatheart bleeding, perhaps dying, but speaking, which brought us together.

THE SPIRIT OF MANKIND

O Spirit of Mankind untamed and untamable,
  Destined to conquer the numberless years;
Crouching 'neath sufferings untold and unnamable;
  Bearing your burden through oceans of tears.
Crushed yet not broken, slain and yet deathless,
  Passing the sacred flame o'er land and sea;
Snatched from the hand of the faint and the breathless,
  Spirit of Mankind, abide thou with me!

O Spirit of Mankind, I gasp and I languish;
  I'm weary, I stumble, O hold up my soul!
They blind me, they rack me, they burn, oh, the anguish!
  A myriad times tortured, and yet not the goal.
My brothers I've so loved and fought for, hate me:
  I'm Socrates poisoned, my love is denied;
I'm blind fighting Milton, 'stead love, see, they bait me;
  I'm Lincoln the slave-friend, I'm Christ crucified.

O leave us not, Spirit, for on must the struggle
  Till every man's bosom be kindled with ire;
Till every man's heart hate the tyrants that juggle
  With man's precious freedom for purposes dire.
Abide thou, great Spirit, so often held blamable,
  Yet ever glorified, splendid to see.
O Spirit of Mankind, untamed and untamable,
  Leave us not, leave us not, till man is free!

This was published in a magazine and I sent Theodore Roosevelt the original copy. He received it and read it lying badly wounded, the country not then knowing whether he was dying or would recover.

And thus from his bed America's Greatheart dictated a letter, which, too weak to do so himself, his cousin Philip wrote, and signed for him. It is as follows:

Hotel Manhattan,
New York,
Oct. 23, 1912.

Rabbi George Benedict,
Philadelphia, Pa.
DEAR SIR:

Colonel Roosevelt has asked me to write and tell you how deeply touched he was by your kind letter and by the poem which you sent him.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) PHILIP J. ROOSEVELT.

In the spring of the next year I was on the Pennsylvania Committee organizing the Progressive Party. Theodore Roosevelt came to Philadelphia for the opening event at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. I went to see him at Dr. William White's house in Rittenhouse Square, and sending in my card he left a roomful of reporters and politicians and came to me in the parlor, for he recalled my name.

Busy as he was we spent twenty minutes together in a pleasant chat. And even now I can feel the big warm handclasp at parting, which, when a man once received, he never forgot. Why? Because there was something of the Spirit of Mankind in it, in this hand of a greathearted American.

Every country, it is said, has the rulers it deserves. When America needed a strong President, one who,

as in the panic of 1907, could wave a big stick at the trusts which had become overweening, and could stop the danger to our democracy, by controlling their ambitions; when America desired a strong man in the White House, she got him there.

He was strong because he *desired* strongly. He had been a physical weakling, but desired to become strong from earliest childhood, as well as to become a great American. He became one of our strongest and greatest.

Does America today desire strongly to assist in the solvency of civilization; to accept leadership in an international partnership; to assume our proper responsibility? It is that or, in the next generation, world suicide.

Years before, in England, I had written some verses which seem to me the embodiment of America's Greatheart of whom at that time I had never heard. For was he not champion of all the oppressed, wherever they might be? Did not the Czarist government discover this, when afflicting Russia Jewry, and he sent them stern warning of America's displeasure, as well as many another tyrant, small and great?

THE CHAMPION

All words, all doctrines, all desires,
Whatever heart of man inspires
To take the cudgel up for right
Let that, God, help me in my fight
Now and always!

Against the bad, against the sad,
Against the villainous and mad;

That flaunts its pirate flag unfurled
And would make wreck of this fair world,
Now and always!

Yes, now and always help me, Lord,
To raise Thy flag, to wield Thy sword:
The justice-flashing love-held steel!
That faint hearts rise, and tyrants kneel,
Now and always!

X

MY QUEST FOR CHRIST

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast deigned to select me from the seed of Abraham Thy friend, and hast joined me with Thine elect in Christian communion and fellowship, direct my thoughts wisely to draw after me the sons and daughters of my people.

O guide my mind that I be not confused by the breath of worldly men to action whereby I may be deposed from Thy favor.

Keep me worthy. Help me to be Thy mouthpiece so that my words may penetrate the souls of my nation, and influence their propensities, away from following vain things blindly, unto worship of Thee and adoration of Thy Son.

I pray Thee, that Christians may strengthen Jews and Jews not weaken Christians. For the time is big with things, with coming good or evil. O direct everywhere the thoughts of the Jewish mind so that it may fructify for Thy glory and the good of the human family. Even as Thou didst promise Abraham, that in him and his seed would all the peoples of the earth be blessed.

O reject not now Thy Chosen People but be merciful to us. Encircle our imagination as by a net, so that all our yearning thoughts of Thee may be brought to the Fisher of men.

O establish by those harmonies of which Thou alone knowest the secret, those sweet connections between Christ and the hearts of my people which I have felt.

Gather the tribes of man together to do Thy will on earth as it is in heaven. And open the ears of my people to my message. That the world may spring to the feet of Christ when Israel kneels there!

* * *

My quest for Christ, pursued through years of Bible reading, with thought and earnest prayer for light and leading, through hundreds of books on the origins of Christianity, and the history of the Synagogue and of the Church from earliest times unto this day, had convinced me that Jesus was the Messiah.

The Bible is the Book of God, and Jesus, hero of the Old Testament as of the New, whose footsteps are in both, is the Messiah, fore-ordained for man's salvation. This my studies were making clear. Notwithstanding what Jewish theologians taught to the contrary, Israel's leading spirits, those geniuses men call the prophets, beginning with their common ancestor Moses, and ending with the last Scriptural seer, Malachi, had intuition of the coming of Jesus, whom they saw to be the last of their great line and greatest.

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee," said Moses in his final word to his people, "a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken" (Deut. 18:15).

And, so, the Messianic Ideal, born in the brain of Abraham, come to manhood in great Moses' heart, like a pillar of fire, through centuries of glory and achievement, followed by millenia of exile from their homeland, still warmed and nourished and kept alive the soul of the Chosen People. Chosen just for this, to be the Matrix of the Messiah: to give him birth and to follow him, and under his leadership to win the world to the worship of the Universal Father. And today even in the Jew's eyes he looms so large that

Jesus is seen to be Israel's only-begotten Son as well as God's, in comparison with all others of Israel's children.

When Israel needed him most the Messiah came. Peter and John and many other Jews grasped the great fact that in Jesus, the Messiah had at last come. They sat at his feet to learn, loved him, worshipped him; and thousands of Jews joined them in hailing him as their King Messiah when they escorted him to Jerusalem on that blessed Palm Sunday.

But, alas! As their ancestors had deserted Moses for the golden calf, so rejected they Jesus now at the bidding of the Temple clique they feared and hated. They had proved unworthy of the Messiah. He died to prove his worthiness. And still they could not understand, except for the few elect who knew him well. And from these sprung Christianity.

And the virile spirit of Jesus has made its way among the less stubborn and less opinionated tribes of men until it possesses the souls of six hundred million people, almost one third of mankind. And still it is wandering on and on, and takes to itself the souls of God's children, here and there and everywhere over the wide earth, as, thank God, it is possessing me today.

Historians have accounted for the efforts since Roman times of four hundred leaders who arose in Israel and called themselves "Messiah," and undertook to wrest Palestine from whatever Gentile nation owned it, and lead the Jews back to their own land. Not one of these but made the political ownership of the Holy Land the prime object of his endeavor, forgetting to tell his people that the Messianic Ideal involved especially God's sovereignty over the human heart and soul, limiting itself to no geographical possession whatsoever.

Jesus alone disdained the conquest of the Holy

Land, and frankly announced that he had come to become Lord of the human soul, and make of every human heart holy soil. And today we see that the four hundred utterly failed, so that even the names of the vast majority of them have not been heard of by most people. While Jesus' reign is actually extending itself year by year, till we can now see that the whole earth will shortly be his.

The failure of the last of the so-called Messiahs, Sabbatai Zebi, seems at last to have broken the sturdiness of the Messianic Ideal. Three centuries ago he got half the Jewries of the world to accept his Messiahship. His official messages to leading Jews everywhere, in Europe and the East, were signed, "I, the Lord your God, Sabbatai Zebi." He endangered the stability of the Turkish Empire, and the Sultan brought him to bay, and in the end, to save his life, he turned Mohammedan. With various halfhearted revivals the age-old Ideal has petered out of Jewish consciousness, until today, for the most part, it exists as a vague ghost of its former self in Reform pulpits as "the Mission of Israel." And now, indeed, it is seldom mentioned in Jewish homes unless, perhaps, as a joke in Jewish Orthodox households. When you jestingly accept a promise whose fulfilment you never expect you say, "Yes, that will be *wenn der Moshiach kommt,* when the Messiah comes."

And so Benjamin Disraeli's statement that "either Jesus was or no one ever can be the Messiah" is surely and inevitably sinking into the Jewish consciousness, notwithstanding the resistance of the rabbis and scholars of Israel. Nay, they are preparing the way for his acceptance by the Jews by lauding Jesus year by year in ever stronger terms, until today Jesus is being

called by leading Jewish scholars and rabbis everything *but* "Messiah." It will not be long before there is a wholesale and universal surrender of the Jewish heart and soul to Jesus' divinity and Messiahship. And if the writer's testimony to his experience of the living power of the personality of the Saviour in his life can speed the event, indeed happy will he be! *Bimhero veyomenu.* "May it only be speedily and in our days!"

As a soldier under a great and gallant general knows himself an abler combatant than he who fights under puerile leadership, so I, roused by recognition that the Messiah whom the rabbis of my acquaintance ignored was the leader of Israel, knew myself a better Jew and rabbi because of this realization.

Christianity for me was the denial of nothing that was vital in Judaism, but, on the contrary, the fulfilment of what was essential in the religious life of Israel, and without which, indeed, the Synagogue was eviscerated. Not only the Messianic belief, which forms the twelfth article in the Orthodox Jewish creed as enunciated by Maimonides in the twelfth century A. D., but also the principle of the resurrection, another great and vital Jewish doctrine which the Jewish soul has lost today, and which constitutes the thirteenth doctrine of our ancient faith, had reëstablished itself in my Jewish consciousness because of my new loyalties. And with these much else that was thoroughly Jewish and which was commonly lost in oblivion, owing to the stagnation of the modern Jewish soul. The atonement doctrine, for instance, which was given the merest lip-service in Conservative and Reform congregations, and in Orthodox homes and houses of worship, was given earnest consideration only by the

handful of aged in the synagogue, while repudiated by all others.

My love for the ministry had not diminished; on the contrary, now that my convictions had been clarified by much study and reflection I felt that my task as spiritual leader of my people had taken on a new and mighty scope. I must bide my time, and not have the great occasion for service which I already foresaw nullified by inopportune attempts. And so I concealed, except from one dear good friend to whom I could safely unbosom myself, the Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz of beloved and sacred memory, these matters so close to my spiritual well-being.

So, when a Mr. Shefsky, who had been President of the Pottsville Hebrew Congregation, where my father had been rabbi, came to me and asked me to head an Orthodox congregation in West Philadelphia, Beth Judah, of which he was now President, I accepted the position and in 1912 became its rabbi.

And still, all along, while the great vital cords of the Jewish faith as contained in the Thirteen Principles of Judaism, the belief in the Messiah, the Resurrection, the Prophets, and so on, from which even Orthodox Jews were falling away had become revitalized for me by my acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah, the ceremonialism and legalism of rabbinic Judaism, accepted by the Orthodox and, to a less degree, by the Conservative, was, as with the Reform Jew, falling away from me.

And so, from the time I came to the United States, in the fall of 1910, to the year I became rabbi of my first Reform congregation, Temple Shaarai Zedek, Tampa, Fla., in 1919, while my outward life conformed to the people I served, my inner life was in storm and stress. Even in my cradle my mother had sung to me

that I must become a rabbi and leader of my people, even as ancestors of mine for centuries had been. And so I desired to remain in religious life, as a leader of my Jewish people in theirs. I could not abandon that for which all my home training and all my student life had prepared me. And all the more because Someone held a magnet to my brain. It was as clear to me as clear could be that Jesus was the Someone who held that magnet so that I might lead my people to their fore-ordained Leader. Also of something else I had become as certain as I was of my own name: that in the continued rejection of Jesus as their Leader lay death for my Jewish people; that in their timely acceptance of him as their Messiah lay their only chance for life.

It was indeed fortunate for me that all through these troubled years, from the time I came to America until the day of their death, I enjoyed the counsel with the friendship of two of the most esteemed men in the American Jewish pulpit, Rabbi Henry Berkowitz and Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf.

Both were graduates of the first class ordained by Dr. Isaac M. Wise, founder and first President of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I finished the catalogue for Judge Sulzberger in a year and then Dr. Joseph Krauskopf asked me to assist him in his work, which I did during 1911–1912. Thus I was in almost daily contact during that time with this great and sturdy leader of American Reform Judaism.

From the time I came from England I had been an intimate friend of Dr. Berkowitz, one of the most beloved and sincerest men the American Jewish pulpit has produced. We had a standing engagement on Saturday afternoons, and would usually spend it by a walk around the Waterworks Embankment, Fairmount

Park, Philadelphia, which faced his residence on North Thirty-Third Street.

Under his kindly guiding influence I felt myself rapidly broadening out of rabbinic custom and practice towards an emphasis on the universal religious element in Judaism for which Reform stands. And, thus, when after a year in the Orthodox pulpit I was invited to lead another West Philadelphia community of Jews, whose leaders were two estimable brothers Louis and Ely Bloomberg, the latter of whom was Superintendent of the Sunday School and the former the President of the congregation, I accepted the position all the more willingly because this was a Conservative group.

They had no synagogue, but consisted merely of a Sunday School group and some social activities, and I proceeded to the organization of what I felt West Philadelphia needed: a congregation and a synagogue. This movement resulted in the Beth-El Congregation of West Philadelphia, and I became its first rabbi. This was in 1913. Dr. Henry Berkowitz inaugurated me into the pulpit on the Sabbath Eve service when I became the spiritual leader of Beth-El.

I mention this because it indicates that my "tenderness towards Jesus," as he indulgently termed my convictions upon the subject, did not, in this great and pious rabbi's understanding of the matter, hurt me in his esteem.

We remained excellent friends till the end of his life. I have before me his booklet, *Sabbath Sentiment*, with the inscription in his handwriting, shortly before his death, when I visited him in Atlantic City, July 25, 1923.

And so, as rabbi of a Conservative congregation had I reached a halfway house in American Judaism,

between Orthodox and Reform, and one in which I thought perhaps I could settle and be content. But I was far from that. In the chapter "The Misfortunes of My People" the reader will find plenty of reasons for my discontent even here. Both Dr. Krauskopf and Dr. Berkowitz thought I would find a field to my satisfaction in the Reform synagogue. And both were prepared to help me find a congregation. But *I* was not prepared. I could not venture further yet. I would seek neutral territory. And I wanted to know more of America than the East, where half of the Jews of the United States live. There are ten thousand other communities, small and large, where dwells the other half of four and a half million. What is their life as Jews? And so, after two years as rabbi of Congregation Beth-El I resigned and became Superintendent of the Young Men's Hebrew Association in Richmond, Va. This was in 1915.

From 1915 until the First World War broke out I took charge of that institution. And most interesting work I found it. I made many new friends, both among Jews and Christians; and it broadened my outlook immensely. Then, when we got into the war, while remaining Superintendent, under the Jewish Welfare Board, I took charge of Jewish soldiers and sailors, passing through Richmond and around the camps. I asked to go overseas, but the Board requested me to remain in Richmond, saying I was needed there. Among other things I organized the Richmond branch of the Jewish Distribution Committee, which became the center for the State of Virginia, raising several hundreds of thousands of dollars for relief work in Europe. It will be remembered that the Jews of the United States, under the national chairmanship of

Louis Marshall, raised a total of one hundred and ten million dollars for European Relief, money which was transferred to Herbert Hoover, as head of all War Relief, to be distributed, under his general direction, to aid all war sufferers, Jew and Gentile alike. I was very active through these years in many other respects, too numerous to mention here. And still, all the time, I was religiously troubled as a Jew. Still troubled, often profoundly troubled, though I heard the words, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." (John 14:1)

I was useful, I was successful, I was religiously helpful; I even conducted Friday night services, which no other Superintendent except "Dr. Benedict," as they called me, had ever done before. And still no peace. Why? I did not know then. But looking backward now, from my point of vantage, I know. *I had had no Christian experience.* I could not be lifted out of my trouble because I had not yet gotten close enough to him who promised, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (John 12:32) Jesus who promised this was, said David Livingstone, himself one of the noblest Christian gentlemen who ever lived, "the truest gentleman who ever trod this earth, and one who never broke his promise." When he said this he knew that his doom was approaching. He knew he would soon be crucified between two thieves; put to a horrible death reserved by Romans only for the lowest slaves and most dangerous criminals. And facing this awful death he promised that, by this agonizing and disgraceful death, he would become so strong that he would be able to lift in his arms the whole world! Strange is this promise and stranger still its fulfilment, for Jesus *is* lifting the whole

world to him! This is a plain literal fact; plain and convincing enough to win any unbeliever who learned of it to adore the Christ who said it. For what other fact does any doubter need to be entirely persuaded that, as Napoleon said, "Jesus was more than man, he was divine." Yet do Jews believe that Jesus was the Messiah, and divine? Or, as his Jewish friends were the first to call him, "the Son of God"?

Happy is the Gentile born into a Christian home who never knows the struggle to believe, because he has drunk his faith in with his mother's milk! O how blessed is he that he does not have to say what the Jewish father, suffering agonies because of his sorely stricken son, said to Jesus, with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." (Mark 9:24)

I believed, all the time conscious and troubled by the consciousness that my belief was not strong enough; that my faith in Christ was too weak for my great needs. And all this was due, as I have since come to see, because *I had had no Christian experience.* And now, without my consciously seeking it, God was to provide that experience, and, in a way, as the reader shall see, most marvellous to me. For, when the war was over, I resigned as Superintendent of the Y. M. H. A. in Richmond, wishing to meet again my family and Dr. Berkowitz and Dr. Krauskopf, and bring my own little family, for I had married, my wife and little son, to Philadelphia. And, if I could obtain a position, I would now venture into the Reform Rabbinate. Thus I established myself in an apartment on Ridge Avenue, near Fairmount Park. This was in January, 1919.

XI

THE KOREAN TRAGEDY

IT WAS the last week in March, 1919. Needing stationery, and passing a store on Chestnut near Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, I went in. There were two men in the store by the counter. Both were behaving strangely; both were plainly excited, and one, the shorter of the two, had tears rolling down his cheeks. They were not Americans. I took them for Chinamen, for I had never met Koreans previously. There were pictures, letters, telegrams on the counter, and the taller of the two, a man of robust stature and dignified bearing, was scanning them and making remarks in a language I did not understand.

Instead of asking for pencils and writing materials I asked what was the matter.

And I learned the story which revolutionized my life.

They showed me pictures of Korean Christians, men, women and children trapped in their churches by Japanese soldiers, which were burned down with them inside; of students, with the flesh flayed off their bodies with the lash, who had thus perished for crying, "Hurrah for Korea." There were telegrams and letters from missionaries calling for help against the outrages and horrors practised even against women and little girls, who had been raped, and then had their arms cut off for participating in the independence movement, which Japan was seeking to stamp out by a reign of terror against twenty million people in rebellion.

The taller of the two, a prince in his own country, was Dr. Philip Jaisohn, proprietor of the store. He is a graduate of medicine at the George Washington University. The other was Dr. Syngman Rhee, President of the Provisional Government of Korea, now in Washington, D. C. Both were exiles from their country. The old Emperor of Korea, long a prisoner in his own palace, had been murdered by Japanese soldiers. His funeral, on March 2, 1919, had occasioned the spasm of revolt against the barbarous Japanese oppression, which resulted in this uncivilized warfare against a helpless people, who had known thousands of years of freedom under their own rulers.

The Japanese were heathens, and the Koreans mostly Christians, and this made the struggle more bitter. For the Koreans fought both as patriots and martyrs, and were dying heroically both for country and Christ, as I learned from the reports. These were sent by American missionaries against their own desires to remain neutral; compelled by their sympathies thus to take sides with their butchered flocks.

Rhee, a classmate of Woodrow Wilson at Princeton University, had gone back to Korea to help lead the cause of independence, and been put into prison, where he spent a number of years. Like St. Paul, he converted his jailers to Christianity while in prison, by the patience with which he endured the many outrages to which he was subjected, and his endurance for Christ's sake. Finally he escaped, and made his way back to the United States.

Jaisohn had led a group of officers in an attempt to rescue the Korean Emperor from where he lay in prison, in his own palace, in Seoul, the capital. The enterprise failed. Jaisohn fled for his life. With money he

brought with him he opened the business in which I had made his acquaintance.

He and Rhee had their representatives in Paris, who had sought to bring the matter before the Peace Conference. But Japan, as an influential member of that body, blocked each move so made, and Korea's case had never been presented.

On March 28, 1919, the Korean people made a great demonstration, without, however, any disorderliness. The Japanese soldiers charged at the people with bayonets, killing over 1,200 men and women. Then they went through Seoul, tore down eight Christian churches, took the Christian women folk and divested them of their clothing, and as warning to the Koreans paraded them through the crowds naked.

It seemed as though Japan was following the imperialistic ideal which had brought Germany low, with so much suffering to the world in its wake. Korea had assisted Japan in the war of 1904 against Russia, but the treaty Japan had made with her was now being treated as "a scrap of paper." She had destroyed Korea's sovereignty and annexed the country by force and treachery. And now Korea was in a deplorable condition indeed through the barbarous and inhuman treatment to which she was being subjected.

Nevertheless, they had organized a provisional government, which was composed of men of high Christian character and liberal education.

The messages I read spoke of 32,000 Korean revolutionists who had been thrown into dungeons, and over 100,000 men, women and children who had been killed and wounded in the struggle for independence. Against the well-armed Japanese soldiers and gendarmery the Koreans were using pitchforks and sickles.

And Japan had declared martial law, and the butchery, which made these brave men weep, was going relentlessly on.

"But why," I asked in amazement, and much moved, "why is there nothing about this in the American papers? Why not bring your cause before the American people, who will not stand for this a moment once they know it?"

"We have no money, while the Japanese publicity bureaus are able to spend great sums in putting Korea in the wrong."

"No money is needed if you take great action, for the newspapers always report great actions. Take some great action on behalf of your people."

"What action?"

"We are here in the city where the independence of these states from Great Britain was proclaimed. A few months ago Mazaryk announced the freedom of Czecho-Slovakia at Independence Hall. Call your Koreans to a congress here from all over the country. I will help you arrange such a congress, and obtain prominent speakers whose speeches will be reported. March in procession to Independence Hall. Dr. Rhee here will sit in Washington's chair. Pictures and news of your proceedings will go over the country. I myself will send them out through the press bureaus. The outrages against your people will arouse American public opinion. Something may be done in Congress at Washington about it. A wave of indignation will sweep this country, which will demand that Japan stop her barbarous treatment of the Koreans."

This was done. Korean delegates from all over the country assembled for the "First Korean Congress," which was held in the Little Theatre, 17th and De-

lancey Streets, April 14, 15, and 16, 1919. Men and women, farmers and students, professional and business people, earnest Christians all of them, proclaimed the wrongs of their outraged nation. The troubles of the "Hermit Nation," and of the outrages perpetrated by Japan upon her twenty million people, were related through the press of the United States and of the world.

Jaisohn presided admirably. Dr. Rhee sat in George Washington's chair, and read Korea's Declaration of Independence. These and other delegates spoke, as well as prominent Americans, clergymen, professors and others. In addition, to give strength and permanence to the movement, I suggested the organization of a national body, consisting of groups friendly to the Koreans, to act as local agitators throughout the country. From the start I had obtained the fervent interest in the cause of Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, that stalwart Christian rector of the Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, who addressed the Congress. He became the National President of the League of the Friends of Korea, which we organized in fifty cities from Maine to California.

Harry E. Paisley, Treasurer of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, became the Treasurer, with myself as Secretary. Our leagues continued the movement throughout the country after the Congress was over, until the American people everywhere had been aroused to sympathy with these modern Christian martyrs, and newspapers everywhere had been won as friends of the cause, together with thousands of Americans.

April 14, first day of the Congress, I sent out "The Appeal of Korea to the People of the United States"

over the wires of the Associated and the United Press bureaus. On April 11, previously, we had gotten the cause before the Paris Peace Conference despite Japan's renewed efforts to stifle it.

Finally, we sent a committee to present our cause to Senator Borah at Washington, D. C. He presented a resolution before the Senate, clothed in the direct and vigorous manner natural to this great American champion of oppressed minorities. He denounced Japan for her outrages against Korea and civilization, and warned that nation that she must immediately put a stop to them. The Senate adopted it unanimously. The following day a similar resolution was presented and adopted by the House of Representatives. From that moment the massacres and outrages ceased. Such was the respect Japan had then for the United States: the nation that forced her door open to let in the influences of America and Europe, and by which Japan has gained politically, economically, and culturally.

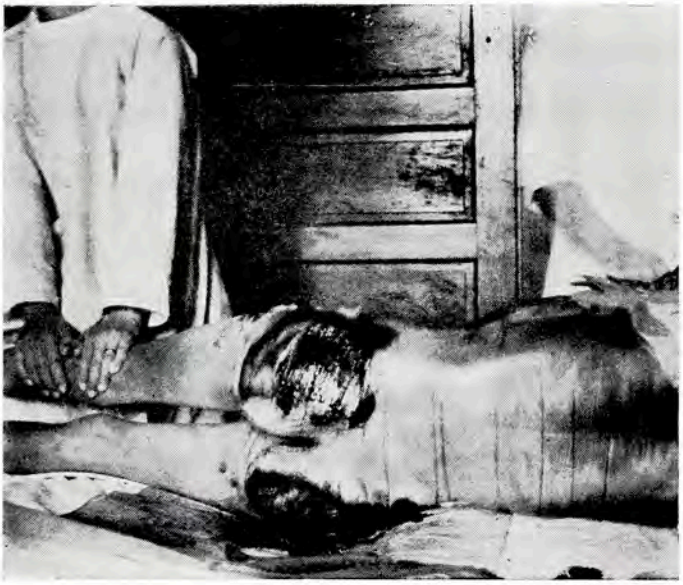
With a stupidity and treachery unequalled in history, she threw away our friendship with her place among the great nations of the world, by the attack on Pearl Harbor!

In my work of organizing the Congress and the League of Friends of Korea, I entered, for the first time, into Christian depths of character and experience by association with noble men and women, both American and Korean, from the heads of the great Mission Boards of the various denominations in New York City, to a humble Korean exile who was a farmhand in Oregon. From these Christians, by my advocacy of the cause of Christ, which was inextricably commingled with their efforts for independence in Korean hearts,

I, a Jew and rabbi, obtained first hand, both through the intellect and the emotions, a new discovery and a veritable revelation of the power of Christ, as the living Christ, which struck me with wonderment and admiration. A miracle wrought before my eyes could not more have aroused my interest and appreciation of the fact that Jesus was not dead but alive, very, very much alive indeed, among these Korean people at any rate. It was evident to me, then, for the first time in my life, that I myself was not any more alive among the members of my family than was the Crucified Saviour in the human family. In particular, my close association with Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins gave me an example that was priceless and revealing of a man whose life, lived in the imitation of Jesus, was a pattern of what Christ could do for a true Christian.

Upright, strong, and stalwart, in soul as in body, he seemed a spiritual superman to me as compared to the best of those I knew who were living without the living personality of Christ to sustain and direct them. A spirit at once so heroic and tender I had never met before.

On a Saturday afternoon before the Congress week I visited Dr. Henry Berkowitz at his home. His associate rabbi, now in Memphis, Tennessee, was with him. I suppose I spoke with enthusiasm that seemed alarming of what I was about, organizing the Korean movement in America to save these heathen who had become devoted martyrs for Christ, and patriots in their struggle for independence. I had a number of Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, on the National Board of the League which I was organizing, but inasmuch as the Koreans were Christian converts



"This is the picture of a bright young Korean, a graduate of one of our academies, who was given ninety stripes because he dared to call "Hurrah for Korea." His buttocks sloughed off, you can imagine how he suffered. He died regretting only that he was not allowed to see his country freed from its enemies, but with no hatred toward his murderers. The funeral of this boy, and of another who died the same way, was the most impressive I ever saw." Photograph, taken by one of our American missionaries, who was an eye witness to this and many other martyrdoms, with his written statement on the back, is in the possession of the author.

it had not occurred to me to invite Jewish leaders to assist the cause.

But the Reverend Doctor, who was then associate of Dr. Berkowitz, to my amazement, became deeply indignant that I, a Jew and a rabbi, should devote my time and efforts to assist Christian converts.

"Let the Christians take care of their own," he advised. "Let their missionaries handle this movement. I cannot see that it is any of your business. It will be misunderstood, and, I warn you, you are in danger of ruining your career." And so on he spoke, till I began indeed to see a danger.

I was much moved by this attack, for I was proud and happy in this work which I had begun. For to me it seemed by far the noblest and finest thing I had ever attempted, this effort which might save the lives of perhaps thousands of unfortunate men, women, and children. "Surely, Dr. Berkowitz," I said, "this is not also your opinion?"

"It is not," he said very emphatically. "You are wrong," he said, turning to his associate. "Rabbi Benedict is to be admired for his vision and courage and humanity. I cannot see that anyone will mistake him for being a Jewish convert to Christianity because of his activities for Korea. Just because he is a Jew and a rabbi is the reason why his heart should be engaged in this cause."

"Dr. Berkowitz," I said, "I want you to come into it to protect me, for you see, already, that there are some Jews who will misinterpret my activities. Join the National Board for the League of Friends of Korea, and come next Wednesday morning and give an address to the Congress. Under the aegis of your name I shall be safe."

Dr. Berkowitz readily consented. He spoke on April 16th. It was the Passover Week, and he used the occasion to compare the Korean independence movement and Korean sufferings with the deliverance from Egypt of his own people, and the miseries they endured while in bondage. And his was the Jewish leadership, in addition to my own, which was added, when he became a national director of the League.

He spoke Wednesday morning. I was at his house Wednesday night. For busy as I was, I was curious to discover what was his experience of the atmosphere of this Congress. Both he and I had participated in many a solemn meeting; at services for the great White Fast, the Day of Atonement, when, if any time during the Jewish year, there is, or should be, a hovering of the Spirit of God over the heads of His people. We had taken part in protest meetings over Jewish massacres, such as were the great meetings held in various cities throughout the country to exclaim against the Kishineff murders and brutalities. But, it seemed to me, that the Congress manifested a spirit raised above all these, peculiar and all its own.

At this moment, for instance, I remember the exaltation prevalent in the atmosphere when delegate Miss Nodie Dora Kim, from Oberlin College, addressed the Congress, and related some of the atrocities practised upon women and children in Korea by Japanese soldiers. She told of the little innocent girls who were outraged, some in broad daylight in the streets of Seoul, the capital, and who had given their lives freely for their country and their Christ, many personally known to her. Young men told of relatives of theirs who had given their lives joyfully for country and for Christ. Always did these delegates unite their two great loves,

Christ and country. There was a spirit sacred and intense, devoted and martyr-like in the place which I had never elsewhere experienced.

Dr. Berkowitz, too, had been struck by the spirit of exaltation and devotion, which he thought was due to the zeal of new converts for their faith. Yet he admitted that he had never come across any similar experience in the converts he had made to Judaism. "Doctor," I said solemnly, "I have been moved to tears repeatedly by the spirit that moves over the Congress. I cannot explain it except in one way." Here I paused, as I knew it would pain the dear doctor to have me say it, "It is the Spirit of Christ that is in the air, for he is not a dead Christ, as we Jews think. He is there as the Good Shepherd to look after his flock; his flock that love him so, even to torture and death, for his sake, as you have seen. And, alas, where is there anything like that among us Jews today, such devotion and sacrifice for our faith?"

I was so caught up by the spirit of the cause that my enthusiasm occasionally gave Christians the impression that it must be a Jewish-Christian who was advocating aid for Koreans, yet I did not for a moment consider myself such. I spoke before churches at Sunday services and weekday meetings, to mission meetings of women, before groups of university students, organizing leagues wherever I went, and only once aroused opposition. This was at a meeting of students at the University of Pennsylvania. Some thirty Japanese students had come with the rest, and with fire in their eyes, to hear what I had to say in favor of Korean independence and against Japan.

At the conclusion of my talk a Japanese student jumped up, and shouted, "It is false, false everything

you say about Japan outraging Korea. It is a lie! We shall no longer listen to your falsehoods. Let us go." And looking at me furiously he flung himself out of the room with the whole body of Japanese students after him.

I was in my office at the Korean headquarters in the Weightman Building on Chestnut Street the next afternoon, when the War Minister for the Republic of Korea came in to see me. The Korean Secretary for Dr. Syngman Rhee had been present at the meeting. From remarks of the Japanese students which he had overheard and which he reported to the War Minister that very night, they agreed that I was in danger of assassination. He asked the Secretary to follow me on the streets to guard against this, and to arrange for me to be followed by other young Koreans for a while, and begged me to also look out for myself.

I thanked him for his precautions for my safety, then dismissed it from my mind. Strangely enough, as it seems to me now, the Koreans' cause had become so important to me that nothing else mattered.

I was living at Strawberry Mansion and Dr. Rhee had supper with me one evening. He told me that if Korea once became free, one of the first acts of his people would be to put up a statue for me in the market place of Seoul, the capital. But I was not working for honors, and told him that his people had done more for me than I could ever do for them.

"Until I met your countrymen," I said, "I had learned about Christ only from books. But through you and yours I now have knowledge of his powers at first hand. I have seen the results in your lives of your passionate love for Jesus. I thought such passion belonged to the first century of the Christian Era and was

as dead as the Roman Empire. It is a reflection of the passion of his sacrifice on the Cross which you have caught; not still and dead, as I had thought, but reacting in new hearts he wins to serve him as he served mankind. It is a psychological discovery of the first importance for me, for I find myself half caught up in it myself."

"Half?" he questioned smilingly. "You would make an admirable missionary as you are, and could be of great service to the cause if you went to Korea. Will you go?"

"But I am not a Christian, on the contrary, a Jewish rabbi, and I am doing what I do for Korea's sake, for humanity, not for Christianity."

"What is humanity at its best," he said, "but Christianity? Christ is working in you, has half won you, and will win you altogether." It was a prophecy.

"Perhaps," said I. "It was something strangely new I felt the other morning, when, for the first time in my life, I prayed with a Christian. Soul to soul in the privacy of his study with Dr. Tomkins.

"And for him, too, as he told me, it was new to pray so with a Jew. We both rose from our knees as from a great experience, and felt that the Holy Spirit had truly been with us." And I told Dr. Rhee of the occasion. How, lamenting over the terrible tragedy that was going on in Korea, with the blood not yet dried from the awful World War, Dr. Tomkins and I besought the help of God for Korea and the world, on our knees in prayer.

"And I have a souvenir of the event, a great event in my life, for perhaps Christ was on his way to me then. A poem. Would you like it?"

And I brought down a copy which I autographed

for the heroic Christian President of the martyred Republic.

HE AND I

To Floyd W. Tomkins

In the rector's study,
  All alone, we two,
Bend in earnest prayer,
  Christian, he, I, Jew;
Crouch in fervent prayer
  For a world war-wrecked;
He to God, through Jesus,
  I to God direct.

Children of one Father
  Base to brotherhood,
Gripped in mortal battle
  Bathe the world in blood;
Rape, and rob, and murder,
  Making God suspect;
So he prays through Jesus,
  I to God direct.

And the Holy Spirit
  Lowers on us both,
And we hear a whisper:
  "You have been too loth
So to come together,
  So to yield respect,
You to God through Jesus,
  You to God direct.

"Long you should have done this;
  Ages long ago,
And mankind had spared been
  Crucifixion's woe.
Hills of human bodies
  Human love have checked;
Well you pray through Jesus,
  Well, to God direct.

"Pray till your pure prayers
  Touch the sore in all,
And all those who love God
  In joint prayer fall.
Then a saner future
  Will such wars reject.
Christians, pray through Jesus;
  Jews, to God direct."*

* The reader will note that, at this praying, Jesus was in my consciousness very close to God, but not identified with Him. It remained for the Holy Communion experience, told in the next chapter, to fuse the two elements, Father and Son, in my consciousness of the Deity. For Christians do not "pray to God through Jesus," as Jews imagine, and the poem states. They pray to Jesus as God.

XII

THE COMMUNION

AND now was come the time for which I had prayed as a little child, when, moved by the betrayal of Jesus by that faithless Jew, Iscariot, as I told Miss Stuart, my old school teacher in Sheffield, I longed to be a man that I might show, by my love and loyalty to the Master, my worthiness to become his disciple, in place of the wicked Judas.

Twenty four years had passed since that pearl of faith and love, small but pure, and therefore precious as proceeding from a child's heart, was offered in sympathy to that noble "Friend of men and women who loved little children so," as she had told us, and who at that time I did not know was a Jew. For how could Jews have had a part in cruelly slaying him if he were?

Perhaps the prayers of little children whose lives I had saved, as my Korean friends told me, brought me to the notice of him whom in darkness I had longed to serve and in brightness I found. For little did I think when I accepted the invitation of the Reverend Mr. Winter, pastor of the Third Christian Church, Philadelphia, to speak on Sunday morning, September 21, 1919, on behalf of the League of the Friends of Korea, to raise money and organize a branch for the cause, that a ray would pierce my darkness: that the Sun of Righteousness would look downward on me effulgently, and that from amid the broken clouds of doubt would flash that luminous Christian truth, that he was alive, which showed me my Saviour. The Holy Sacrament was the occasion of it.

I had never seen the Sacrament administered, that sacred memorial of Jesus which claims the prime place in the comforts and exercises of devotion of the Christian Church.

Seeing the preparations for it, the diminutive glasses and tiny wafers, I thought of the cup of Elijah near the door of the Jewish home when celebrating the Feast of Redemption, all ready for the heroic wandering prophet should he honor us with a visit at the Passover Supper. I recalled that it was during the Messiah's last supper, on Passover, that the Holy Communion was established.

"We Jews do not think it strange," I was thinking to myself, "to do this in remembrance of the bravest of the prophets, who was traditionally the precursor of the Messiah who was to come.

"Why should we be less ready to accept the hospitality of Jesus, proffered first to his closest Jewish friends at the Passover Supper—alas, his last!—when he handed them the bread and the wine and lovingly, wistfully said:

" 'Eat this . . . drink this . . . in remembrance of me.' "

Perhaps I was regarding this sacred remembrance of Jesus lovingly, wistfully myself; for I had spoken but a few minutes before of the heroic Christian spirit of the Koreans, and of the invisible spirits of justice, mercy and truth which seemed to hover constantly over the Congress sessions, as though Jesus, their Good Shepherd, was very close overhead.

I know that at night time when I would recall the day's work I would often wonder what the veil was made of which hid from me the Christ I preached through simple Korean lives, ignorantly yet eloquently,

the veil which did not exist either for simple heathen won to the Saviour or for the noble and intellectual Christian men and women whom I was daily meeting. What was the material of the veil, if it existed, I longed to know, and which sometimes, not without anguish and deepest yearning, I wished might be rent for me. Was it Jewish pride born of age-long Jewish habit of regarding ourselves as the People Par Excellence of God, and sole arbiters of the merits of Christ? Or was it just Jewish misfortune, born of the reaction to the rejection of Jesus, and under which I and all other Jews with me were bereft of the grace of God, and walked with dim eyes, so that we could not see what six hundred million Gentiles had seen?

I closed my eyes at the pastor's preparations for participation in the sacred ceremony which I knew I, as Jew and rabbi, must not partake of, and a precious instant of prayer, which bought my salvation, won me to oblivion of my surroundings.

"Oh God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, from whom Jesus sprung," I prayed, "if it is pride then humble me with whatever martyrdoms may be needed to purify the spirit and buy the truth I need to know. If it be demerits of descent which I have inherited then remember the mercy and the loving-kindness which Thou hast promised to Abraham's seed forever!"

I looked up. The pastor was passing around the tiny glasses of dark red wine. His eyes caught mine.

"Do you wish to participate?" he asked. And Mr. Winters proffered me a wafer, the one he was about to put to his own mouth.

I hesitated. "How can I?" I thought. "It is a

distinctively Christian ceremony. Why, I would be de-classed, de-Judaised, de-rabbinized if I did."

Then, as I refused it to myself, I heard a voice, sweet and persuasive, saying, "Eat this in remembrance of me." And, as though compelled by a higher power I took it, and, in a tremor of feeling indescribable, when I saw the others eat, I ate also.

He passed me a tiny glass. Again I hesitated. Again I asked myself, "How can I?"

And again came that sweet persuasive voice, "Drink this in remembrance of me."

And when I saw the others drink, I drank.

After that I remember nothing: neither the pastor's farewell, nor the greetings of the people who customarily thronged around me to thank me for my address, which Mr. Winters, when I was through, had highly commended. I was conscious only of an invisible influence guiding my footsteps down the stone stairway of the church into the street; of a new light that had broken into my soul; of a great exaltation of spirit, and of my heart bounding with the joy of an immense discovery, the joy of which was being pumped as hard as it could be into every crevice of my being.

There was a feeling, too, that I had had a priceless experience with a priceless communication from a real Presence unknown to me before, which I must make known to the world and at once! When I reached the first corner from the church, in a great longing for privacy, I turned into a side street to the left, and without a stop, and as though taking dictation as secretary to some Higher Power, with a pencil I wrote my greeting to my new-found Saviour on an envelope I found in my pocket.

THE COMMUNION

September 21, 1919. Third Christian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

I eat this in remembrance of You,
  You great good Jew,
Whom madmen did not know, and blindly slew!
  Oh let this now be known,
  That here I own
The saintly soul that bled upon God's throne.
  The wickedness of years,
  The sea of tears,
The countless martyrdoms, the jeers and fears
  That crucified the brow
  Of Jews, are nothing now
To me; for You did not mean this, not You, not You!

I drink this in remembrance of You,
  And would I knew
How I could best fulfil a love so true!
  Oh, spirits true and pure,
  Make love secure;
Unite to fight all hate; let love endure!
  My Brother calls! Who hears
  And shuts his ears?
Or yields to jealousies and spites, and sneers?
  O soulless piece of sod,
  Unworthy child of God!
Listen! "O drink this in remembrance of Me."

We eat and drink, all mankind will, to You!
  Oh, God, renew
Our hearts, that we have strength enough to do
  The thing the world demands
  Of those whose hands

Are clean. O keep them clean! Before our sands,
  Our golden sands of life,
  Run out, let strife
Born of religious hate die out! That wife
  Tears from her husband true,
  Sets Christian against Jew,
That eat the bread and drink the wine, and leave out
    You!"

As I left the scene an overwhelming feeling came to me: "I have been redeemed, I am saved."

New and most strange feelings were working in my bosom.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," words from Job, which had all my life been with me, and from which I had preached more than one sermon, looked to me now as looks an untried theory to a scientist when it has been worked out by him in indubitable facts of proof.

I recall sitting down at the piano when I reached home and singing to a triumphant composition, which the words had set themselves to on the street, the text from Job 19, verses 25, 26, and 27, ending with "mine eyes shall behold."

It was a melody I later arranged for the choral piece, *Veshomru es venei Yisroel,*" "The children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath," which Jewish choirs sing on Sabbath Eve. I introduced it as such to the three congregations I served during the following twelve years. In Tampa, Fla., Roanoke, Va., and Lynbrook, L. I., for it was a brave and joyous melody which found much favor.

My soul felt like a bird for whom the door of its cage had been unexpectedly opened, and, thrust out

into the freedom of the illimitable sky, was now winging its way heavenward.

I had a great desire to go out to the Jewish world and cry out, "Come and hearken, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

For I had a strong feeling that in accepting Jesus as my Saviour I had done a great *Jewish* as well as a Christian thing. That Jesus as Christ was the fulfilment of the age-long Jewish yearning for the Messiah, and that thus Christianity was a fulfilled and therefore a truer and better Judaism than denial of him and rejection of him could possibly be.

And I yearned, "O if he would but graciously make himself manifest to Israel, my people, as he has made himself manifest to me! O if the Jews would but know his voice as their best Friend and Good Shepherd!"

With the added thought: "Perhaps I am destined to help bring this about?"

And joy suffused my heart with the hope, "Perhaps I am!"

I ate and drank as a Jew. Then something happened. What was it? For I did not leave the church the same Jew. I had become a Christian Jew, like Paul on the road to Damascus. For him the veil was rent by a blinding lightning flash; for me by a Voice impossible to describe except to say that there was a sweetness in it so alluring and persuasive that I could not resist it.

I had loved Jesus from the time I first heard of him as a child; I had never hated him, nor, like Paul, persecuted those who loved him. Perhaps that was why my veil was so gently rent; Paul's, so harshly.

Peter and Stephen and thousands of Jews of the

first Christian century had Christ's power so revealed to them, the Christ whom Jews thought was dead as other men die and are buried, to continue for a time upon earth in their works, but not in their personalities.

It was a startling revelation to me that the personality of Jesus was still alive! For, in a trice, without a word from anyone, it had overpowered me, made me do its will in joyful obedience, made Jesus my Master, the Master of my soul and my Saviour, made me, in other words, a Christian. And all alone he did it; no one to assist him. His voice had pierced the secret recesses of my soul, of which I had no knowledge but he had. And somehow, in ways I could not understand, but he could, like a skillful surgeon cutting into the brain and removing a blemish which had marred some faculty, I was enabled to perceive him as the Truth Revealed, and to know his voice as my Shepherd's voice when I heard it.

The veil had been rent; the miracle had taken place. For no less than a miracle, surely, is the important business which is transacted within the theatre of the human heart when Conscience, the actor, changes his garb from the worldly and natural man and walks around spiritually transformed; when pagan or Jew throws off his heathenish or Hebraic clothing and upon the stage of Christian consciousness in Christian costume speaks and acts his newer, nobler, and better part; a full-grown man, no more inferior by incompletion, but, on the contrary, happy in the sense of a oneness with God's unity, through association, with Christ the Perfect, whose greatness flows around our incompleteness, and whose fellowship smoothes out our imperfections.

And now I saw the truth of that deep Christian

doctrine which the wisest Jew is blind to see until it is revealed to him by faith, which takes the skin from the eyes so that he sees the Saviour and feels his healing power on the heart.

Till then he does not, as I did not, realize the necessity of that new birth which Christians speak of. He cannot understand and therefore does not believe it to be real. The natural man still holds him, and he is incapable of the finest spiritual truth.

For, as my own experience shows me, its perception comes by a creative act of the Holy Spirit, which is as much a miracle as was the man's birth into the world as a babe; when, all complete with intelligence, which he derived from the infinite ocean of Soul-Life which men call God, he opened his eyes.

Not understanding, he cannot obey, and cannot please God as I could now please him; the consciousness of which has filled me with a joy altogether unknown before.

And I am jealous of myself sometimes, so much I love my people. My I is jealous of my Me, that I have this privilege and know this happiness, and so many friends of mine have not, and must bring unfinished lives to their graves' mouth, their lives incomplete for want of the experience I have received.

This experience, through faith in Christ crucified, opens the eyes a second time in life. The divine man, by a flow of the spiritual force that is in Christ, enters into the natural man, of whose divine nature and life he thus partakes. He feels a fulness in his heart and soul, and a life abounding for which he would not barter the whole world filled with wealth, if denied this joy.

For the heart filled with Christ knows with certainty

that the joy of much wealth is perishable while this is imperishable.

And so I.

And how came this faith, which removed the mountain of my unwillingness to acknowledge Jesus as the Christ, which all Jews know?

Through love of the crucified Saviour, crucified for love of me.

Soon after this experience came the Korean resolutions in Congress, and the persecutions stopped. At this time also a position opened for me in Tampa, Florida, as rabbi of Congregation Shaarai Zedek, a Reform congregation. Dr. Berkowitz and Dr. Krauskopf wished to see me in the Reform ministry, and through their recommendations I, who had charge hitherto only of Orthodox and Conservative congregations, received a call to become the spiritual head of this fine congregation in Tampa.

I accepted, and sent in my resignation as Secretary to the League of the Friends of Korea.

I have a letter from Dr. Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea, recalling this event, which is as follows:

The Portland,
Washington, D. C.,
December 31, 1919.

Rabbi George Benedict,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR RABBI BENEDICT:

Mr. Lyhm showed me your recent letter in which you expressed many a kind thought for us and our pleasant memories of the past, for which I deeply thank you.

I am sorry to learn that you will not be with us from

the first of the new year. I regret to think that we are to lose you, in business arrangement at least, but I am sure you will be a lasting friend for our cause, which you have championed so well during the past months. Your good activities will live long in the memories of our people, and certainly we shall miss you. I know, however, you will stand ready always to promote the cause of struggling Korea.

With heartiest wishes for your happiness and prosperity during the coming year, I remain,

Sincerely and most cordially yours,

(Signed) SYNGMAN RHEE.

XIII

THE MISFORTUNES OF MY PEOPLE

H. N. BIALIK is recognized throughout Jewry as the greatest Hebrew poet of modern times. Both in Palestine, where he made his home, and throughout the Jewish world he was the leader of Jewish movements whose opinions and ideas were listened to with respect and reverence. He was the symbol while he lived of the new Palestine, and the spirit of the Jewish renaissance. It was he who, more than anyone, had breathed the breath of Jewish life into the dry bones of Palestinian Jewry, so heroically at work in remaking the Land of Israel.

In 1934, during days of extreme bitterness of soul to him because of the Hitler menace which was already, as he saw, threatening the life of his Jewish people, he left Tel Aviv, and his home, on the street which bore his name, to come to Vienna to be operated on for the sickness which carried him away. Jewish doctors, some of world-wide fame, whom he had come to consult, to the number of twenty eight out of the sixty in that city's hospitals, had already been dismissed by the quisling regime which had sprung into power, and the rest had been given notice. Jewish suicides by the dozen were being brought daily into the hospital where he was lying, whom Jewish doctors tried to save, though they knew it was in vain for both their patients and themselves; for they knew that both they and the suicides as well as all Austrian Jewry were doomed. Daily Jews were getting slain in riots. Austrian Jews were sitting on the edge of a volcano. Two hundred

and fifty thousand Jewish lives were at stake. In neighboring Germany, thousands of Jews were being done to death, whipped and clubbed to death, eyes gouged out. In Austria Jews were being dismissed from employment everywhere; economic misery prevailed, thousands of Jews were starving, and hundreds preferred suicide to a charity which neither they nor their fathers had known.

Israel's greatest Jewish poet before Bialik, Judah ha-Levi, eight centuries before, on a visit to Palestine from Spain, had been trampled to death by a wild Arab riding over him, on his approach to the Holy City, the sight of which he had longed for all his life. Our greatest modern Jewish poet had been trampled to death by his people's misfortunes, which weighed on him more than his sickness and sapped his will to live. All world Jewry, in 1933, the year before, had celebrated his sixtieth birthday, except in Berlin, where the police had forbidden it. They had learned that Nazi Storm Troopers were preparing to massacre the Jews as they would be leaving the hall. And now all world Jewry lamented the death of Bialik, and Palestine made it a day of national mourning, the Monday when Bialik's body was brought back to Palestine and buried in Tel Aviv. It was the largest funeral in the history of the Holy Land. Tens of thousands of Jews had come from all parts of Palestine to pay him tribute. For they knew him as the soul of Israel.

That was it. "What is the Jew if he is lacking in spirituality?" All his creative years Bialik asked and answered this question, in poem and in address, before small groups and to multitudes. He visited different countries where his people lived, everywhere seeking to arouse the Jewish soul to spiritual life. And for the

most part he was much disappointed. In 1926 he visited the United States, and lamented the lack of Jewish life in American Jewry. When Jews were still free to travel in Europe he visited Poland and Western Europe and said, "A Salvage Legion must be created to save American and Polish Jewry from the fate of Western Europe, which is resigning its Jewishness. I find the present symptoms most discouraging. A strong conscious effort must be made to stave off the danger of the complete extinction of Judaism. For except by a reawakening of spiritual life, Jews will not survive."—*The Jewish Exponent,* Philadelphia, Pa., October 9, 1931.

Thus Bialik, in an S. O. S. to world Jewry, yet before the present physical chaos of the unspeakable and greatest catastrophe of the Jews' four thousand years of existence as a nation had added itself to the spiritual chaos.

Will this awful calamity bring Israel back to the one recourse which could yet save the Jew from religious ruin: sincere prayer and repentance? For even on Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, when the remnants of Israel throng the synagogues, and the theatres improvised for the annual return to God on New Year and the Day of Atonement, there is no revivalist thought or spirit, no *Vidu,* "Confession of sins," for the tragic backsliding, not only out of Judaism but frequently out of all religion, and into open atheism and infidelity. Speak to nineteen Jews out of twenty of confession or repentance and they will admit they never think of it. Self-complacency, deadliest and most insidious of poisons, has taken all thought of the necessity of such a thing out of the Jewish mind, lay

and clerical; except for a few, found here and there, of old-fashioned Orthodox Jews.

Rabbi Harry J. Stern, of Temple Emanu-El, Montreal, after an extensive tour for the purpose of a close study of the Jewish communities of the Western Canadian provinces wrote:

"I found everywhere that Canadian Orthodoxy for the most part has broken with the Shulchan Aruch, the Orthodox code of Jewish practice, and they haven't found for themselves any liberal interpretations of Judaism. The old pattern does not work in the New World, and so we have Jews cleaving to Orthodoxy who observe the dietary laws only in the breach, and who appear twice a year at the High Holy Days in the House of God.

"What the older Jews are trying to perpetuate is ghettoism and not Judaism. They overemphasize language study in their Talmud Torahs and Yiddish folk schools, and fail to explain the religion, ethics, and history of Judaism.

"I do not see Orthodox Judaism being perpetuated," declared Rabbi Stern. "Would that it might live, but it is losing its young people. The spiritual, ethical, and cultural sides of Judaism are completely ignored. Young people have not been given that interpretation which will enable them to live with dignity and pride among non-Jews." (*Jewish Ledger*, July 31, 1931, Rochester, N. Y.)

It takes heroism to wage a losing battle good-temperedly, and we fear our Orthodox rabbis are no longer heroes. High among American-Jewish journals as an intelligent and consistent defender of the traditional Jewish viewpoint stands the *Jewish Exponent*, Philadelphia, Pa. I quote from an editorial condemning

the Orthodox rabbis of America for misusing their time and opportunity when they come together in annual convention, under the heading "Ill-Tempered Rabbis."

"When orthodox rabbis come together from various parts of the country for an annual convention it is reasonable to assume that at least part of the time will be devoted to a consideration of religious and other problems confronting American Israel. It is reasonable to assume, too, that the sessions will be animated by a measure of reverence, certainly by respect for each other and for the Torah to which they so frequently refer, and from which they quote freely in and out of season.

"While the economic status of the orthodox rabbinate in this country should receive attention, it is conceivable that this topic, so close to the hearts and the minds of many even in the rabbinate, should be discussed with decorum and with a degree of objectivity. For rabbis to indulge in all manner of ill-tempered outbursts; to refer to their colleagues as "crooks" and "cut-throats;" to engage in vitriolic attacks and to quote Scripture to boot, is a manifestation deserving of more than ordinary condemnation.

"If their assembling is provocative of such spirit and such outbursts, then these rabbis would do better not to hold another convention for many years to come."

If rabbis in convention can defile the sacredness of their office by fighting for their salaries instead of for their ancient failing faith, is it to be wondered at that Jewish business men make it their business annually, in conjunction with mercenary cantors and rabbis, to make dirty money out of our two most sacred holy days, Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, "New Year" and the "Day of Atonement"?

The "mushroom synagogue," congregations assembled for these two days in dance halls, theatres, moving picture houses and the like, by private enterprise for private profit, without an attempt at sacredness as a feature in the character of the "worship" conducted, is a sign of the commercialized Judaism so rampant today.

It has been the subject of attacks for years by all true lovers of Judaism as a growing menace. One of the leading Orthodox rabbis of America, Rabbi B. L. Levinthal, of Philadelphia, in a letter given to the Jewish press on August 3, 1931, speaks of it in part as follows:

"The time has come to call a halt to these 'mushroom synagogues.' Their exploitation of our religion and our worshippers for their own benefit and to the detriment of the genuine synagogues must cease.

"And I call upon all Jews to give heed to this matter and to refrain from keeping in existence this canker, this destroyer of our hopes for the proper continuance of our religion in the hands of our youth."

What is it that keeps these "irreligious" synagogues, as Rabbi Levinthal calls them, going year after year, and which are such a menace to the upkeep of real synagogues that the law has been called upon in an attempt to quell them? Why do hundreds of thousands of Jews, who never think of worship throughout the year except for New Year and the Day of Atonement, patronize these mock synagogues?

The answer goes to the root of the nerve of decay in modern Judaism. It is because for the majority of Jews today Judaism has lost its sanctity. It is because the vast majority are weakly held to their faith by a regard for the religion of their parents which is theirs no

longer in any real sense. It is out of respect for these parents alone that they come to "worship," if they are living; and to say Kaddish, "the Mourner's Prayer," if deceased.

Well known in Cleveland for years as a frank and fearless champion of traditional Judaism, Rabbi Solomon Goldman, rabbi of Anshe Emet Synagogue, Chicago, under the subject, "Judaism for Sale," flays commercialized Judaism.

He speaks of Orthodoxy as he finds it in Chicago, the metropolis which, next to New York City, harbors the largest Jewish community in the United States. But what he says applies equally to Orthodoxy in all the large centers of Jewish population in this country.

"The visitor to Chicago will be surprised to find so many Orthodox Jews in the city, that is, so many Jews who are Orthodox by word of mouth. It is not unusual or extraordinary in our city to come across spokesmen of Orthodoxy who smack their lips over a dish of forbidden food, who openly violate the Sabbath and who even forget to pay the Almighty their respects on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur.

"The word 'Orthodoxy' is elastic in Chicago and extends itself to the most brazen violation of Jewish law. It is a label worn on occasions when it will bring benefits, and discarded when it will necessitate sacrifices. An enviable arrangement, forsooth!

"There is a multiplicity of synagogues. In whatever this Jewish community may be poor, it is rich in congregations. Most of the houses of worship, it is true, are empty except for the annual renewal of acquaintance on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, and even then it is only the lobbies and facades that are crowded. Wherefore then all these congregations?

They are, dear friends, the survival of prosperous days when sacramental wine flooded the precincts of the Lord.

"What an indelible stain has this wine left on the *Porochet!* (sacred curtain before the Ark). The day the aqueduct was built between the House of God and the revenue office should become a day of mourning, to atone for our sin, to wipe out the disgrace. The constitution of the United States was to impose a prohibition on the citizenry of the land. Rumor had it that this new regulation might interfere with the Jews' religious scruples. Hence was it written into the law of the land "except Jews."

"And we sat by," says Rabbi Goldman, "and watched our country deceived, and we did not rend the heavens with our protests of indignation. How many rabbis and thousands of laymen knew from their own experience that there was no need for alcoholic wine for the observance of the law? Could all of us have forgotten the raisins we cooked and squeezed on Sabbath Eve for the sacramental blessing? Alas! alas!

They are confused because of wine,
They stagger because of strong drink.
They reel in vision,
They totter in Judgment.

"This incident and many others preyed on my mind. I could not, at first, understand this interest in synagogues on the one hand and the terrible neglect on the other hand. Hardly a trace of Sabbath observance; by far the major portion of Jewish children unschooled in the Jewish faith; the major portion of Jews unaffiliated with synagogues; hardly anything done for Palestine; campaigns for foreign Jewish re-

lief difficult to organize; most of the congregations groaning under heavy deficits.

"Judaism in Chicago is bloodless and effete because ravaged by a dire disease. That disease is exploitation —the exploitation of Judaism for selfish ends, for politics and business." (*The Jewish Exponent*, September 11, 1931.)

One of the outstanding Jewish voices in this country and the world is that of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. He could not reach his eminence by self-complacency, by fooling himself or his people, and he never has. On the contrary, he clearly recognizes the end in a sermon preached in New York on "The Agony of Israel," in which he says:

"The agony of Israel is that we bear ourselves for the most part as if there were nothing to safeguard, nothing more to cherish, nothing left to preserve, and as if there were to be no future, this the end. Religion! Are we not becoming its destroyers rather than its guardians? There is something which calls itself religion current in certain smug circles of Jewish life here and in other lands. For the most part it is nothing more than a poor pulseless imitation or simulation of a decorously unvital mysticism. And save for this there is little, if any, so-called religion in the household of Israel, orthodoxy being almost as dead as reform."

Rabbi Joel Blau was as keen a student of Jewish affairs as American Jewry possessed until his death. He said:

"So far as synagogues are concerned, they seem beyond resuscitation. There is little left. Talmudical Judaism has broken down, it seems irrevocably. The old ceremonial law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. The dietary laws linger, apparently

as an occasion for periodical meat riots and an excuse for profiteering. The Saturday Sabbath has all but gone; even in thickly populated Jewish sections there is open buying and selling on the Seventh Day. Add to all this that the old training based on rabbinics is gone, but no new culture has taken its place. Jewish parents refuse to have their children taught in the sacred tongue of the prophets, for they regard it as old-fashioned. What, then, is left? A lifeless formalism that no one takes seriously; here and there a pathetic bit of folk-lore in connection with death or marriage customs; a little ostentatious charity; all of this scarcely relieved by the annual visit to the synagogue on the Day of Atonement. It is as if the spirit had fled from the husk. The old words fail to move; the old ideals fail to thrill. And there is no new Sinai from whose thundering top the God of our fathers may speak to His backsliding children."

Thus our Jewish critics of the situation, rabbis, Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform, leaders all, with none to lead. The burden of Judaism rests upon their rabbinic shoulders. Gone is the day when laymen Jews were among the scholars and pious, and joyously shared the duty of upholding Judaism and of spiritually sharing the Torah with their less pious and less scholarly Jewish neighbors. For there is neither piety nor scholarship among the laity, and the rabbis sit in solitude, in religious solitude from their congretions, who ask them to play pinochle with them, marry and bury them, superintend their Sunday Schools, and have no use for their rabbi at all for any personal religious duties.

Is there any hope from abroad? In England Jewish religious life is almost a counterpart of what we find

here; only in miniature, there being 300,000 Jews in the British Isles, and almost five million in the United States. With the Hitler deluge destroying practically all Jewish life in Europe except for the millions in Russia, and a few neutrals, where the Jewish population is very small, God alone knows what the religious condition will be like when Jews can again take stock of themselves.

Before Hitler, in Germany, as in Austria, comparatively few Jews were found in the synagogue. In France it is the same. Largely forgotten was the faith of their fathers. The older generation clung fanatically to the old traditions, but saw their young forsake the ancient moorings, and find no new anchorage anywhere.

In Poland Jewish students were nearly all atheistic. Before the Nazi seizure, of two thousand Jewish students questioned in Prague several hundreds were from Bessarabia, communistic and anti-religious.

In Russia, while religion was still declassed, among the old were millions of crypto-Jews, while the younger Jew was mostly communistic and filled the atheistic societies with his Jewish zeal, hating God with the same fervor with which his ancestors died for their faith. I believe that the present revival of religion, now the ban has been lifted by Stalin, is most real in the Orthodox Christian Church and will extend itself much further as the Church feels its power more and more.

But as for the Russian Jews, alas, it is a different thing entirely. They regard themselves as purely intelligentsia; they have grown up to be infidels and, for the most part, will remain so. Of course Stalin will grant the Jew whatever religious freedom he may desire, as he has the Orthodox Christian Church. But that

will not help the Jew. Too much water has already passed over the dam. In Russia, as in Poland and the Balkan countries, Jewish idealism long ago for its religion turned to Communism and Zionism; a Zionism without a belief in the ancient God of Israel.

For the first time in Jewish history, persecution has found no martyrs, but only fugitives: fugitives from Hitler and fugitives from faith. The worst persecutions in all their four thousand years of history have, religiously speaking, caught the Jews worse prepared than in any previous century. I believe this will be found true in every country where the merciless swastika has clawed the Jew; where literally millions of my people have been gassed and hacked to death with a heartlessness which, in civilized countries, such as the United States and England, we do not show to cats and rats. I much fear that much of the little faith which had remained among the younger generation of Jews in Russia, Poland and the Balkan countries will have been further weakened.

So, I much fear, it will be with what Jews are left in those tortured lands of Europe when they can again raise their heads freed from fear; so as I find it now among many of the young German refugee Jews who have escaped to this country.

I recently spoke to a group of twenty five of them. They were well built and handsome, very well educated and intelligent. Several of them decidedly and, to me strangely, Teutonic blond. My heart ached when I saw them, such an attractive group of young people. "What has Hitler been doing to my people?" I asked myself, as I watched them assemble. "And to Germany?" I read and interpreted to them from chapters of the Bible and they listened to me attentively and

with deep interest. For out of our own Old Testament prophets I was trying to bring them consolation and, in spite of their terrible tribulations, renewal of faith in the God and Guardian of Israel. At the end there followed a discussion of what they had heard, and I found that three had been impressed.

Then one young man, spokesman for the rest, rose and said:

"What you have said is truly very beautiful, and we thank you very much. We wish we could believe it, but we can't. I think I am speaking for most of us when I say, 'We have lost our faith.' "

XIV

CHRISTIANS UNDER THE SKIN

A DOMINATING figure in the American Jewish pulpit of his day was Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, rabbi of Temple Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, co-founder with Judge Sulzberger of the Jewish Publication Society, founder of the National Farm School, and bold champion of Israel. In the teeth of the opposition of the Czarist government, in the interests of truth, and justice for his people, and with the aid of the American government he visited Russia and reported what he had seen and heard to the shame and confusion of an autocratic government and as a means of relief for his suffering brethren. It was he, also, who pioneered in bringing the name of Jesus into prominence in the synagogues of the United States, by breaking in his Sunday discourses the icy silence which till his day had prevented that sacred name from being uttered even in Reform congregations. Since his discourses led the way that name has become a favorite subject for encomiums on the life and character of Christ in the American Jewish pulpit.

These discourses, it will be remembered, had made him the rabbinical hero of my London days, and I was happy to accept an offer of his to come to his home on Pulaski Avenue, Germantown, to assist him in his work after my completion of the catalogue for Judge Sulzberger's collection of Hebraica and Judaica. This was in the fall of 1911.

The decorum and orderliness nowadays the rule during Jewish services was by no means the usual thing in synagogues when he, over half a century ago, came to be spiritual head of Keneseth Israel. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, the great founder of the Jewish Reform Movement in the United States, as he himself tells us in his "Autobiography," had been struck on the face by the President of his congregation in Albany, while standing in his pulpit during a service on New Year, for disobeying that gentleman's ruling concerning his rabbi.

Dr. Krauskopf once told me with evident delight of a Jewish visitor who had started to leave Temple Keneseth Israel which he had entered during a service. An usher asked him why he was going. "I have made a mistake," replied the Jewish visitor, "I thought this was a Jewish synagogue." He was surprised when he was informed that he *was* in a synagogue and not in a Christian church. He had thought otherwise, he explained, because the conduct of worship was dignified and not noisy and disorderly, as he was accustomed to in the synagogues he had hitherto frequented.

It required great courage on Dr. Krauskopf's part to lead the Jew to become accustomed to speak of the Christian Saviour with appreciation instead of avoiding all reference to Jesus except, as had been almost universally the custom until his day, opprobriously. And this even in the synagogue, where all kinds of reference to him, even by innuendo, was held a deadly sin.

And I, whom Krauskopf's discourses in printed shape had helped so much; whose courage had strengthened mine in my Jews' College days, was eager to know what more intimate influence, if any, upon the personal life of this Jewish divine whom I so much admired, the

study of "the great Jew, Jesus," as Dr. Krauskopf called him, had acquired.

Dr. Berkowitz loved discussions, and was kind enough to say that he frequently obtained "good meat for sermons," from me, on the topics we discussed together. On the other hand, Dr. Krauskopf was the hardest man in the world to pin down to any subject in conversation. This was a great disappointment to me. I had for years longed to meet him, fully expecting to be much instructed and inspired by his fellowship. He was one of the busiest men, and that was his perennial excuse for referring me to his writings for his opinions. And he would slip into my hands copies of his printed lectures. But these, to my mind, could in no way give me the spiritual pabulum of far greater worth which I conceived I could have had from the hero of my student years.

One day, however, while obtaining material for him for one of his Sunday morning discourses from his own extensive library, I succeeded in entering more deeply into the matter of the modern Jew's relationship to Jesus. I approached it by way of suggesting that in my opinion the very fact that Jews, for the most part, were compelled by rabbinic tradition to speak of Christ, if at all, by innuendo, instead of directly, proved that the Jew had an uneasy conscience on the subject of the great leader whom they had condemned to death.

"And they have carried around for nineteen hundred years this uneasy conscience concerning the dreadful act they were led into by evil-minded ecclesiastics," I said.

"And you, by your public utterances, extolling Jesus, and expressing your own abhorrence of the

deed, are doing more than anyone else to lift an awful nightmare from the Jewish soul. I cannot conceive of a greater service to Judaism; for it will help every Jew to walk erect and lift his shoulders, after walking like a hunchback since the crime on Calvary, with a load of conscious guilt enclosed in his hump."

"I like the sense of what you say," he replied, rather crossly, his face flushing. For, like all dominant characters, he was easily incensed. "But your manner of saying so surprises me. You feel too much like a Christian apparently. 'My country, right or wrong,' you know. As Jews, and still more as rabbis, while we may intellectually condemn, we must, emotionally, side with *Kol Yisroel*, 'all Israel,' on this subject, which has been a breeder of so much hate between us and our Gentile neighbors."

I had never gotten so close to Dr. Krauskopf, and I dared one step further.

"Doctor, as you know, I am trying to make my way into an understanding of Liberal Judaism, so different in this country from what I knew of it in England. And you are my leading exponent of Reform Judaism. Am I feeling like a Christian, or not rather as a man, who feels sympathetic to another man, our greatest Jewish man of all the centuries? You would help me greatly if you told me how you stand to Jesus in your personal religious life, which is something you have never touched on in any of your sermons on the Christian Saviour. Yet, to me, this is of yet far greater importance than the invaluable historical characterizations of him which you have worked out.

"I have been with you now and seen you daily for almost a year. I have the pleasure of sharing your family meals. Never have I heard you utter a Jewish

prayer except from the *bema* (the synagogue platform). You do not observe the dietary laws at your table. There is, in short, nothing redolent at all of Judaism in the customs of your household, no more than if you were a Christian. You have studied the New Testament and the personality of Jesus for too many years not to have been touched and moulded by his character and spirit, for you have studied it lovingly and with zeal and appreciation of his worth, as your great discourses show. Pardon me if I speak too frankly. *I think you are a Christian under the skin.*"

He looked at me astonished, but was silent.

Then he turned to his manuscript on the table, worked out by himself in his distinct square script, and which he always laid before him on his pulpit, though he never referred to it.

"Let's get to work," he said, picking up his little stubby pen, and beginning to jab letters on the square sheets of paper. He used it as though it might have been a tiny spade and the paper a Lilliputian field on the Doylestown, Pennsylvania acres, made famous by his National Farm School, his prime hobby.

To my relief and surprise he had a smile on his face, as though my remark had rather pleased him, if anything.

I saw that I had made an important discovery. Dr. Krauskopf was a zealous and honest religionist, and yet lived perfectly content with the minimum of Jewishness required by his congregation. He had come to a congregation that was much more conservative than when, on his demise, he left it. For instance, he had found a prayerbook in use which had far too much Hebrew to suit him, and he wrote for Keneseth Israel the book of prayer which was used there all his life,

in which there was only a line here and there of the sacred tongue. He conformed to no standard of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, although a past president of that body, but deleted traditional practices as well as the prayers, in accordance with his individual judgment of what constituted Liberal Judaism in America.

Describing to me one day Keneseth Israel as he had found it under Rabbi Hirsch whom he succeeded, the father of the famous Emil Hirsch of Chicago, another great individualist in the American pulpit of that generation, he said:

"I stood ready with a pen in one hand and an eraser in the other to add, erase, insert and expunge, according to my better judgment, of what Reform Judaism in America required." In stature short, like Napoleon, his congregation admired and obeyed him blindly, in the manner in which the great Frenchman was followed. When Rabbi Leonard Levy, my predecessor at Jews' College, who was his associate, and later so much beloved in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, crossed him, he got rid of him in short order. Like Napoleon, too, he hoped to found a dynasty of congregations that would adopt his prayerbook and practices. And again like him he was disappointed. Dictators leave no dynasties.

The Orthodox and Conservatives attacked him bitterly, but he led Keneseth Israel to an enlargement of membership and prestige which more than compensated Dr. Krauskopf, while his battles gave him victories and ever fresh topics for his sermons.

The favorite word of abuse by his enemies, who were legion, was "Assimilationist." He was leading his congregation, said they, to the very edge of Judaism where there would be so little of Jewishness left

that they would fall over into Christianity. He was conscious of no such thing. He was making manly and thoroughly modernized American Jews, who would be proud instead of ashamed of the name "Jew," he averred and believed.

He was right, and they not altogether wrong, and the best proof of this is the fact that many of those who assailed him have similarly taken the way he took from Conservative Judaism to Reform. For this example of Dr. Krauskopf is merely a type of what has been going on in American Jewish life, and in Jewish life in England, France, and Germany, as in all civilized countries where Jews have won civil and religious freedom for a hundred and sixty years. It began when Moses Mendelssohn originated the Kultur Movement for the Jews of Germany by the translation of the Pentateuch into German, the first translation into the vernacular of the Hebrew Bible made by Jews since the Scriptures were translated into the Septuagint, two millennia ago.

From Orthodoxy to Conservatism, from Conservatism to Reform is a process that has been going on steadily and inevitably ever since Judaism came out of the spiritual ghetto in which it lived, consequent upon its emergence from the physical ghetto in which Jews were confined by the laws and the public opinion of Europe in the Middle Ages.

The emancipation of Jews which began with the adoption of our constitution, and which was followed a few years later by French laws, rubbed rabbinism from their eyes, and gave them visions of opportunities for advancement, intellectually, industrially, and politically; of which, as we know, the oldest and ablest

civilized nation in the world has not been slow to take advantage.

Rabbinism was well enough for the ghetto; but it stood in the way of progress when Jews were let out into the world, and set at large. Even Orthodox Judaism has sloughed off so much of its rabbinism that an Orthodox congregation of a hundred years ago would not recognize as Orthodox the Orthodox congregation of today.

For rabbinism was a product of the Dark and Middle Ages. Judaism, seeking to preserve its life, amid that welter of barbarism and the horrors of persecution to which Jews were subjected on all sides, instituted, through its rabbis, institutions and regulations, which they liked to call "fences." As the Dutch built dikes against the encroaching ocean so the rabbis built a dike made of countless religious rules to prevent their helpless, hapless people from going astray and getting lost in the outside world.

The Mosaic Law as found in the Pentateuch was presumed to be the foundation for every regulation. But in addition to the Written Law it was believed that there was an Oral Law, revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai, which, in unwritten form, tradition handed down through the long centuries from Moses to Ezra and from Ezra to the "Men of the Great Synagogue," as the sages who organized the Talmud are called. Then were schools established, both in Jerusalem and in Babylon, where these laws were expounded, and written down during centuries both preceding and following the Christian Era, forming the vast literature known as Talmud.

These laws, as finally settled, were codified in various works, the most important of which are two:

"*Mishneh-torah,*" or "Copy of the Law," by Moses Maimonides, 12th century, in fourteen books, and "*Shulchan-aruch,*" or "Table-arranged," by Rabbi Joseph Caro, 16th century. The latter has become the standard work of Jewish law and life, for Orthodox Jews. All was Orthodox Judaism until, with the French Revolution, civil disabilities began to be removed from the Jews and the enlightenment of modern culture broke through the two ghettos in which Jews had lived for centuries, both the physical and spiritual ghettos. Then the ancient religious regulations, both Mosaic and rabbinic, gradually lost their hold upon the descendants of Abraham. And to the degree to which they have been surrendered, together with the adoption of new customs by the Synagogue, regarded as necessary in order to hold the younger generation, in this our day we have three divisions of Jewry: Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform.

And nothing to my mind proves more plainly the stability and stamina of Christianity and the decadence of Judaism than this fact: that while Catholicism and Protestantism in their fundamental principles and doctrines have for centuries remained practically unchanged, Judaism has surrendered twelve of its thirteen foundation articles of faith, as they were enunciated by Maimonides in the 12th century, and accepted by all Jewry until recent times. Today Judaism stands fast only to the first of its principles, the Unity of God, a principle also Christian, as we read: "And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord" (Mark 12:29).

That this drift of Judaism is no invention of the writer may be seen from the expressions of Jewish

leaders belonging to every division of Judaism in the United States. Take the following statement made by Louis J. Moss, as President of the United Synagogue of America, comprising the Conservative congregations of this country, to the Convention of the Rabbinical Assembly of America made up of Conservative rabbis.

"There are certain practices hallowed by tradition which do not find root in the fundamental tenets of our faith, but which derive their sanction from antiquity and long usage. We must not refuse to reëxamine them in the light of present-day knowledge and experience, with the purpose of determining their present value and import. There is no reason for clinging to outworn traditions, in the belief that what was good yesterday will be good enough tomorrow."

But "fundamental tenets" of Judaism certainly are and have been for over two thousand years such principles of faith as belief in Messiah, in resurrection, and in the prophets. These respectively are principles 12, 13 and 6 of the Thirteen Articles of the Jewish Faith. The reader may test for himself the truth of what I say. Let him question any fifty Jewish friends of his and he will find that of the fifty, forty nine have entirely given up belief in these cardinal principles. The greatest rabbi of the past nineteen centuries, Moses Maimonides, in the 12th century, put them in their present shape, and they have been accepted as fundamental tenets ever since. In the Authorized Prayer Book, with the Singer translation opposite, to be had for one dollar from any Jewish bookseller, you will find them.

Thus we find no "superficial drift from unimportant details," of the Jewish religion but a complete abandonment of those cherished principles of Judaism which has kept Judaism alive for thousands of years is what

world Jewry is facing today. And innumerable Jews all over the world have also broken away from the leading principle, belief in the One God. Today many Jews will openly admit if you ask them that they have become atheists. Nay, in Russia, Palestine and elsewhere even bitter opponents of all religion are found in Jewish ranks. These drifters into irreligion are the greatest danger which confronts both Judaism and Christianity. For they do not stand alone. In every country on earth they swell the vast numbers of materialists and atheists who are intent upon breaking down *all* organized religion!

With fourteen hundred millions of the two billion human creatures on earth still professed idolaters and heathen in religion, these anti-religionists in every civilized country on earth, Jewish and Gentile, form a fifth column, which is linked to the pagan world by an equal denial of the Jewish-Christian tradition. For lovers of God and His Christ here is a universal problem which should draw believers of all Christian confessions everywhere together in bonds of steel, to forget their comparatively unimportant differences, which divide and weaken all. How to strengthen the lovers of God movement throughout the world for the preservation of true religion behind a united Christendom is our gravest post-war problem. I have indicated that, if we believe the prophets—and let us not forget that Jesus *did*—the great future reinforcement for Christianity is coming through the channels foreordained by God,—the Jews. Is the Christian Church taking the right methods for enlisting the ancient veterans of God, the people of Israel, who today are largely adrift from their religious moorings, and help them to a new birth and a new life in Christ?

Surely, since the glorious days when Christ came down to earth to enlist for the establishing of his Kingdom both Jew and Gentile, there has been, neither for Jew nor Gentile such an opportunity for service to God and man. For only by a union of Gentile and Jew in Christ can paganism be defeated. So the prophets and the apostles alike pronounce. Paganism still so strong, not alone in China, India and Japan, in Africa and the isles of the oceans, but in the heart of man in general, the heart that sometimes calls itself Christian. Or how could World War II be after World War I?

XV

THE STONE BABY

MY DISCOVERY of Dr. Krauskopf as "a Christian under the skin," was, at the same time, a revelation to me of myself. For I, too, I now realized, had been for some years past a Christian under the skin and had not known it!

Indeed, do not all those merit this appellative, I commenced to ask myself, who, like us and so many other students of Jesus' life and character as revealed to us in the New Testament, become imbued with a desire to be like him and hold him supremely worthy among all those who have ever taken human shape upon earth? Does not his sovereign spirit thereby seize hold of us? Are we not then to some extent, at least, swayed by that spirit which emanates from his glory, so that we worship him, not consciously perhaps, yet, to some degree, "in spirit and in truth," thus establishing this crypto-Christian relationship to him of which I have spoken?

It was then that I began to look for and to find wherever I looked thousands of such Christians under the skin among Jews who were touched with a piety and a need for religion which Judaism could not give them, nor its precepts nor practices. And now their sole spiritual stay and staff was what they had been able to gather of the Christ spirit.

As I had visited Christian churches in London days so now I began to seek and to find these lost sheep of the house of Israel among the colonies of cultists. I frequented halls and assembly houses where Ethical

Culture, Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism and Socialism were feeding the spiritually hungry and thirsty of my people. And each time I left with an empty heart and with the voice of Isaiah ringing in my ears as the collection plate went around, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" (Isa. 55:2).

"They are looking for a new covenant when the everlasting covenant, 'the sure mercies of David,' are at hand," I thought. "These are lost sheep indeed looking for their shepherd in every fresh pretender to the empire of the crook, forgetting that their guardian is he whom God made 'for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people' " (Isa. 55:3, 4).

I saw Christ's influence at work even in the zeal with which Jewish Communists fostered a humanitarian philosophy. For was it not Bakunin, their great radical thinker, who had called Jesus "a holy personality, and friend of the persecuted and of the poor." "My Brother calls. Who hears?" I had asked in the Communion poem. I heard, and so had thousands of Jews who had found the Messiah in the Evangelical churches throughout the country heard. Yet hundreds of thousands of others straying who had not yet heard were straining their ears to hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, and were longing to be brought to the sanctuary where their ears might be opened so that they, too, could hear.

These many centuries of teaching Christ throughout our civilization have so permeated all our institutions, secular though they might be, and all our society, materialistically inclined though much of it be with the faith of Christianity, that you will find it in the atmosphere which Jews and all sorts of cultists as well

as atheists cannot choose but breathe. No person and no organization so spiritually remote from the Spirit of Christ but that he and it has been grasped and has felt the impress of the life and the character of Jesus as revealed in the New Testament.

Freethinkers and radicals, Jews, and lukewarm and nondescript religionists unite in denying, from time to time, the statement, "This is a Christian country." Yet America would crumple to pieces if the Christian cement were taken out of its civilization. Quickly would it change its character from the America we know and love. The great goodwill which, in the more enlightened Christian countries, such as the United States, England, Holland, Denmark and so forth, is being manifested to Jews and Jewish institutions is supported by the power of Christ in our civilization of today. Through the millions of true Christians, who by precept and example walk by the light of Christ in their contact with their fellowmen, believers and unbelievers, all are influenced, whether they know it or not, and life made righteous.

They are not spiritually full-grown men who deny that the United States is a Christian country. God's love and Christ's guidance have been ours from the very beginning unto this day.

It is like the child who, cross with his parent, in a pet denies the love which is its very life at every moment. It makes me sigh at man's ingratitude.

I travelled for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the organization of the Reform congregations in the United States, as visiting rabbi in communities without a congregation or rabbi, preaching and organizing Sunday Schools and sometimes congregations in Florida, during my five years in Tampa,

Florida, and in Virginia while rabbi in Roanoke, Virginia, for five years. In both states likewise I travelled for the American Jewish Relief Committee, helping raise funds for the war sufferers of Eastern Europe. It gave me the opportunity I welcomed of meeting my fellow Jews of the smaller communities of which there are some ten thousand in the United States, the greater number without congregation or rabbi.

Here I came into personal touch with thousands of Jews who were bringing up their children without religion except in the very small number of cases where they had affiliated with a Christian church and were sending their children to Christian Sunday Schools.

This was from 1919 to 1931, and I saw that since Dr. Krauskopf's time there had been a great increase of Jewish leaders, lay as well as rabbinic, who had become students of the New Testament, because Jewish rites and observances and Jewish prayers, even, offered no satisfying spiritual sustenance. Upon these everywhere the dynamic personality of Jesus had made its mark, and they were being fed without ever hearing the voice of the Shepherd who was feeding them.

Beyond these, however, lie their brethren in vast multitudes and for the most part unsynagogued, who have never read a page of the New Testament; millions who are drifting away from all religion for want of the kindly hand to take them to the way of life which countless non-Jews have taken to their inestimable benefit.

In the spring of 1924 Dr. Israel Abrahams came from England, to give a course of lectures at the Institute of Religion of which Dr. Stephen S. Wise is the Founder and President. He spoke, also, at a series of

University gatherings throughout the country. I had kept in touch with my beloved Master by occasional correspondence throughout these years, and we made an arrangement to meet at the residence of Dr. Henry Berkowitz with whom the great English scholar had become warm friends while the American rabbi was on a visit to London.

I need not speak of the happiness in meeting and greeting again my best friend of Jews' College days.

In my evolution from the Orthodox Rabbinate to the Conservative, and from the Conservative to the Reform I had not joined any one of the three rabbinical organizations representative of the spiritual leadership of the three divisions of synagogues of this country. Dr. Abrahams advised me, now that I had been with a Reform congregation for five years to affiliate myself with the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and by way of introduction to membership in the same he addressed to Rabbi Isaac Marcuson, Secretary of the C. C. A. R., the following letter:

Hotel Majestic,
West 72nd Street at Central Park,
New York, N. Y.,

May 12, 1924.

Rabbi George Benedict spent several years at Jews' College, London, during the period of my Tutorship at that Institute. He was (and is) a gifted student, and he won my good opinion, as he did that of the late Dr. M. Friedlander, Principal of the College. He received from Dr. Friedlander, to my personal knowledge, a certificate qualifying him to act as rabbi in England. I should like to add an expression of my confidence in

Rabbi Benedict's suitability for membership of C. C. A. R.

(Signed) ISRAEL ABRAHAMS,
Reader in Rabbinic, University of Cambridge,
Formerly Senior Tutor, Jews' College, London.

Dr. Abram Simon, of Washington, D. C., the friend of several Presidents of the United States, who has held, perhaps more than any rabbi in the country, the undivided love and esteem of American Jewry for a great many years, was President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis at the time when I became a member of this, the greatest rabbinical body in the world. He had been my guest in Roanoke, Virginia, when he came to lecture to the Temple Forum of my congregation in the High School auditorium. Dr. Edward N. Calisch, a past President of the Conference, with whom in Richmond I had worked in war relief and other civic enterprises, introduced me to the Convention, meeting at the Hotel Sinton, Cincinnati, in June, 1926.

I met Dr. Joel Blau then for the first time. His essay on current American Judaism, "The Cry of a Modern Pharisee," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was a scorching and most pessimistic analysis of the terrible drift from their Jewish moorings of the Jews of America. It was a very brilliant piece of work and attracted much attention from serious-minded Jews as well as non-Jews.

He had been just called to a pulpit in London, and was anxious to have a talk with me concerning Anglo-Jewish conditions, knowing that I was of Jews' College, and so we arranged to spend the last evening together.

Perhaps he was the most gifted, in a literary way, among the members of the American Rabbinate, and I

felt that there was something wrong, even before I met him, in his leaving New York for England and cutting up his roots at his age.

We were having supper together in the restaurant of the Hotel Sinton, meeting place of the Convention.

It was the last day, and the men around us had gone; most of them to the theatrical party which had been arranged as a closing festivity for them and their wives by the Jewish community of Cincinnati.

"Tell me about England," he said. I was interested in this gifted and serious-minded rabbi whose talents were not sufficient for success, unusual though they were, to keep him in his native land. He was too much of a scholar, and not enough of an organizer, civic leader and "joiner." He frankly admitted to me that his gifts as an orator were insufficient to keep his congregation together in the face of the cleverer pulpiteers who were drawing cards for New York Jewry's synagogues.

"You'll find England no different," I said, "for Judaism is perishing for lack of religion everywhere."

I quoted him a Talmudic precept meaning, "God wants the heart," adding, "but Jewish congregations both here and over there want the tongue regardless of the heart, and, often also, of the brain."

One glance at the little man's pale and gentle face bespoke the sincere rabbi and scholar, unhappily lacking the physical vitality of the successful, hand-shaking minister these unthinking and strenuous days require.

We mentioned men who were making fifteen, twenty and twenty five thousand a year in the pulpit, not enviously, he and I, I am sure, but seeking guid-

ance for ourselves to profit, if we were able, by their methods.

"They are artist rabbis and hold their congregations by a splendid tour-de-force," was his explanation. "Their flock has no use for the rabbinics they collected at College. The knowledge that gives them power is in reality their knowledge of human nature and dramatics, which, by an inimitable legerdemain they weave together as the material of their position.

"At the synagogue services our people pray without pleasure, sitting in, as at a concert, to the lecture on some popular topic. We are never permitted to speak on the Bible, nor seriously to be religious except possibly on the Day of Atonement or New Year; while our congregations listen to the choir singing hymns which they consider it too much exertion to join in themselves. Except at funerals, when they usually ask the rabbi to "make it short, please," and at weddings, which we all sincerely enjoy, they desire nothing and ask nothing of their rabbis, except perhaps to play a game of pinochle. Our religion is a sad affair in this country and I hear it's no better in England."

"The trouble is, Blau, that we are permitting our congregations to run us, *Am-haratzen*, 'ignorant of religion,' as they all are, from officers to humblest members. And what wonder that we have lost the respect with the leadership of our synagogues when we seek to draw them to ourselves but never to God! Oh, yes," for he was looking at me dubiously, "I know that it sounds ridiculous for a rabbi to speak of Deity seriously except from the pulpit and prayerbook, but bear with me. You are an older man than I, older in experience far in the American ministry, at any rate; and I want your real mind upon what is bothering me,

perhaps foolishly. You remember what happened at noontime?"

He knew that I was referring to the fact that we had had our dinner without a word of grace being spoken. It seemed to me strange and it had disturbed me that several hundred rabbis should sit down to eat a dinner without regard for the ancient Jewish prescription to ask a blessing. Blau had spoken to me after the incident. He was sitting on the second chair on my right. Rabbi Hirshberg of Chicago sat opposite me and I had mentioned it to him. "Suggest that we make grace," said Rabbi Hirshberg, "I think you are right." "No," I rejoined. "This is my first convention; it wouldn't look proper for me. You see to it." But he would not either, for his own reasons, whatever they might be.

"Joel, we eat like locusts, but we don't pray. Yet without prayer how can we prepare our people, and through our people the world, for the Day of the Lord your predecessor foretold?"

I was referring to the prophecy of Joel, chapter 1, verses 4 and 15.

"Now I am going to do another unrabbinical thing. Watch me."

I took out from my right hip pocket my little black-leathered Old Testament, friend of many years, and opened it. It was yellow with use and age. I had had it bound and rebound. I had gone to it for comfort and courage many an evil day and ever found both.

"Look out," said Blau, looking around himself. "Here, what are you doing? I think you're the only dreamer of the few still left in the Conference to carry your Bible around with you. They'll think you're *meshugah* (crazy). It's unethical, you know." He

spoke humorously, yet not without serious meaning.

"Well, don't peach on me. Your career in the U. S. is ruined anyhow." It was my turn to speak in a similar vein. "You can speak frankly now and aid me. Do you believe in the prophecies?"

"I don't know," he replied. "It's unrabbinical these days to study the prophecies, excepting as a class exercise. You may also use a text occasionally to put a taste of Jewishness into a sermon for Rosh Hashana. You know, like you put a raisin into buttery dough when you make cake. But you mustn't make your whole dough out of it or soon you won't be making any "dough" at all. You'll be considered a hopeless bore of a rabbi. Even the President will fall asleep over your sermons and you'll get fired."

He shook his head up and down as though to say, "Like me."

"Prophecy, O Blau, son of a sacred name. Your predecessor preached against Edom" (Joel 3:19). And I read him the section. "You remember what Rashi (a great rabbinical commentator of the 12th century) said about the conduct of Esau, ancestor of Edom, condemning his irreligion for coming in from the hunt and with unwashed hands and without a grace before and after meals sitting down to eat of the bread and pottage of lentils Jacob had sold him. Rashi intimates that Esau deserved to lose his birthright for such conduct. We rabbis have similarly sold our birthright as leaders of Israel to the laymen of our congregations, who hire us and fire us and lead us by the purse strings. Not a good thing for Israel, that, I should say."

"Well, what would you have?"

I turned to Joel 3:14 and read, "'Multitudes,

multitudes, in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.' And we are all living in the valley of *in*decision, and the day of the Lord is far away, and we are doing nothing to help decide our people to take a single forward step for Israel. So hundreds of thousands of the undecided of our people are lost to Israel and are wandering around like lost sheep looking for a religion with some decision in it. And all that this Conference can do for one of its most valiant members, whose sincerity and ability is right now invaluable for Judaism in America, is to permit your officers to have you 'resign'." For it was no secret that Blau had been compelled to go.

"And I am afraid you won't be happy thus tearing up all your old roots, old man. England needs a Krauskopf, a man of gigantic physical energy. He would turn England inside out. And you, you, I am afraid, England will turn outside in."

I spoke hoping that he could still change his mind about going. But he could not, as I learned later. He needed the position. New York let its sincerest and most gifted rabbi tear up the roots which to do, under the difficult circumstances which met so sensitive and fine a nature in Great Britain, further broke up his weakened nervous system, long under a strain here.

What I had said, half in jest and half in earnest as a warning, proved a prophecy. Before ever he had acclimated himself to his work in London, his work got the best of the little vitality left in his nervous system. He died in a year.

I had never visited the great Southwest, and while rabbi in Roanoke, during the fall of 1926, travelled and addressed congregations in the states of Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana. I was held up by the over-

flow of the Mississippi and Red Rivers at Alexandria, Louisiana, for several days longer than my schedule called for, and one afternoon an officer of the congregation drove me to the Jewish cemetery several miles out of the city.

The stone image of a baby, excellently done and life-like, stationed in front of a grave which, I saw from the inscription, contained the body of a baby, whose surrender to death had suggested this cold makeshift of the beloved child to its parents, affected me deeply. For it is a very unusual thing for a statue to be seen in a Jewish cemetery, it being contrary to Jewish tradition to have an image, whether in synagogue or graveyard, in accordance with the commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image."

Thus, I felt, that only the most tragic grief could have produced this lifeless reminder for the grief-stricken parents of what had been so warm with life and love.

And when I returned to my hotel bedroom I wrote the verses that follow:

THE STONE BABY

Jewish Cemetery, Alexandria, La.

O Baby with the face of stone
That standest sad and all alone
As if thou knewest thy mother's groan
  Had wrung thee from her soul.

O bitter Babe of consolation
Outgrowth of grief's imagination,
O forlorn sentry in thy station,
  Indeed, a wretched dole

Of joy art thou for aching love;
That in an anguished frenzy strove
Against the will of heaven above
To keep thee on this earth.

Before my eyes thou'll't always stand
The picture of a questioning band
Of babes innumerable, who demand
Why God deprives of breath

The children whom our hearts adore;
Who, when they leave us, leave so sore
The heart that can be warmed no more,
By what is cold in death.

It was a desolate picture the country presented. My friend had taken me in his motorboat over the flooded areas which for hundreds of miles showed scenes of tragedy. Hundreds of houses, stores and factories were under water, or just the tips protruded; hundreds of men, women and children homeless, who had lost everything in the floods.

And my heart, sick with the spiritual desolation, so similar to this of nature, I found everywhere among my people!

"At one time a living child of God, Israel had become a mere 'stone baby,'" I thought.

I picked up the Bible on the table near the bed for comfort, and wondered how it had gotten there, for it was not mine. Looking at the cover page I read: "Presented by the Gideons." This was the organization, strictly Christian, which supplied hotel bedrooms with Bibles philanthropically.

I knew that thirty million copies of the Holy Scriptures in nine hundred and eight languages and dialects had been distributed all the earth over by Christian missions of all sorts to make known God's word and name among the people of all tribes and nations. Here was one of them at work before my eyes. Unhappily, I also knew, that not a single copy of the Bible, our Jewish Bible, had been similarly distributed anywhere on earth by any Jewish agency, for we have none such.

My heart became sick with jealousy; my Jewish heart of Christianity, and what it is accomplishing for God, in the doing of the work for which *we* were "the Chosen People," and "the People of the Book," true at one time, bitter mockery now.

"Why is this?" I asked, and opened at random among the pages of Job, the refuge for pessimism. My eye stopped at chapter 35, verses 9 and 10.

"By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry; they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty. But none saith, Where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night?"

It came to me as the cry of a Lonesome God, lonesome for the love of His people whom He so loves and who are dead to Him. "It is the answer. Because they love Him no longer they have ceased to spread His word," I thought. I felt utterly wretched as I looked out over the waste of waters.

"What has happened to the one-time heroic little Israel that she has deserted God?" I asked. "She still serves man, and Jewish charity still comes warm from the heart for her Jewish and non-Jewish brother. But what is this service to man worth and all the good works she does without love for God her maker? 'Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might,' the chief commandment, and alone making the others possible, has become the mere lip-service of a few. The great masses of the world's Jewry neither say these words nor ever think of God in any loving or personal way.

"My child," I seemed to hear a voice that came from Job's page say, "I need your love; I am lonesome for you. Your service to man is nothing without love to God your Father."

And I felt in my heart the agonized twitchings of the thwarted love of the father who broke Israel's law against building images in cemeteries, and built himself the nearest semblance he could to the babe it had nearly killed him to lose.

"Jewish charity counts for something with God," I muttered. "There is hope for religion in a Jew who is still charitable. It shows there is some semblance of humanity and manhood left; perhaps enough to put the image of God back into the soul of the Jew when the personality of Jesus will have warmed and enlightened it. We Jews have few hearts of stone. We are always ready to come to the rescue of any good humanitarian cause. I have strong hopes of Israel in America yet becoming a religious people. Israel is not a stone baby, as I had thought, but rather a religious skeleton. I thank God, for that," I said. "God can put life into a human skeleton, but God Himself can't put life into a stone baby!"

And I felt somewhat comforted, and brought out of that afternoon's tribulations yet two other poems, "Religion," and "God."

RELIGION

I have known trouble, I have known heartbreakings,
When the spirit falls all prostrate, weak, and low,
When the spirit falls all prostrate, weak, and lowly,
When the proud soul calls on someone, One, to help.

Help me, help me, God! the strong soul cries in anguish;
Help me, see, I lie all broken, crushed, in tears;
Help me, see, I lie all broken, crushed and tearful;
I who felt so strong lie tearful, broken, crushed.

What are we but beggars at the hands of Goodness?
And a double beggar he who, when he's weak,
Yes, a double beggar he who in his weakness
Thinks, poor fool, he's strong, and goes on doing wrong.

GOD

Formless, immeasurable, like the night,
Yet evident, existing, doubt it not,
Rests the Deity, resistless, on men's hearts,
Works Divinity, as ferment, in men's souls.

In its restfulness, its quiet, bathe your soul;
By its beauty, and mystery, be impressed:
So your manhood, so your womanhood, will find peace;
Joy and peace, delight and balm, for your heart.

So, jealous for my God on my return to Roanoke, I felt I must make an attempt to rouse my people.

I had read in the New York *Times* of a meeting of eighty thousand Catholics in the Yankee Stadium, New York City, under the auspices of the Holy Name Society.

Its success was a marvellous indication once more of the wonderful unity, the great strength and unique control of the Roman Catholic Church.

I wept as I read it, tears of jealousy.

Holy Name Society! And what was that Holy Name but the holy name of God, our God, the God of Israel?

And we who battled under Joshua, and under Judas Maccabeus, and under Bar Kochba, and fought a thousand wars, and gave a million lives, at the siege of Jerusalem, for that name, and perished, a hundred million of us, by gasping out that name with our agonized breath under the swords of Crusaders, in the fires of Spain, and beneath the clubs of pogromers, could not get eighty thousand of us together out of New York's two and a half million Jews, to send up a cheer for the Holy Name, our own God's holy name!

And so, in the spring of 1927, I got up a plan for a huge revival meeting at the Yankee Stadium, to be followed up, on the momentum of it, by thirty new synagogues to be established in the next two years in Manhattan and Brooklyn, to make inroads on the 1,800,000 unsynagogued Jews in the metropolitan area.

It was a careful plan, well worked out, and I took it down to Cincinnati, to Rabbi George Zepin, Director of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the live wire of the Jewish Reform Movement in the United States, and a man pure gold.

He read it and liked it very much; so did his associate, Rabbi Louis Egelson.

They visualized the Jewish situation in the country just as I did. But they are spending one dollar where they should have one hundred to spend. Too many

Jewish millionaires spent money on racing horses, instead of helping Israel in her race against time.

Rabbi Zepin recommended that I see other men, national Jewish leaders in Cincinnati, who could push the plan greatly if they would. They read it . . . "but" . . . "if" . . . in short, Judaism in America must not speak of God in masses but only in a whisper, in mausoleum-like synagogues.

So Rabbi Zepin decided I must wait until I got a pulpit in the New York area, where I could take it up further myself with the metropolitan group of rabbis, when I joined them.

He connected me with Lynbrook, Long Island, where during 1927 to 1929, of Temple Emanu-El, I was rabbi for two years. While there I joined the Association of Reform Rabbis of New York City, and vicinity.

I sought as a member of that body to push my plan; but "important, very; but . . . "if" . . . "wait," was the answer.

And the Holy Name is still spoken in a whisper by less than twenty per cent of the Jews of New York City and Brooklyn, when it comes New Year and the Day of Atonement; also when father or mother dies, and you say *Kaddish*, the Mourner's Prayer, in mausoleum-like synagogues.

O leaders of Israel, only one thing permit me to ask you:

Is Israel a dying patient that we must speak in a whisper?

XVI

THE PERSONALITY OF JESUS

WHAT is the matter with Judaism?

We are in a panic about Jesus.

And in our panic we have dropped, and that is a fatal thing for any faith, all enthusiasm out of our religion.

We go to synagogue mechanically, that is, those of us who still go, about one Jewess and Jew of us out of thirty, not regularly but only occasionally, and perforce. We go as a matter of duty, to please the rabbi, because we hold a congregational office and are ashamed not to go, or, and that is the closest we get to God, so that our children should have a religion when we die, and should say Kaddish for us. We do not bring with us any vital reason for coming. We do not come for the one valid reason, because we feel a compulsion from God in our inner being.

And yet we are, or rather, have been, for the Christians outstrip us altogether now as a religious sect, the people of God par excellence.

Our Bible is full of vibrant passages concerning God. The universal prayerbook, the Book of Psalms, is in the Old Testament, not the New. Our history is an unending roll call of religious martyrs. In more modern times we gave the world that singing, dancing, drinking, and most enthusiastic sect of vital religionists called the Chasidim. But now, the world over, Judah's lion roar for God is never heard!

What has happened? We are in a panic about Jesus. We fear his personality. And, in that fear, we

have well-nigh dropped out of our consciousness the personality of God when we are addressing Deity. Hence the lack of enthusiasm for our religion, due to a lack of a sense of reality in our relationship towards God.

But why fear the personality of Jesus, acknowledged by Jews and Christians both, the greatest and most beneficent of human forces that has ever come to bless this earth of ours by its presence?

Listen to one of our greatest, because most spiritual of American rabbis, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver. In his book, *Religion in a Changing World*, he says:

"Quite apart from the question of the divinity of Jesus, it is an indisputable fact that the personality of Jesus has been a luminously radiant fact in the life of Christianity. To ask of Christianity to reduce and attenuate this personality so as to make it acceptable to others would be to deprive it of that which is its prime distinction and its specific contribution to mankind" (page 110).

If the personality of Jesus is precious for the Christian do you think you can leave the personality of God out of your Judaism without committing Judaism to decay?

And yet is it not true that except for the little children around our knees we, the older children and adult Jews and Jewesses, rarely pray at home, and in our synagogues pray more or less mechanically, without much thought or feeling for the God we are addressing?

In other words the *Kevonoh*, the self-absorption in God during prayer, till modern days regarded as essential to effective prayer, is out of style, and out of use, practically nonexistent in Jewish worship; a most

serious statement we know, but one, unhappily, which every attendant at Jewish worship will verify from his own experience.

There is considerable air of worship, induced by devoutness of rabbi and cantor praying for the congregation; but the individual himself is not brought into close communion with his God except by personal contact of heart with Heart, and this is mostly missing.

Every rabbi knows this, and knows the seriousness of the situation; but I have never yet heard of any rabbi commenting upon it in any way.

And yet our sages remind us that the "greatest medium to bridge the gap between man and God, and bring the heart of man into close communion with Him is prayer." But the prayer, the Talmud reminds us, "must spring from the heart." It must be a genuine prayer. So indeed all Jewish authorities on prayer have stated from the earliest times to this.

As every Jewish student knows we gave up kneeling at prayer, an excellent Jewish custom, practised by Solomon, and Daniel, and Ezra, as the Bible tells us, and by Jews for several centuries into the Christian Era. Why? Because our enemies, the Christians, were kneeling at prayer, having adopted the custom from us.

So we gave up Jesus, "the perfect Jew," as modern Jewish scholars call him, the greatest man that ever lived. So great that six hundred millions of the most civilized portions of the human race, believing he must be more than man, have deified him, and worship him as man-God. Why did we give him up? Because the Christians had adopted him.

And now we are devitalizing our God and all our Jewish beliefs, because Christians have accepted our

God and our beliefs, vital as they came to them from the Old Testament, and have kept them vital by the New Testament these nineteen hundred years, which we ignore. The personality of Jesus in the lives of the thousands of millions of Christians since early Christian days to now has been dynamic, and a thing of personal experience. God, for the Christians, through Jesus, has remained a living personality. While for us unhappy Jews, who have deprived ourselves of Christ, God has become a deity, a theory to philosophize about when we call ourselves believing Jews, and nonexistent when we are agnostics or atheists.

Oh, miserable condition that is taking God further and further away from us! Who will deliver us out of this death of a life without God, source of all life? Who but Jesus, who has kept his Father alive in the hearts of Christians? It is Christ, do we not yet see it, who keeps God alive for mankind. It is for lack of Christ that God dies, a second time, and not on the cross of wood but on the cross of Jews' cowardice, the fear of what Christ will do to them if they admit his mastership over them. God dies for the Jews; lives for the Gentiles! If this befall us, and it is threatening, as Jewish leaders everywhere are telling us, were this not a tragedy whose consummation, writing "finis" for the Jew, would out-tragedy all the tragedy suffered by tragic Israel?

Kneeling, and Jesus, and believing in God as a Person, almost God Himself, have we given up, in panic of the Christians!

It seems as though we fear the Christians more than we fear God.

Well, the Christians of England, and the United States are with us in our battle against anti-Semitism and its poisonous propaganda, and great churchmen

and Christian statesmen are doing all they can to prevent its spread in these lands, giving us in every way a sincere hand of friendship. Shall we still fear them?

O fearful Israel, where is your heroism?

Joseph Friedlander says we haven't any left. (See his interesting study on Jewish heroism, ancient and modern, in Introduction to *The Standard Book of Jewish Verse.*)

Of course Friedlander speaks, as I do, of spiritual heroism. Jewish soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen are giving as many heroes to our present war as any people.

Yes, I speak, and so does he, of those who contend for spiritual prizes, for God, and such things.

For such as Jacob contended, when he wrestled the long night through for a spiritual prize, and was victorious, and was named "Israel," "Champion of God," as his reward. And that name, "Israel," Israel has ever since worn on her belt, in token of winning the championship of the world, a championship she is now letting Christianity walk off with, without even putting up a fight for it.

Oh, how we fear the Christians!

It is true, we are in a panic about Jesus. But why are we in a panic?

Can it be because we have deserted him? Not only failed him at the Cross, but ever since?

Can it be because, from ancient prejudices, we despise him, and in our better moments despise ourselves for despising him?

Can it be because we still reject him, we, the Suffering Servant of God with him; and fear that we shall be rejected of God, as we have been rejected

of man, if we do not some day, when we know not, accept the proffered hand?

Whatever the reason, countless indications from Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform Jewish conditions show us that the host of the Lord God is in a panic!

The host of the Lord God is fleeing, for no army can stand up in a panic.

Jesus is standing up; he holds his hand up warningly; "Stop the flight!" he says.

"Not for this have you marched through the ages, four thousand years of march, veterans of God, every one of you, the greatest, grandest, most heroic army that ever marched through the endless spaces of time or ever will!

"Come, right about face! Follow me!"

Is it clear to you now, O my beloved Jewish brethren, that this great Jewish personality, our greatest, and the world's greatest, which Christians cannot do without, we Jews cannot do without either? But, you say, "We *have* done without it." Alas, *how* have we done without it? Not so well, I fear!

For the more you leave out the person of Jesus, the more you approach a spiritually incapable Judaism, and the less value your religion has.

And herein, as we have seen, lies the weakness of Judaism, as we know it today; which is so afraid of the person of Jesus that it has largely even ceased to feel God as a Person, fearing that it is imitating Christianity when it seeks God so, because the Christians seek Jesus, their man-God as a Person.

Yet our greatest before Jesus, Moses, knew God as a Person.

Moses prayed to God that he might see His glory. But God said, "Thou canst not see My face, for man

shall not see Me and live" (Exod. 33:18, 20). The prophets all had visions of a personal God, and felt themselves upheld by His hand, and lifted up by His Holy Spirit. They were conscious of God's presence in their heart, and in their soul, and in their very bones.

"My heart and my flesh sing for joy unto the living God" (Psa. 84:3).

They felt that God was their Father and that they were the children of God in a very real way. "The Lord said unto me, Thou art My son. This day have I begotten thee" (Psa. 2:7).

And yet we are jealous of Jesus for being God's Son. You are God's son, too, brother!

"Thy face, Lord, will I seek; hide not Thy face from me. For though my father and my mother have forsaken me, the Lord will take me up" (Psa. 27:8, 10).

"Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand, upon the son of man whom Thou madest strong for Thyself" (Psa. 80:18).

The Old Testament is strewn with hundreds of similar passages. I have quoted the Jewish Publication Society translation, to give the Jewish traditional meaning.

So you see we are not imitating Christianity but returning to the good old paths of Judaism when we pray to God as a Person, and feel to Him as a child should to his father.

Now, when the Jew, the modern Jew, the so-called Liberal Jew, prays, he addresses himself through a Jewish ceremony to a Jewish program, or dogma, or principle, as though a Jewish ceremony, dogma, principle or program can take the place of the Jewish God in Person!

And so the Liberal Jew, seeking to free himself from

superstition, has freed himself from God, which to do is the worst superstition.

For the grossest of all superstitions is atheism, the most fundamental of all lies.

I have been greatly helped to approach the person of God, to understand Him and to love Him as my Father, now more real and close to me than my father in the flesh ever was, because of having felt the power of Jesus in Person speaking to me, appearing to me, dominating my mind and heart.

And this is the priceless gift my visions have given me: that they brought my heavenly Father, the God of my Jewish childhood, so much nearer to my Jewish manhood.

Alas, O my people, if, in your panic of Jesus, you are depriving yourself not only of Jesus but of all reality of God, who is his Father and ours!

XVII

THE PRAYER THAT SAVED JUDAISM

I HAVE always believed and stated that charity for the living and the prayer for the dead have saved what there is left of Judaism.

Of Jewish charity we have spoken in the chapter on "The Stone Baby."

Now, every rabbi knows that if it were not for the Kaddish, the Mourner's Prayer for the dead, which brings, on anniversaries of the death of parent or other close family relation, the Jew to the Friday night service nearest to the calendar date of the demise, there would not be a Minyan, the necessary ten adults it takes to hold a Jewish service, throughout the year on Sabbaths in every nineteen out of twenty of the synagogues of the United States and Canada.

In other words, there would be no services held except on three occasions, when good attendances are usually secured: Rosh Hashana, "New Year"; Yom Kippur, "Day of Atonement"; and Shevuos, "Feast of Weeks," when there is Confirmation of the graduates of Jewish Sunday Schools.

And in very many synagogues on a Sabbath eve, when there is not present this influx of worshippers by reason of the fact that there is no memorial to be made, the rabbi either conducts no service or, for makeshift, uses a shortened form of ritual to save the situation.

In many of our proudest temples in the great centers of Jewish population even the Presidents of the congregations and members of the boards of directors are not seen except from one New Year to another.

They are elected to high office solely because of the power of their personal prestige, as great bankers, merchant princes, owners of newspapers, and the like, and because of the size of their annual contributions. The religious leadership these magnates give is more often than not nil. This is supplied by the rabbi and directors of smaller financial ability, who seek to make up in real service for their inability to give more largely, and are proud to serve a congregation of which the great Mr. Absentee X or Mr. Absentee Y is an officer with them.

Thus we find that the dead Jews are so much more alive than the living Jews that it is the dead Jews who are keeping Judaism alive.

For a sweet and sound sleep Plato in *The Republic* advises as the last thing before falling asleep the reading of some pleasant passage from a favorite book. For an agreeable thought, he says, makes itself felt in the dormant mind all through the night, and so induces sweet dreams, if any. Having tried out Plato's practice and found it to be so, I have adopted it as my practice for a great many years.

And thus it happened that one winter Sabbath eve in Lynbrook, when I was forced to a clipped service on account of a combination of bad weather and no mourners, and wondering when Israel would be in position to lead mankind to Mount Zion, seeing that she was, as rapidly as possible, leaving that famous hill behind her herself, just to make sure that the prophet's prophecy was still in the Book I opened Micah 4 and with my head comfortably on my pillow while the whirling snow was whitening my windows, I read, "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be estab-

lished in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it.

"And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths," and so on, to the end of the famous pledge to make a final end of war because Israel will have helped to bring upon the earth the universal kingdom of God.

Having comforted myself with the sight of mine own eyes that the prophecy was still there I idled my fingers more calmly and sleepily along the holy pages forward to Isaiah 4, and read, "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man," and so on until, in the fourth verse, the prophet says some awful things of the women of Zion. Now, like every other rabbi who has been unfortunate in the Friday night's attendance I was hoping for a more satisfactory congregation on Saturday morning. Nearly all the synagogues in the provincial towns and cities keep their doors closed on Saturday mornings. It is simply impossible to persuade more than one male Jew in five hundred to sacrifice one hour of his Saturday morning business for the sake of paying his respects to God on his Sabbath morning. But I, by working up the interest of the women of the congregation, have invariably succeeded in doing what, I have been told by my fellow rabbis, is indeed almost a unique thing in the lesser towns. I have invariably succeeded in holding services Saturdays by the attendance of my Ladies Auxiliary. They would come with shopping baskets on their arms, sit the one hour through gracefully, listen to the short homily, join with the choir in the hymn-singing, give me a pleasant "Good Shabbos," "Good Sabbath"

greeting, and go. And so, with grateful thoughts in expectation of my ladies for the next morning, I refused to read anything injurious that Isaiah had to say against the character of the seven ladies of Israel, and thereupon I fell asleep, and had a dream.

I dreamed I saw ten Christians get around a Jew one Friday evening and say, "Lead us to your synagogue; we want to worship with you tonight."

The Jew hadn't been there for nine months himself, since last Yom Kippur, in fact, and had expected to wait till the coming New Year, but he thought, "My, won't that be fine to have them see me come in with ten Christians! They'll know I'm somebody in this burg then, all right, all right!" He had had ambitions to become President of the congregation. It would give him better standing with the banks; so he thought, "Maybe that'll click it for me." And so he marched his ten Christians proudly to the Temple.

But it happened that there was no member with a Yahrzeit, "memorial anniversary," that night, so that there was no Kaddish to say; and, besides, it looked a little bit like rain, so that they found no one at all in the Temple except the rabbi. And he was standing up sadly in his pulpit because it was time to begin, and he had no congregation. But when he saw the Jew come in with the Minyan, the necessary ten men, he joyfully read the service.

Afterwards he shook hands warmly with the strangers and wished them all "Good Shabbos!" and, as they did not know what he meant, by that the rabbi discovered that his congregation had consisted of one Jew and ten Christians!

This confused the poor rabbi quite a bit, so that he opened his heart to them, and told them that it often

had happened that he could not conduct a service for lack of a Minyan. So, sympathetically, they promised to come regularly every Sabbath eve themselves. But the Jew who had led them would not pledge himself to attend faithfully, as he usually had a card game on Friday nights, as he explained, unless,—and this he whispered in each one's ear confidentially,—unless they became members and elected him President when the present incumbent's term in that office would expire.

This they promised to do if they would not have to become circumcized. The rabbi explained that, under the ruling of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, converts need not be circumcized. So they became members and elected their guide to Zion in due season as President.

And after that I saw in my dream the rabbi had a service every Friday night. And when Yom Kippur came around, on Kol Nidre night, "Atonement Eve," he preached on the topic, "The Messiah Has Come."

XVIII

THE MESSIAH

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the history of mankind than the Messianic Ideal in Jewish history, which, through Jesus Christ, the illustrious progenitor of Christianity, begot the greatest religion of all times.

It was born in the soul of the Patriarch Abraham, when God told him to leave behind him all his heathen kindred, with the promise, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 12:2–3).

Out of the loins of this Semitic sage a World Blesser was to spring. This was four thousand years ago. A century later, his grandson Jacob, ancestor of the twelve tribes of Israel, to his sons gathered around his bedside, in prophetic vision on his deathbed, said, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be" (Gen. 49:10).

Both Jewish sages and Christian have united in explaining that "Shiloh" means "Messiah." Thus the Jewish Encyclopedia, in the article "Shiloh," volume 8, says, "In the blessing of Jacob, Genesis 49:10, there is a reference to Shiloh, interpreted as promising the kingdom to Judah until the expected Messiah had come."

And this was fulfilled. For shortly after the death of Jesus, in A. D. 30, Israel lay under the heel of the Roman Empire, the kingdom of Judah destroyed. This

was in A. D. 70 when Jerusalem was destroyed and the Temple burned, and Jews scattered the world over, exiled from their Holy Land. For Christ had come in answer to twenty centuries of Jewish prayer, from Abraham to Jesus. Judah's kingdom was no more. for her King, the King of a universal spiritual Kingdom had come.

Jesus recognized his kinship to Abraham, as the ancestor who had started him on his way. To remind his Jewish people of that kinship he was ever addressing them as "son of Abraham," "daughter of Abraham."

Abraham consecrated Isaac to the service of this idea, and Isaac Jacob, and Jacob his children, and so on, throughout the nineteen centuries of Israel's history till Jesus came. As it is said, "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment" (Gen. 18:17–19).

No matter how low the culture of Israel at certain periods in her history, always were the great permanent values for which she was chosen the People of God kept alive in her by tradition. And from time to time when she needed reminder arose the noble voices of psalmist or prophet to urge her to keep true as the elect Priest Nation of the world.

And never once were these noble voices raised for national aggrandizement and military conquest. Always "to keep to the way of the Lord, and to do justice and judgment," both in her own borders, be-

tween individual Israelites, man to man, whether king or peasant, and as an example to other nations to help spread true religion over the earth.

And whenever Israel felt that she was too weak to make her doctrines triumph and that the great heathen world around her was too strong for her, always would surge up within her consciousness the knowledge that a Redeemer, a Saviour was at hand who would overcome the world for her.

So, as the Bible tells us, all through the four hundred years of the Egyptian captivity was God's promise made to the patriarchs to be with them and save them kept vividly in mind.

And with the appearance of Moses in the drama of Israel in Egypt, who came as the redeemer and saviour of his people, and who did help Israel out of her troubles and into a brighter future, the Messianic Ideal gained momentum. God had actually kept His word with their forefathers and at the time when their prospects were as black as possible. He would do so again, He would do so again, is the constantly recurring note of hope in every subsequent period of the history of the Chosen People.

"The personal Messiah, through whom God would bless the world, was present in the minds of most of the prophets. Through this period the Messiah idea was developed, and became an established principle of the Jewish religion, and a component part of Jewish consciousness." (Greenstone, *The Messiah Idea in Jewish History*, pages 27–28.)

From earliest times it was customary to conduct prayers in the synagogues, which originated during the Babylonian exile in the sixth century B. C., three times a day: morning, afternoon, and evening, in ac-

cordance with the injunction of the Psalmist, "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice" (Psa. 55:17).

This is a tradition which was observed until recent times, until the worldliness rampant everywhere submerged interest in worship. On the East Side of New York City and in a few other places where there are Orthodox synagogues of the old-fashioned type and where a Beth Hamidrash, "House of Study," adjoins the synagogue proper, so that a Minyan, the necessary ten for worship, may be mustered, this threefold order of service is still observed.

And at each service the Kaddish prayer was said several times. The Gaonim, "early sages," of the Talmud, who found that this Messianic prayer was being said at least seven times daily already in their time, based this ancient custom upon the text from Psalm 119:164, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee."

"The Messianic hope finds its fullest and noblest expression in the Jewish prayerbook. The religious poet tells of the coming of a personal Messiah, a scion of the house of David, who shall work wonders in Israel's behalf, and confound its enemies. Another speaks of God as the Redeemer, of a theocracy characterized by perfect righteousness and peace. Everywhere the hope finds fervent expression, in the daily prayers, the prayers for Sabbath and festival, and in the prayers for special occasions. It may be regarded as the keynote of the Jewish prayerbook." (Greenstone, *Ibid.*, pages 283–284.)

For instance, let us take the "Shemonah Esrah," "the Eighteen Benedictions," which in Orthodox worship are said three times daily, once at each service, whether at home or in synagogue. The Messiah is

referred to here a number of times. In the very first blessing God is described as "He who bringeth a Redeemer to the children" of Israel. In the second blessing part of his program, the Resurrection of the Dead, is prayed for. In the seventh, we pray to God to redeem Israel for the sake of His name, even though Israel be found guilty. The tenth, called by the Talmud the prayer "for the gathering of the exiles," reads, "Sound the great horn for our freedom; lift up the ensign to gather our exiles, and gather us from the four corners of the earth. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who gatherest the banished ones of Thy people Israel."

The eleventh is a prayer for the establishment of an independent government for Israel, with its own judges and leaders, under the supremacy of God. The fourteenth reads, "And to Jerusalem, Thy city, return in mercy, and dwell therein as Thou hast spoken; rebuild it soon in our days as an everlasting building, and speedily set up therein the throne of David." And the fifteenth: "Speedily cause the offspring of David, Thy servant to flourish, and let his horn be exalted by Thy salvation, because we wait for Thy salvation all the day. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who causest the horn of salvation to flourish."

The seventeenth is a prayer for the restoration of the Temple worship, concluding with the hope, "Our eyes shall see when Thou returnest to Zion in mercy." Thus almost all of these benedictions, forming the most important prayer of the Jewish ritual, recited throughout the year three times a day, contain appeals for the coming of the Moshiach, "Messiah."

In the foreground of these prayers, it is seen, is the hope that under the leadership of the Messiah, Israel

may become an independent nation, living under a pure theocracy. The Messianic Ideal is essentially that of the prophets. When Israel would be restored to its ancient inheritance then the glory of the one, true God would fill the earth.

Not nationalist, not material and political was the scope of the Messianic Ideal in the minds of the prophets, but spiritual and universal.

"Isaiah's view was that the coming of the Messiah would lead to a spiritual regeneration and bring about a state of moral and spiritual perfection. He preached that their sole concern should be God and their sole reliance be on Him, for thus, and thus only, might they endure." (Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 8, Article "Messiah".)

Such spiritual regeneration, as we know, Jesus came to achieve and worked to bring about. And through the power of his personality he accomplished so much in this direction, that, as we know, the people thought it miraculous.

In Isaiah's prophecy of the King Messiah there is nothing of the nationalist military ruler.

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

"And with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked." He will use sweet persuasion and a winsome personality, not swords nor cannons. On the contrary, his methods will bring about universal peace and the

reign of God upon earth, with true religion permeating and influencing every corner of the globe.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11:1, 2, 4, 9).

And so of all the prophets. The Messiah they foresaw was of the Jesus type, no other.

"Zechariah's Messiah has much in common with Isaiah's. He is described (Zech. 9:9, 10) as a righteous Prince of Peace, who will rise from the ranks of the pious and oppressed, who will ride into Jerusalem not in military splendor, but on an ass. For, unlike worldly rulers, he will not maintain his dominion by the sword. He will destroy all the instruments of war, but, by his jurisdiction, which will extend to the ends of the earth, he will establish peace among the nations." (Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 8, Article "Messiah".)

And so on all through to the actual advent of Jesus, and all down the ages since unto this day has the Messianic Ideal remained true to its original germ in the mind of Abraham, and its development in Psalmist and prophetic leaders of Israel, as a realization to be of all that would prove a blessing to mankind in the way of peace and righteousness.

"From the end of the first century of the common era the mission of the Messiah, the one officially accepted by Judaism, is in all essential respects the same as in the apocalypses of the older period. He is to free Israel from the power of the heathen world, and set up his own kingdom of peace." (Jewish Encyclopedia, Article "Messiah.")

Moses Maimonides, the greatest of all Jewish authorities since the Talmud era, who formulated be-

lief in the coming of the Messiah as one of the thirteen principle articles of the Jewish creed, obligatory upon every Jew, says:

"Whoever does not believe in the Messiah, or does not hope for his coming, shows a want of faith not only in the Prophets, but also in the Law of Moses. For the Law testifies concerning him in the words, 'And the Lord thy God will again bring back thy captivity, show mercy to thee, and again gather thee . . .' (Deut. 30:3–5).

Maimonides says he will reform the world. He also acknowledges that through Jesus the nations of the world have become acquainted with the idea of Messiah.

All Jewish philosophers and scholars of the past eighteen hundred years have believed in the Messiah, and beginning with the Mishnah on, have for the most part deemed belief in the Messiah an essential of the Jewish faith.

Abarbanel, one of the outstanding rabbis of the Middle Ages, criticizes severely those Jews who did not agree with Maimonides, that belief in the Messiah was a cardinal principle of Judaism.

He bases his own Messianic conception on the Biblical prophecies, and deduces ten elements as rational features of the Messianic belief, stripped of all supernatural additions, imposed upon this ancient Jewish hope by fanciful rabbis and Kabbalists. These are the ten:

1. A Redeemer of the House of David.
2. The outcast nation will return to Palestine.
3. The Temple will be rebuilt.
4. Israel will again be a holy nation devoted to true religion.

5. Prophecy, long extinct because of the sins of Israel, will return to her.
6. Miracles will again be done.
7. The Jewish people will be materially very prosperous and also abound in spiritual life.
8. Israel will no more be exiled from Palestine.
9. All the peoples of the earth will be won to God.
10. There will be Resurrection of the Dead.

It is only in very recent times that the belief in the coming of a personal Messiah has weakened to the vanishing point in Judaism. It has become a vague, and very faintly believed in, Messianic Era, as enunciated by the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

"We reaffirm that the object of Judaism is not political but spiritual, and addresses itself to the continuous growth of peace, justice, and love in the human race, to a Messianic time when all men will recognize that they form one great brotherhood for the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth. (Year Book for 1898.)

And with the loss of the desire for a personal Messiah all enthusiasm and all heroism and all willingness to make sacrifices for their religion has disappeared out of Jewish life. The electric current that for 3,800 years vitalized the Jewish soul through faith in a personal God has ceased to flow.

Let us see what our ancestors thought of Jesus, and how they hailed him and acclaimed him as the Messiah.

Peter and John and his other Jewish followers whom he called to be his apostles, and Mary and Mary Magdalene and hundreds of other Jewish men and women devoted to him, who followed him and ministered to his needs and adored the very ground he

walked on as holy ground in their great love for him; they loved Christ.

And it was real love, oh, my Jewish brothers! Yes, and my Christian readers, who at times forget how great and deep the love the Jewish people gave him. Real, indeed, was that love, for hundreds gave up their property at his demand to be distributed among his followers as they needed it, and when he became the suspect of the official Temple clique, continued to follow him, risking imprisonment and death for the Messiah they loved.

How many of those who think themselves true Christians today, I wonder, would give up their belongings and, possibly, their life to serve him?

Yet these Jews, not one, but hundreds of them, my Christian brother, as the Gospels tell us, did this. Was there ever a man so loved and so followed by any body of men as Jesus was by our Jewish ancestors?

Remember this, O reader, and the next time you hear some bigoted ignoramus speak of Jews as "Christ-killers," say, "Those who killed Christ are dead. But those who loved Jesus most, more, perhaps far more, than *you* would have done, were Jews, and they will go down in history for ever as Lovers of Christ."

It was the chief priests and the Temple officers, the same who had sat in Council to try Him, and not the people, who shouted, "Crucify Him!" when Pilate brought Him before them (John 19:5, 6).

And, on the contrary, these same religious misleaders feared Jesus and tried him in secret, altogether against the requirements of the Jewish law which permitted no secret trials, because they feared the people. All through the account of their activities against Jesus we see that it was not a popular trial but

a conspiracy by a small but influential political gang against him who stood in the way of their continuation in power, and who had already once whipped their fellow grafters out of the Temple.

But for this there would have been no need for subtlety on the part of the Jewish authorities, as we read, "Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, (that is, all those who constituted the Sanhedrin, in all numbering no more than seventy) unto the palace of the High Priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtlety, and kill him. But they said, Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people" (Matt. 26:3–5).

As a nation the Jews were no more guilty of the death of Jesus than were the Greeks guilty of the death of Socrates. Who today thinks of revenging himself for the blood of Socrates the Greek, upon his countrymen, the Greeks of today?

Jesus had friends among all classes of Jews, not only among the masses. He had friends in the Sanhedrin, but the fear of the all-powerful family of Annas, who, as we have seen from our quotation from the Talmud, ruled by violence, and with the fists and clubs of their servants to coerce the recalcitrant, and with the power of Rome to back them, kept them away; or, if present, silent when the vote on his life was taken. This information Luke gives us, among others (23:50, 51).

Nor was there anything cowardly about those who followed Jesus in love. Peter denied him so that he could live to fight for him. That he was no coward in his love his subsequent life amply manifested, for he preached the Christ he loved knowing he would endure

martyrdom if he did so, and he continued to bear witness to his love for Christ welcoming the approaching crown of glory and of death by crucifixion.

With Peter thousands of Jews followed him everywhere, so that, at times, his popularity compelled him to take refuge on the sea and he addressed them from the boats of his fishermen friends. He drew to himself not only from his native Galilee but from all over Palestine, and far beyond the Holy Land.

"Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea; and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan, and a great multitude from Tyre and Sidon, came unto him" (Mark 3:7,8).

He ruled them by the sovereignty of his soul, not by promising them graft, like Don Quixote did Sancho, or the modern politician does his ward heelers. Neither did he coerce himself a following by threats of violence and by brutalities as did Caiaphas the High Priest, supported by the powerful house of Annas, his father-in-law, who was formerly the High Priest. Let us note that not only Jesus but the whole house of Israel suffered cruelly from these Christ-killers, of whom the Talmud complains bitterly.

"O woe is me, for the house of Boethus; woe is me for their club!

"O woe is me, for the house of Annas; woe is me for their accusations!

"O woe is me, for the house of Ishmael; woe is me for their fist!

"For these are our High Priests, and their sons are the treasurers, and their sons-in-law are Temple officers, and their servants beat the people with their clubs!" (Pesachim 57a; T. Menahoth XIII, 21.)

If christian preachers from their pulpits and Sunday School teachers would only stress the fact that the Jewish people as a whole loved Jesus and that only a handful comparatively, misled by the Temple crowd of leaders, sought his destruction, the burden of anti-Semitism would quickly be lifted from the shoulders of the brothers in blood of Jesus and the apostles. On the Palm Sunday of the week of his arrest we learn that Jesus' approach to Jerusalem was like the march of a victorious King. And yet, what had he conquered? Nothing but the hearts of his people. "And a very great multitude spread their garments in his way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee" (Matt. 21:8–11).

My Jewish readers will notice that our ancestors hailed him with the *Boruch habo beshem adonoy!* "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" The rabbi to this day uses these as the opening words of the marriage ceremony in greeting the man and maiden under the canopy.

Jesus was coming as the Bridegroom to meet Israel his Bride. It was a favorite image of the closeness of the ties which unite God the husband with Israel the wife of Biblical prophecy.

God had joined Jesus the Messiah to the people long elected to be betrothed unto Christ. Alas that the misleadership of a hateful crew of renegades to the

covenant between God and Abraham tore the sacred bonds of union asunder!

The Bridegroom was torn from his Bride and crucified.

The little Jewish children whom he had so loved, and blessed whenever he saw them, in the villages and towns of Galilee and Judea, shed tears on the streets when they heard of it. And thousands of Jewish men and women rent their clothes and lamented bitterly over the death of their beloved King.

"And all the people" that came together to that sight of him on the cross, "beholding the things that were done, smote their breasts and returned" (Luke 23:48).

Yet their love was not wasted. For it was Jewish love for Jesus that built the foundations of Christianity; and built them so well and deep that Christianity has become so strong and great.

XIX

THE CRUCIFIXION

LAST night, after the last words of the last chapter, it being very late, I went straight to bed. And feeling very tired, indeed exhausted, for I had written fourteen hours almost continuously, I recited my *Hamapil*, the Jewish night prayer, which I have said ever since I can remember, not on my knees before the bed, as usual, but reclining, in accordance with that line in it which runs, "Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. Selah" (Psa. 4:4).

And I ended, as always, with the restful closing words, with which Jesus closed his life's work upon the cross, and which both the author of the night prayer and the Saviour took from Psalm 31:5, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke 23:46).

And the brain being overactive I could not, though I tried, fall asleep at once. A second twenty four hours' strength seemed to have come to it, which manifested itself in an addition to the night prayer, made for the first time, in that part of it which forms the last verse of Psalm 90; a burial psalm of the Jewish ritual, which I have used to bury so many of my friends, young and old, in my ministry.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," I was praying. "And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

And then there came automatically to my lips from my soul in which the request arose, for I felt so tired

that it seemed as though Someone Else was praying for me, "And, O God, establish Thou upon me the work of Christ who died for me!"

And then, all of a sudden, I found myself in the Holy City, and I saw some little children weeping, and my heart went out to them, and as I was about to speak to one of them, a little girl, with her apron to her eyes, a woman hurried by whom I thought I recognized.

"Where are you going, Miss Stuart?" I said, for I knew her to be my Sheffield teacher, who had introduced the rabbi's son to the Rabbi of Nazareth. Only she had white curls now instead of golden.

"They are hanging the Saviour," she said. "Oh, come, perhaps we can help him."

"Oh, God," I cried, "don't." But I went with her.

We ran, and many others were hastening along with us. Presently we came to a place where, against the sky line, we saw three crosses. And upon each there was a figure, naked except for a loin cloth, but our eyes were upon the central figure, from which a glory seemed to be emanating.

"It is the Crucifixion," I cried to my former teacher. "We are too late." And then I seemed to lose sight of her, for I was losing myself in the horrible sufferings of that central figure, to whom my whole soul seemed to go out in sympathy.

And I stood and looked.

And in my dream it seemed to me I saw it all.

I heard it all.

I felt it all.

And I tried to get away from it all, it was so awful.

The tears gushed from my eyes. I groaned. Repeatedly I heard myself saying, "O God, don't, don't." And this part of it was no dream, but real, for when I

woke into clear consciousness after the vision, while it was still dark, I found my pillow soaked, literally soaked with the tears I had shed.

And as I struggled to get away from the foot of the cross where I seemed to be standing, a voice said, "Stay here. My beloved Son, he felt it; you, at least, should see it."

And so I stayed, and saw it all, his friends around the cross, what went on in their soul, and in his. And this is what I saw.

Jesus' mother, and his aunt Mary, and Mary Magdalene, and John, his beloved disciple, close to the cross, and, afar off, Salome, and many other women, and a great many men, all standing horrified, looking up at the Saviour hanging there, and beating their breasts in agony.

I saw that for one terrible moment they all wished to be crucified with him. But panic struck them as they gazed at him, for he was passing into an abyss. They saw a look on his face they had never seen before. That happy boy, he was only thirty, who loved to be at weddings and social gatherings, where women, men and children laughed and danced, drank wine and sang; who enjoyed their joy so much in his deep-hearted loving way. Now there was the mark on his face of dreadful physical anguish. With body and soul in that perfect adjustment which distinguished his unique humanity, he had never known physical pain in his own person. he had sympathetically experienced agony at the physical sufferings of others; the diseased, the blind, the lame, and those afflicted with nervous disorders, such as caused an epileptic to scream in pain and fear, which would bring him quickly to their rescue. But for himself he had lived all his life well-

nigh oblivious of his body, so lost in love for his Father in heaven; completely surrendering his own consciousness in the deep kindness he knew for God, so that he had felt that he and His Father were one and inseparable.

Surely God must love him as much, so that nothing would ever separate him from that love. Nothing could, not even death, when that would come, for his soul would go straight to his Father, to sit at his right hand for evermore!

But what was this strange thing that he felt was now tearing away his soul from that Father's grasp? This cramping and crushing of his organs in and on one another? This terrific twisting and wrenching of his spine? Oh, where was his Father? He was falling away from him! And his soul's hands reached out to feel for that Father, but he could not touch him!

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It was a cry of utter loneliness, of separation from his Father, then felt for the first time in his life.

And for the first time he experienced the fear of death; the only death he knew, separation from God.

There was no one on earth whose soul was quite kin to his own, but there was One in heaven with whom he could always commune and be understood! This alone was life to him.

Terrible as his bodily pains had been, they were now forgotten in the worse torture of believing that God, too, like his friends, had drawn away from him.

"What have I done to lose Your love?" He thought, for he was now too weak to speak.

"Nothing, My Son, nothing," he heard in reply. "For I shall take you to Me, and I shall fertilize the ground with your spirit's substance, and with the

overflow of love from your soul I shall water the earth. And you will see flowers of love sprout up everywhere, and trees of righteousness innumerable rise sturdily towards heaven. Yes, you will see this; and yourself help in this; and this will be your reward. Also, that never, My Son, nevermore shall you and I be separated."

This comforted him. Peace, that sweet deep peace he alone of man could know, returned. Was it nighttime? For he was feeling tired. He thought he was a child again upon father Joseph's knees, and embraced in that strong and loving arm he must say his night prayer.

He must rouse himself to say it before he sleeps.

And those who had remained around the cross heard him.

It was the old Jewish night prayer, the one still in use today in Jewish homes.

Beyodo afkid ruchi, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And he slept.

XX

RESURRECTION

THE Resurrection is a tenet of Orthodox Jewish belief. It forms the last of the Thirteen Principles of the Faith as enunciated for all time by Maimonides, and reads, "I believe with perfect faith that there will be a resurrection of the dead at the time when it shall please the Creator, blessed be His name, and exalted be the remembrance of Him for ever and ever."

While Judaism is neither clear nor definite on the kind of future world we shall enjoy, it is certain that it exists, and that all men have a portion in it. It is similarly certain of the Resurrection.

Concerning this event which will spell the death of all natural bodies and the rise into perpetual existence of all spiritual ones, Isaiah prophesied, "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces" (Isa. 25:8). Christian prophecy thus supports this conviction, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21:4).

The Jewish prophet Hosea says, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." St. Paul has this in mind in the greatest of all Scriptural passages on the Resurrection, too long to quote here, which is found in 1 Corinthians, chapter 15.

The leader of the Jewish prophets, Moses, foresees

the Resurrection when he says, "I kill and I make alive" (Deut. 32:39). And David sings, "Thou wilt not suffer Thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life. In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psa. 16:10, 11). "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness" (Psa. 17:15). The wise author of Ecclesiastes believes with his fellow Jews, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it" (Eccle. 12:7). And Daniel wrote, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12:2, 3).

How confidently the great Isaiah believes in it. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; the earth shall cast out the dead" (26:19).

With the hope of Messiah, Resurrection has been a great Jewish desire for thousands of years. It is found in our ancient liturgy, and is prayed for by Orthodox Jews even today, as part of the "Eighteen Benedictions," "Thou, O Lord, art mighty for ever, Thou quickenest the dead, Thou art mighty to save. Who killest and quickenest, and causest salvation to spring forth. Yea, faithful art Thou to quicken the dead. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who quickenest the dead." Here, as always, Resurrection is associated with the coming of the Messiah.

The belief in the *Techias Hamesim*, "the Resurrection of the Dead," is emphatically commanded in the

Talmud as an essential creed. In Tractate Sanhedrin we read, "He who denies that the belief in the resurrection of the dead is not intended by the Law will have no portion in the world to come." Saadiah, the great medieval sage and rabbi, in one of his works speaks of the Resurrection as an event which is connected with the redemption of Israel by the Messiah. And the greatest of all Jewish poets since King David, Jehudah ha-Levi, in his philosophical masterpiece Cuzari, expresses his belief in the development of the spiritual body during life on earth, as an achievement which prepares one for the Resurrection. "Those who pray," he says, "to see the divine light during their lifetime, and who long to see it with their own eyes, and even to attain to some degree of prophecy, they may be sure that they will enjoy the blessing of the future life. For if when the soul of a man is still troubled by the wants of the body he nevertheless eagerly clings to the divine glory, how much more will God enable him to enjoy His Presence after the soul has left this body!"

The blowing of the Shofar on New Year, according to Saadiah, is to remind us of the last trumpet which will call back the dead to life.

Always have courageous spirits heard in this life the call of the trumpets from the other side.

At every rising, in their morning prayer, have Jews thanked God for this hope. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who restorest souls unto dead bodies."

The belief in the Resurrection has now so weakened in Jewish life that there are as few Jews who believe in the revival of the dead as in the coming of the Messiah. And therefore Judaism itself cannot be revived until it suffers a resurrection by reviving belief in the Messiah. Christians who believe in both must bring Jews

who believe in neither to Christ, that through him they may again believe in both. So Judaism, practically dead, through loss of its vital beliefs, will be resurrected in Christianity. Judaism will die in Christianity there to live a greater, truer, fuller life.

Every year Jews drink a toast to the Messiah in the last cup of wine which ends the Passover Supper, when they say as they drain the glass, *Leshonoh Habo Be-rusholayim!* "May next year find us in Jerusalem!"

And Elijah, who is the precursor of the Messiah and the Resurrection, is not forgotten, for a special cup of wine, called "the cup for Elijah," is placed near the entrance of the festive room in hopes that he may come in that very night and announce the arrival of the Saviour of Israel. And when he comes I think he'll bring John the Baptist with him. And I trust Christians are hoping for that, too. For that would be a sight worth seeing, those two, arm in arm!

Did Christ arise from the dead? Of course, how could he help it, being God? And he appeared to those who loved him.

You see it was a Jewish crucifixion. It was a great Jew, the greatest of all Jews, who died on the cross.

And they were Jews who betrayed him. It was all Jewish. There was nothing un-Jewish about it, except the nails. They were Roman.

And it was Jewish love and prayers that brought the Risen Christ to his followers: the two Marys; John, his beloved disciple; James, his oldest brother; and his other brothers; and Peter; and Mary, his mother; and thousands of others whose love drew him to their side. So he rose to life, and has lived ever since in the hearts of those who loved him, as, thanks be to God, do I.

And there will always be witnesses to the living Christ as long as there are lovers of his to whom he can appear.

For though he may die to us, he cannot die to himself. For he is immortal with the immortality of the infinite God Himself.

Call me fool, if you like, you "scientific" Jewish or Gentile thinkers who never had, or have given up, belief in the Messiah and the Resurrection. I who have felt that Christ is still alive, by his power in my own life, as countless millions of Christians have known that power in their lives; I who have experienced his vital vigor re-creating my soul and my whole being, *I know* he rose from the dead. And by that same token I believe with perfect faith in the Resurrection of all that is to be when he comes a second time.

You think it is absurd inthese "modern" days,—as though to God anything is ancient or modern;—to believe in the Resurrection? I think it is absurd in these days, more than in any former day, not to believe it.

For in these days we have seen how Israel's desire for the Messiah for thirty eight hundred years, with her prayers for his coming all these thousands of years, has been fulfilled.

And for the same length of time has Israel concentrated her desire and prayers for the revival of the dead. For from the oldest time has it been foreseen that the Resurrection was a gift of the Messiah which he would bring with him when he would visit this mortal sphere a second time.

It was his own resurrection which Jacob had in mind when in the blessings of his sons he foresaw its coming and said, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord" (Gen. 49:18).

The patriarch foresaw the Messiah's advent with the gift of Resurrection in his hand, even as Job, the greatest philosopher in Holy Writ, visioned both. "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God" (Job 19:25, 26).

* * *

Let me hazard, what seems to me, an interesting and suggestive Scheme of Human Story as follows:

A new start for man each 1,900 years.

According to Jewish chronology, the human race is now 5,704 years old; practically 5,700. That is thrice 1,900 years.

From Adam to Abraham was 1,900 years. God created man. Mankind was to love and obey God. Mankind failed.

From Abraham to Jesus was 1,900 years. God made a nation, "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation," to be His servant, and bring all mankind to love and serve Him. This people, Israel, failed.

From Jesus to this day has been 1,900 years. Christ offers himself as a sacrifice and a peace offering to God, to bring mankind to love and obey God. One third of humankind acknowledges God through Christ. Mankind is partly won, and man's salvation partly secured through the mediation of Christ.

Five thousand seven hundred years have passed since Adam heard God's voice in the garden.

One thousand nine hundred years more may pass during which Israel must be won to Christ, and through the reign of Christ all the rest of the earth brought under his subjection. Time's clock will then register 7,600, and the fourth and last quarter of man's spiritual history will end with the final Resurrection.

The scientific history of man is one thing, doubtless hundreds of thousands of years old, as geologists tell us. The spiritual history of man is another, separated from the natural history of man, as man's spiritual body is separated from his natural body, and as old as Jewish tradition and Biblical chronology tell us. Today we are ending the third cycle of 1,900 years.

It would seem that God stretches His cycles for man always just less than two thousand years, which, in God's sight, are two days. "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past" (Psa. 90:4).

As the apostle says, who first recognized in Jesus the Messiah, following the same reckoning of human time as God's time, "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Pet. 3:8).

God works in an orderly way. It would seem that three cycles of a span of 1,900 years each would be followed by yet a fourth span of like duration.

I think we who, ministering to Christ, merit Resurrection shall know all in 1,900 years when we glory in our eternal life before the throne upon which sits Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Call me "fool" if you like.

I'd rather look like a fool now than feel like a fool then.

Wasn't it the heathen Cicero who, two millennia ago, said, "I care less what people say about me today than what men will say about me two thousand years from now."

Which is why a certain Benedict, who wants to do his share of Israel's work for God now, even as God has

given him insight and ability to do it, is remembering Cicero across two thousand years; two days, in God's sight.

Do we not all want to live in God's sight, and find the timelessness that lies in a life truly lived, lived really and fully?

This is what the pagan Cicero desired. Shame on Christian or Jew that would be satisfied with less!

At the Resurrection Israel's long sacrifice, real even though mistaken, will have come to an end.

Of Israel's saints alone, one hundred million, old and young, men, women and children, who have died true to their God, in bed, or by fire and flood, by outrage and torture, will come to life. Oh, what a multitude, praising God in thanksgiving!

And with them countless hosts of Christian martyrs, young and old, men, women and children, who have lived true to God in Christ, will come to life. Oh, what a multitude, praising God in thanksgiving!

Jews, join hands through Christ with Christians. And heathen, universally, do you likewise. Let all men, women and children, pagans, Jews and Christians join hands around the globe, with Jesus Christ in the center of the great ring, and thus altogether we will introduce the Messianic Era which will begin with the Second Coming of Christ. Thus shall we all awake to the victory of Christ over Death, and will stand before God unashamed because we have done our duty and helped to prepare the way for the return of Christ.

Even as the prophet says, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 40: 5). "*All* flesh." That means Jews, and Christians, and heathen. Let us help one another to Christ, so he come quickly, and bring us his great gift, the Resurrection!

XXI

WHEN JEWS WERE CHRISTIANS, AND CHRISTIANS, JEWS

SOME of you may be asking at this point: O rabbi, what has Christ done for you that you are willing to turn your back on Judaism and your face to Christianity?

I will tell you. But first, please notice, that I have *not* turned my back on Judaism. On the contrary, I am carrying Judaism forward with me. I cannot turn my back on my mother, but I can give her my arm, to help her walk on with me while my life lasts.

What has Christ done for me? He has changed me basically, so that a thousand things I do each day are done differently because of him.

That which I used to preach to my people to do, and often left undone, I now do, because of strength which I formerly lacked.

That duty which I tried to see clearly, but could not, through a befogged intellect, shines out luminous and inviting, because of a ray from the Sun of Righteousness, which has illuminated my inward parts, against which the values of the external world stand out now in clear relationship.

The holiness I prayed for from the child's pure heart; the purity which, as a youth, I ardently longed for and miserably lost; these things by Christ's mercy have been vouchsafed me at last, and are making me unutterably happy.

What more can I say? We are, most of us, so far

gone in sin these days, that few of us can measure the worth and value of holiness.

Unhappily, I am not of the few that can. But at least God has given me the grace to believe that Jesus Christ could measure it, he the perfect Jew, today acknowledged at last by Jew and Gentile alike, the holiest and saintliest of men.

Nowadays, unless vice is proved a crime, we feel frivolously about it. But how terrible sin seemed to Christ! What was his desire in seeking to be sacrificed on the cross for man? What pushed him to undertake the agony? What but the burning desire he had to lead men to lift their eyes to holiness? What but the anxious wish to bring them to the good life, by seeing him, the exemplar of goodness, lifted high on the cross for all men to see?

And so I say to myself to whom the countenance of sin, seen too often, talked with till it has become familiar, has at times had a pleasant appearance; to Christ sin was terrible. He was not on speaking terms with sin. He was able to look objectively at it, and hated it so that he was crucified to save men from loving it. And holiness, how desirable it must have seemed to him, when he was willing to endure the agony of the cross that men might enjoy it!

So this is what Christ has done for me. I used to take my own judgment of vice and sin. Now I take Christ's judgment of vice as superior to my own, and his experience of holiness as alone worth having.

I still pray daily as of yore, with the ancient Jewish benediction, "Heal us, O Lord, and we shall be healed; save us and we shall be saved; for Thou, almighty King, art a faithful and merciful Physician."

But now, as I pray to God through Christ, I have

faith in him, as I had not before, that he is my healer, and I follow his instructions, not my own judgment, as I do my doctor's, knowing that Christ knows better what is good and bad for me than I myself.

And feeling thus about Christ, through my own blessed experience of him, and through the experience of Korean Christians, and others who are born Christians, I know how he was regarded by the Jews who surrounded him in his lifetime; by those who felt themselves spiritually lifted upwards by him, as I had been; by those who had miraculously felt their ailments depart at the touch of his blessed hand and had the burdens that staggered them become light by the strength of his contact. I say I know now how the people felt in those days, when Jews were Christians and Christians, Jews.

They felt ashamed at the thousand rabbinical restrictions that legally hampered their human sympathies, charmed and carried along by the hearty, healthy action of his broad humanity. They understood his strong feelings against Pharisaic scrupulosity; the frank utterance of his emotion against their cautious casuistry; his cordial, all-around human affection against their contempt of the common people. What refreshing contrasts!

These proof-marks of his true humanity, perfect patterns for all time for all men, that had a depth and a richness so unique that they indicated divinity, made his followers ask, "Why all these dressings of Jewish theology? Are we not related to this Messiah's own humanity rather by the simple and fundamental attributes of our God than through these endless prohibitions and injunctions? For, after all, there

are but three cardinal principles of Judaism, that run throughout our entire history and literature.

"First, the leading thought, that *God is One*, the earth's only God and Lord, the life of our nation, and the Maker of Israel. He urges us to become like Him in a striving for goodness and righteousness. He is our Father, and all men are His children, though He revealed Himself first to Israel.

"Secondly, *we must be loyal to the law which Moses commanded us*, the inheritance of the sons of Jacob. We must obey the Ten Commandments and the ethical code of the Pentateuch, so that Israel may serve as a God-fearing people and an example to an idolatrous world, sunk in sexual immoralities and inhumanities.

"Thirdly, *we must as 'a kingdom of priests and a holy nation' be missionaries* to bring about true religion upon earth, so that slowly but surely the Kingdom of God may be established upon earth, and the Messiah come bringing the Resurrection with him.

"That is all. Do not our Talmud sages themselves say, 'Not learning but doing is the chief thing.' Why then this ocean of learning which the Talmud's pages contain, and for ignorance of which we, the hard-working common people who have sometimes not time and sometimes not mind to study are treated as pariahs, and avoided like lepers?

"Are they any better than we? Any kinder? Any more humane, these rabbis that take the foremost seats in the synagogues and at feasts? Are they more charitable? Are they not, more often than not, merely greater hypocrites and pretenders to goodness than we?

"This is the Messiah. We feel attached to him. There is something genuinely good about him which we cannot resist. Yet he is wiser and more learned

than any of these scholars, who seem jealous of him. Why? Why, indeed, except that he shames them by his sincerity, because he is no hypocrite, no pretender to a holiness he does not possess. Yet his holiness shines out from every deed and utterance. He is himself the three principles incarnated which the rabbis have buried under mountains of theological dust and ashes. He is the Messiah the prophets promised. Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!"

Jewish Christians were very plentiful during the days of the Talmud authorship. The Talmud speaks frequently of them, as *Minim,* "a different kind of Jew"; being Jews who had accepted the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Many of them were extremely Orthodox Jews, such as was James, the brother of Jesus, for instance, who was the Presiding Elder of the Jewish Christian Church in Jerusalem, and in every respect a Jew, and in addition believed that the Messiah had come, in the form of the great Brother of his own household.

We may be sure that Jesus never argued with his brothers once about these precious rabbinical trifles with which the Talmud fills large folios. They did not count in life for him, inasmuch as fifty years of such discussion could not affect a man's religious character one iota. He regarded the polemics of the schools as an intellectual pastime quite without serious significance; unless indeed, as happened often, a man's expertness in the same made him feel self-complacent, conceited, self-righteous and egotistical. Then all this rabbinical trash became the whitewash over a sepulchre that contained rottenness within!

Nay, to keep peace, he in practical life conducted himself as an Orthodox Jew. He blessed the bread

and wine, kept the Passover, observed the sacredness of the Sabbath Day, unless indeed the superior law of some humane service to be done forbade it. And then the superiority of his divine nature came forward overshadowing Pharisaic custom, saying, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

He was welcomed to preach in the synagogues, and was a most popular guest at all Jewish weddings and festivities.

His followers were never looked down upon as were the *goyim*, "heathen," but always, until the evil times arose which separated the Jewish Christians from the other Jews, regarded as one with the "sworn folk"; children of Abraham, sons of the covenant, brothers in blood and faith. For were they not believers in Israel's God, only believing that the Messiah had come? And there was nothing un-Jewish in that, seeing that the Moshiach unquestionably was to come, only no one knew when. And any number of good Jews believed that Jesus was he, and had they not a right to believe it?

It was the Sadducees who were regarded by the Talmud as a renegade sect. The Talmud was Pharisaic, and from the Pharisee sect came Jesus and his followers. For the Sadducees had been corrupted by Syrian paganism. As arrogant masters of the Temple they were jealous of the influence of the synagogues, which drew the people away from the national sanctuary and reduced the income that came through sacrificial contributions. These Sadducees, as we have already pointed out, were the enemies of the Talmud as well as Jesus. The Jewish historian, Josephus, condemns them as the New Testament does, as a tyrannical, priestly aristocracy. They were frequently at

loggerheads with the Pharisees, who were the people's party, yet succeeded in maintaining themselves in power by skilful manipulation of their political interests at Rome. They remained in power until the destruction of the Temple in 70 A. D. That put an end to the Sadducean party, while the Pharisees, who were the Orthodox religious element in Judaism, have survived as the Orthodox Jews of today.

The Jewish Christians believed with John the Baptist that if Israel would once truly repent then would come the kingdom of God with the Messiah destined to inaugurate it. So believed the Pharisees; and the Talmud states this as a consummation devoutly to be wished. But instead of repenting, the Jews misled by evil leadership, put the Messiah to death when he came, and thus the kingdom of God has been delayed until this day. And so John the Baptist's call to repent ended in the worst wickedness Israel ever perpetrated. Then the measure of the cup of her wickedness was filled to overflowing. What Jesus forty years before had prophesied would come, happened. Her Temple, Israel's pride and national heart, was for the second time destroyed, and this time finally. Yet the leaders of Israel knew that without repentance there could be no restoration of Israel to power under the rule of the King Messiah. The Talmud had told the people, "Great is repentance, which would bring straightway the Redemption." They knew it but failed to do it. And, as we have seen, the Talmud also says, "Not learning but doing is the chief thing."

Then came Paul, and saved Christianity by broadening its base. He took Jewish Christianity and made it international. He did away with the Pharisaic

ceremonies in his impatience of everything else but true religion, which to him as to Jesus and the prophets of Israel consisted in the personal piety which bound a man to his Maker, and in a life of spirituality and humanity.

As the great exemplar of this life he preached the crucified Son of God who had risen from the dead, and who had shown his vitality after death by appearing to him and turning him from an enemy into a zealous friend.

Paul was a Jewish Christian, holding true to the cardinal principles of Judaism as well as to Jesus and his teachings; discarding the outward rabbinical trappings that were a hindrance to Jews and Gentiles alike in their acceptance of Jesus as the Christ.

It has become the custom to regard the Jewish Christian as a sort of hybrid and inferior Christian. It is a custom that has sprung from ignorance of early Christianity, which consisted at first exclusively of Jewish Christians such as Peter and James, the brother of the Lord, and Paul and many another outstanding disciple and martyr for Christ, and thousands of others besides. (See Acts 2 and Acts 4 for eight thousand Jewish Christians, who began the Church.) None of these were "Jewish-Christians," hyphenated hybrids, but zealous heroes and battlers for Christ, and the most wholehearted Christians that have ever lived. They were Jews who, as I have explained, carried Judaism forward into that fulfilment of it which is Christianity.

They were the most zealous of all the missionaries of the first century of the Christian Era, and without them Christianity would have died with Jesus on the cross.

When we meet our Jewish friends let us remember this. For peradventure in the divine providence it may well be that the hope of Christianity, so grievously assailed by materialistic forces on all sides, lies today in the zealous acceptance of Jesus by the Jews.

Did not Christ himself say, "Salvation is of the Jews"? For he, the Lamb of God, was a Jew. And, as we have seen, the friends around him whom he knew would carry on his work after him were Jews. And, who knows, perhaps also he spoke prophetically, meaning, "If when the fourth quarter of the history of the world begins the Children of Israel repent of their disloyalty to the Almighty Father, and, remembering the ancient covenant, still desire to be a blessing to mankind, and take up their work anew, and return as a nation to the Messiah whom their ancestors once knew and loved, my Father will remember my prayer: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' and will forgive them according to my words.

"And then will I gather Israel's children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. And they will be my people, and I will be their God."

XXII

TAR-YAG

IN THE Talmudic schools the question at one time came up for discussion among the assembled scholars as to how God spends the endless weeks and years of His limitless eternity.

Our sages decided that most of the time He sits bent over the Pentateuch, studying the Torah, the Mosaic Law, both written and oral. He sits, as it is becoming for the good Jew to sit, whether at home or in the street, wrapped up in His *tallith*, the Jewish prayer shawl, covering head and shoulders, and wearing the *tefillin*, the phylacteries, on His head and arm.

Jewish boys when they become Barmitzvah, or confirmed, at thirteen years of age, enter full-fledged into the faith of Israel. If they belong to the Orthodox or Conservative sects they are given *tefillin* by their parents and instructed how to "lay" them according to the ritual pertaining to their use.

The great majority, these days, not seeing their fathers "lay" them, soon after the Barmitzvah celebration likewise cease the practice.

I had great respect for the phylacteries, owing to the story I learned early from my father of their use by God Himself, which he told me to impress me with their importance before I became Barmitzvah. I wore them through my Orthodox and Conservative Rabbinates, and stopped laying them only when I became rabbi of the Reform congregation in Tampa. But for years I was doing so rather as a matter of duty, and because I was instructing my Barmitzvah boys in

their use at Hebrew School. I must admit that my early veneration for them received a severe blow in my Jews' College days, at the time I became interested in the New Testament, and one day read Christ's strictures on their use by certain Jews for display.

"Then spake Jesus to the multitude, and to his disciples, saying, The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not. For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. But all their works they do for to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." And so on, all through that searching, just criticism of the Master against the hypocrites in religion, of which Gentiles have their full share as well as my own people.

And I recall that when I read, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." I recall that I then went over to my trunk, the great one which my dear mother bought when I left Sheffield to go to London, brought forth my little black velvet bag for the *tefillin* embroidered with my name by my mother's hand, and taking out the leathern straps and boxes, I raised them, and regarding them, said:

"Now I understand what you and all your *Tar-Yag* have been doing to the soul of my people. You have enmeshed it, like Gulliver was enmeshed by the innumerable threads the Lilliputians bound around him while he lay asleep on the sand after being wrecked

in the storm. So the powerful Jewish spirit lies prostrate, entangled and made helpless by the rabbinical trappings of legal Judaism. And Christ came to cut these hampering bonds around the Jewish soul, and bind it the closer to God by more religious ties."

Ziperfein was listening patiently, as was his custom when I had these outbursts, and when I was through remarked:

"I quite agree with you. To tell you the truth, I have had my serious doubts as to the Lord Almighty laying the *tefillin* for many years. Jesus certainly beheld his Father at closer range than any of our *Tannaim* (as the great Talmudic sages were called), and if God laid the *tefillin* Jesus would surely have seen Him, and I doubt whether he would then have so commented upon their use at all."

Ziperfein spoke irreverently, I thought, but he meant well, I knew. And ever thereafter I lost much of my own regard for this and most of the other "rabbinical trappings," as I began to call them, of Judaism, which are enjoined by the *Tar-Yag*.

Tar-Yag means 613. It is the term Jews give to the 613 commandments, which, in addition to the Decalogue, Jews were instructed to observe and do, according to rabbinical Judaism. The word is made up of four letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which is used for arithmetical calculations by Jews. Thus *Aleph* is 1; *Beth* is 2, and so on.

Taf, which is T, is 400; *Resh*, which is R, is 200; *Yod*, which is Y, is 10, and *Gimel*, which is G, is 3; totaling 613, reading T(a)r-y(a)g.

Rabbi Simlai in early Talmudic days first makes mention of these 613. He says that all 613 were revealed to Moses at the giving of the Ten Command-

ments. Of these, 365 are prohibitions, equal in number to the days of the year; 248 are ordinances, corresponding in number to the bones of the human body. They are based upon early tradition, and in their origin are traceable to the fourth century B. C. Great rabbis like Saadia and Maimonides have written works explaining and numerating them.

According to Maimonides 248 are Mandatory Commandments and 365 are Prohibitive Commandments. The authority for each, which he gives, comes from the Pentateuch. For example, among the Mandatory Commandments are

1. To know that God exists. 10. To read the *Shema*, the prayer beginning, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God the Lord is One" (from Deut. 6:4–9). 12–13. To bind the *tefillin* on the forehead and arm. 14. Make *zizit*, ritual threads for one's garments, and worn as an undergarment nowadays by Orthodox Jews. 15. Fix a *mezuzah*, the case with Scriptural writing enclosed which is to be seen over the doors of Orthodox Jewish homes. 17. Write a copy of the law out for oneself. 20. Build the Temple; many of the 613 precepts deal with Temple practices. 39. The offering of sacrifices at the Temple twice a day.

As illustrations of the 365 Prohibitive Commandments we may give 1. Belief in the existence of any but the one God. 2. The making of images. 7. The sacrifice of children to Moloch. 39–40. The use of male attire by women, and of female attire by men. 172–179. The eating of unclean animals, unclean fish, unclean fowl, creeping things that fly. 196. Eating on the Day of Atonement. 244. To steal. 257. To make a slave of a Hebrew servant. 312. Rebellion against the Sanhedrin.

The origin of the *Tar-Yag* is traceable to Ezra the scribe, that great ancestor of religious bigots who first put the Jews into a spiritual ghetto to cut them off from heathen culture. He was among the Jewish exiles in Babylonia, and in the year 458 B. C. received from King Artaxerxes the royal *firman* permitting him to lead the Jewish exiles back to Jerusalem.

He led about two thousand back, publishing on his arrival "the book of the law of Moses" which he had brought with him and forcing the colony to recognize it as their religious and civil code.

Among the Prohibitory Commandments of the 613, numbers 50 to 52 require "to show no mercy to the heathen or to intermarry with them, nor to allow them to dwell in the land." Now, multitudes of Jews in Palestine had so intermarried. In Ezra's autobiography, chapter 10, we read "that he assembled out of Israel a very great congregation of men, women, and children," and that he adopted the suggestion of Shechaniah, one of his lieutenants, "to put away all the wives, and such as are born of them, according to the counsel of my lord," that is all the non-Hebraic women and their offspring.

And so by Ezra's counsel, and with the threat, as the Bible tells us, forcibly to deprive all those who refused to obey him of everything they possessed in the way of property, thousands of wives were thrust out by their husbands, and thousands of little children were forever separated from their fathers (Ezra 10:8). By such a purge and in this inhuman manner was Ezra's *Tar-Yag* started on its dubious course.

The *Tar-Yag* originated in Ezra's desire to make "a fence around the law," to use the ancient Talmudic expression. This fence in the course of many centuries

became a huge ghetto wall by the choice of Israel herself. It separated the soul of the Jewish people from the rest of mankind and resulted in another wall built, in retaliation, by the non-Jewish world of a dreadful physical ghetto constructed around the Jews' soul and body, and which excluded "the Chosen People" as untouchables from the fellowship of all decent people outside Jewry.

It originated the yellow garments with the devils painted on them, which Jews were forced to wear to distinguish them from non-Jews, together with countless other indignities which have not yet died out to this day.

And all "to make the people holy," did Ezra perpetrate the unholiest deed imaginable: the separation of children and wives from the husbands and fathers who loved them.

And Jesus wept in heaven when he saw what Ezra did. When Jesus sees the orphans of living parents he weeps. He wept in heaven before the throne of his Father, who pities little children. Jesus wept as he does whenever a couple who have children go to Reno. For as lambs without a shepherd, so are the children of divorcees.

With a touch of Christ-spirit in his soul would not Ezra have said to these assembled men, women and children of Israel, trembling for what was in store for them, "Men of Israel, instruct your heathen wives and help them draw close to God, and the religion of your fathers. And teach your children diligently the commandments of God even as Moses enjoined our fathers to do. And, above all things, love your wives and children dearly, even as your Father in heaven loves you."

He was the first of the scribes whom Jesus later so tongue-lashed, for their inhumanity masquerading as religion.

The passages beginning "Woe to ye, scribes and Pharisees," form the bitterest outburst of the Saviour, who loved little children so, against Judaism smothered under the *Tar-Yag* blanket; against Judaism with its religion left out.

Yet this Ezra was lauded by the sages of the Talmud as another Moses! The Talmud says that "Ezra was worthy of giving the law to Israel had not Moses given it already"; that same Moses whose kindness of heart was proverbial in Israel!

Who protected the oppressed Hebrew slaves at the risk of his life and princely position, and gallantly defended young women from the attacks of rude shepherds?

According to an ancient tradition Moses one day, while tending the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, found a young lamb that had fallen into a crevice among the rocks and broken its leg. The gentle shepherd carried it in his arms, binding up the injured limb and nursing the little unfortunate all day long while he followed his flock. And at the evening's close, after he had guided his bleating charges home to their fold, he safely placed the little lamb in its mother's care. God, as the ancient story goes, had been pondering as to whom of all Israel He might best select as the redeemer of His people from the oppression of Pharaoh, and beholding Moses, said, "He who has been so pitiful and gentle to a little lamb, he is the one whom I shall send to deliver My helpless people from their bondage in Egypt."

And it was the very next day that God revealed Himself to Moses from out of the burning bush.

If it had been the 613 precepts alone it would have been bad enough. But in the course of centuries rabbi vied with rabbi in piling precept upon precept, until there were hundreds of other religious laws joined to this *Tar-Yag.*

Many were mere customs, imitations of Moslem and other non-Jewish nations amongst whom Jewry resided. At first not Jewish at all, ignorance of their origin and long usage clothed them with a sacredness which to swerve from meant damnation.

Take the custom of a perpetual head-covering which the Conservative and Orthodox Jew observes in synagogue and, sometimes also, at home to this day. Either a hat, or a *yarmakel,* "ritual cap," must be atop of the head all the time, or sanctity is lost, and hell incurred!

When the gangster Sam Rosenblum, victim of a "ride" of some time ago, was buried, the papers described him as lying in that floral state, which is the final reward of all good departed thugs and gunmen, and there were pictures of him in his coffin, with a *tallith* around his shoulders and the *yarmakel* upon his head. A Jewish saint completely garbed for heaven!

I can almost hear the smack resound and I hold my right cheek in sympathetic memory of my boyhood friend, Louis Levinson, as I recall how, thoughtlessly, in my father's synagogue, "shool," we used to call it, back in England, one Saturday morning in July, Louis took off his *yarmakel,* with which to wipe his perspiring face. His father who was sitting behind him stopped his *davnen,* "praying." He leaned over Louis' bench and cried, *Shegetz, du; in shool ohne Hut!* "You heathen, you; without a hat in synagogue!" And he gave him a

crack on his cheek which I thought would break Louis' ear drum.

Mr. Levinson, quite possibly, deemed the prohibition against the bare head a provision of the Torah, the law of Moses. Yet it is no older than the Middle Ages.

In his classic, *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, my Master, Dr. Israel Abrahams, shows that the origin of the head-covering is not at all Jewish. It was part of the Oriental code of etiquette to cover the head in order to show respect, which became later for Jews, introduced by Oriental Jews into Europe, a strict ritual observance for all countries.

Or take the *haar sheitel*, "wig," which until recent times Jewish women were compelled to wear. Immediately upon marriage they were obliged to cut off their natural hair and wear an artificial wig. This custom became a religious observance. It began, also in the Orient, with the jealousy of husbands, who, to mar their wives' attractiveness for other men, sought to make them as homely as possible by depriving them of woman's crowning glory, their fine head of hair. Of course, medieval women did not bob!*

I shall never forget the tragedy of the *haar sheitel* of the old lady of Middlesex Street, known as "Petticoat Lane," with whom I resided when I first came to London.

*It is against this background of Rabbinical precept and custom that St. Paul's words are to be understood ,with their subsequent influence upon Christian ceremonial. "Judge in yourselves. Is it seemly that a woman pray unto God uncovered?" (1 Cor. 11:13). Quite evidently this feeling passed on into the primitive congregation, with the result that even to the present day, it has remained the custom of the Christian Church that women wear hats within the sacred precincts. I state the above merely as a datum of history without in any way passing judgment upon it. L. C. L.

Coming home from college one Friday afternoon I found her leaning over the pot cooking chicken soup for Shabbos.

Her yellow skull was showing from the side of the wig which had become awry. With her back turned to me she was busily stirring the pot as I called out cheerily, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Braunstein."

Startled she gave a sudden turn which was disastrous to the *haar sheitel.* For it slipped off her skull plump into the boiling broth!

The old lady covered her head with a shawl and then proceeded to fish out the wig which she hung up to dry on a clothesline near the kitchen range. Then she continued stirring.

At the Shabbos meal that night when the soup was served I lost my appetite. To her query "Why don't you eat?" I replied that I was not feeling well. I satisfied my hunger during the supper and all through Saturday with the *chaloh,* the Sabbath loaf. I could hardly wait for night to come when I would be free, for one mustn't buy on the Sabbath day, to go to a Kosher restaurant in Brick Lane, which is close to "Petticoat Lane," and get a square meal.

I could not eat with the Braunsteins any more. My long career of eating in restaurants had been inaugurated. The *haar sheitel* did it!

Kosher means "ritually clean." I did not dare to tell the Braunsteins that the soup, in which the juices of the wig had blended with the juices the chicken surrendered, was *trefeh,* "unclean," for me, though strictly Kosher for them.

Which brings us to a consideration of the dietary laws.

Upon the commandments in the *Tar-Yag* concerning

the dietary laws have been based a multitude of additional injunctions laid by the rabbis upon the Jews. So with the Passover restrictions upon the eating and drinking of what is *Pesachdik*, "fit for Passover use," or "unfit," for this holy day commemorating the deliverance from Egyptian bondage, and similarly with all holy days, and with everyday ritual observance. Fence around fence and still further fences were built around the Chosen People, to maintain their separateness as a "kingdom of priests and a holy nation," and to prevent them from intermingling with the *Goyim*, "Gentiles."

And has it kept them "holy"? Alas, let the *haar sheitel* bear me witness!

The dietary laws were intended to promote the sanctity of Israel, regulating the people's diet so as to prevent fraternizing with the heathen nations around them who used at table foods and drinks which were forbidden to Jews. They were intended to help Jews in realizing the spiritual life to which her prophets summoned Israel.

On the one hand the Jewish people were to bring into spiritual kinship all mankind under the common Fatherhood of God; on the other hand they were enjoined by the rabbis to observe a strict religious ceremonialism, which of necessity debarred them from mingling with non-Jewish people on sufficiently close terms to put through such a missionary enterprise!

Here and there around the curved globe, in the ghettos of large cities, London, Moscow, Johannesburg, Jerusalem, New York, Chicago, sit the few Jews still faithful to the Mosaic Law and the *Tar-Yag*, blinking over the Talmudic discussions contained in musty folios.

In small groups around the table in the *Beth Hamedrash*, "the House of Study," adjoining the synagogue proper, they are seeking comfort in their souls against the pressure of these hard days that rush by so heedless of the ancient precepts.

Some day, perhaps today, perhaps tomorrow, a student, zealous, but with the sudden enlightenment of the *Ruach Hakodesh*, "the Holy Spirit," alighting upon him, will look up from Maimonides' commentary upon the *Tar-Yag*, and will rise and say, "Brothers, it is time we stopped lauding Ezra. He is too inhumane for these braver, better days, when the better Christians, in America and other enlightened nations, are seeking to be humane and just to us.

"Ezra belongs, with all respect to his great organizing powers and Hebraic zeal, to the school of Caiaphas and Annas, Christ-killers, and authors of all our misery and all our woe.

"Nineteen hundred years have passed since the Temple was destroyed. Still we are bending these fine Jewish brains of ours, which God has given us whereby to promote the *Malchus Shomayim*, "the Kingdom of Heaven," upon earth, to the elucidation of what the sages of the days of Caiaphas and Annas say concerning the Temple sacrifices.

"If the Messiah comes, would the world let us, do you think, restore these bloody sacrificial rites when the Temple is rebuilt?

"Would not the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals get after us at once? And would not the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Children, as well as the Domestic Court, get after Ezra? And rightly so?

"You say that is no criterion for what we should do

or refrain from doing. That this materialistic world would get after *Yozele,* 'Jesus,' himself if he appeared on our streets and prophesied as he did in the days of old. No. I cannot agree with you. The world has much improved in a sincere desire to promote the Kingdom of God since he came and perished in its promotion.

"Look at Ghandi, that miniature imitation creation of Christ; the Jesus of very small dimensions, who advocated the slaughter of millions of his people, should that be necessary, in his opinion, to win independence for India.

"Instead of in a spirit of sweet reasonableness recognizing, as Jesus would, that far and above all things the bickering parts of India, whose lack of union prevents all possibility of dealing with her as one country, need education in self-control and fellow-feeling, and devoting himself towards this end, so that some day his country might be fit for home rule, he lends himself to stirring up more bad feeling which can only result in a deluge of blood, if continued.

"Nevertheless, though a Christ so greatly reduced, he wins the respect of king and Parliament and of the whole civilized world by his sacrificial devotion to the interests of his people. I tell you if Christ arose today he would quickly set all things right. But how can he come when his own people, we Jews, are still so far removed from him?

"See, we have before us numbers sixty four to sixty seven of the Mandatory Commandments of the *Tar-Yag.* Let me read them. 'Concerning the bringing of a sacrifice for sin, for trespass, a peace-offering and a meat-offering.' Moses commanded these in Leviticus 2:1, 6:25, 7:1, and 7:11.

"Christ's humanity has pervaded civilization so as to make impossible the bringing of these sacrifices when the Messiah comes to restore Israel. We are all agreed about that. How then shall these *Tar-Yag* be fulfilled except by proxy, the proxy of Jesus? How except by the sacrifice of the Suffering Servant of God, the Messiah, even as Isaiah foretold? As it is written, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; for the transgression of my people was he stricken, Yet he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; He hath put him to grief. When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands. By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities' (Isa. 53: 6–11).

"*Our* iniquities, brothers mine, *our* iniquities! Jesus the Messiah has done his share, even as our prophets have foretold him. He carried our burdens up on the cross with him; and, if we will accept him as our peace offering with God, we shall feel our sins fall from our shoulders, and be free to follow him, and so help bring on the Kingdom of God and his Second Coming, for the final relief of the burdens of mankind."

XXIII

WHEN JEWS WERE MISSIONARIES

WHILE I was rabbi in Roanoke, Va., and as Director of the Public Safety Committee and President of the Playgrounds Association was quite busy in civic work, I was greatly assisted by the friendship which I was privileged to enjoy with Junius P. Fishburn, publisher and editor of the *Roanoke Times.* Both articles and editorials came frequently and generously to my support. The *Jewish Tribune,* shortly before my coming, had called Roanoke "the worst Ku Klux city in the South," stating its reasons for this in events that were happening hurtful to the Jews of this city. I shall only say that for myself and my family this delightful mountain town in the Blue Ridge gave us, I think, the happiest of all our homes during my seventeen years in the Rabbinate.

I think that it was in the fall of 1926 that Mr. Fishburn informed me that the man he admired as perhaps the greatest man in the world in his field, the newspaper business, Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times,* was passing through Roanoke with his friend Henry Morgenthau, Sr., on the way to Florida. He was arranging a dinner in honor of these two great American Jews, and invited me to be one of a small party of prominent citizens to welcome them. I had met Mr. Ochs in his office in Times Square years before in connection with my play pageant, "The Spirit of Mankind," which I had presented in the Capitol Grounds, Richmond, on July 4, 1918, under the auspices of Westmoreland Davis, Governor, and his

Council of Defence; and Mr. Ochs thought that perhaps its presentation should be arranged for in New York City on a still larger scale, ten thousand people having seen it in Richmond. How things get together, whether it is in a disused drawer or in life, is quite interesting. Because all the words that have preceded have been brought in by way of introduction to just one word: the word "missionaries," in the chapter title.

For the word "missionary" among Jews of today has an unfortunate connotation. Because of centuries of persecution by Christians and forced conversion, the word "missionary" is a hateful term in the ears of the Jews. And at this dinner Mr. Ochs told us a story to bring out this point.

He and Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, had been great friends. And the story he told us, he said, had come to him from the Bishop.

A Jew from New York City's East Side once came to Bishop Potter and said he wanted to become a Christian. "I want to be converted right away," he said. "That will be very nice," said the Bishop, "and I will direct you to someone who will study with you and prepare you." "Oh, but that would take too long!" said the man. "I want to be converted right away. Can't you baptize me at once?" "But why the hurry?" asked the kindly Bishop. And the Jew answered, "My family done me dirt, and I want to disgrace them!"

Hence, if a Jew sees this caption he will be apt to jump up forthwith as though bitten by a mosquito and cry, "Ah, missionaries! I'll bet this rabbi is a missionary himself!"

I am. So were Abraham and Sarah. They had

three hundred and eighteen servants, every one of whom they circumcised and, with their wives and children, made members of the great family of Israel. For their missionary duties were part of the Abrahamic Covenant confirmed and made everlasting for the seed of Abraham, as written in Genesis 17: 12, 13. "And he that is eight days old shall be circumcised among you, every man child in your generations, he that is born in the house, or bought with money of any stranger, which is not of thy seed. He that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised; and My covenant shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant."

So all the patriarchs that followed Abraham were missionaries. For all the peoples of the world were to be blessed in Abraham and his descendants. And how could they be unless they adopted the faith of Israel and worshipped the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?

The prophets, who preached a universal God for all the nations to acknowledge and worship, were also missionaries. Isaiah's greatest hope was expressed in language which only so great a missionary as he could divine. "The sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve Him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be His servants, everyone that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of My covenant; even them will I bring to My holy mountain, and make them joyful in My house of prayer; for Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people" (Isa. 56:6, 7).

And so was the great King Solomon a missionary. It was he who coined the most pregnant of missionary maxims, "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11:

30). You notice he says *wins* souls, not *forces* souls!

And no wonder. For in his blood was the blood of David, whose Psalm Book, used as the prayerbook for thousands of years by Jews and Christians, has done more to convert the heathen and bring infidels to the belief in the God of Israel who has become the God whom all civilized mankind worships, than all the efforts of all the missionaries of all creeds and centuries could possibly have achieved without these outpourings from the heart of the king of Israel.

Yes, for nineteen hundred years prior to Christ every loyal Jew felt himself obligated to be a missionary to bring non-Jews to the religion of Israel, as one of the *Am kohanim vegoy kodosh,* "kingdom of priests and a holy nation." God created Israel for this one great purpose: to convert all men to His worship; that is, to be missionaries.

Who am I that I should not, as a rabbi in Israel, seek to continue the work Abraham and Sarah began, which Moses continued, and which the prophets all, from Isaiah to Malachi, urged all Jews to undertake?

According to the Bible, Joshua, after his conquest of the great city of Ai, which confirmed his conquest of the Holy Land from the non-Jews, wrote upon the altar which he raised upon Mount Ebal unto the Lord God of Israel, "a copy of the law of Moses" (Josh. 8:30–32). Jewish tradition says that he wrote this law out for all mankind to read in seventy languages, all the known tongues of the world of his day, that all might learn the Law of the Lord.

This was the time when Jews were so strongly Jews that they were in no danger, as today, of the non-Jewish world overwhelming the religion of Israel.

Their religion flowed eagerly and heroically forwards,

ready with sacrifices of all kinds, to perpetuate and secure their faith.

Then the Sabbath breaker was put to death. Today, if a Jew is a newspaper owner, great banker, merchant prince, or movie magnate he is given the seat of honor when he acknowledges God once a year with his presence in synagogue on Yom Kippur. Though he never keeps a single Sabbath in the year, if he will but deign to accept the office, he will be made a trustee, or President of the synagogue.

Those were the days when the religion of Israel was so resistless in its flow that it kept back the world's irreligion and immoralities; like the force of a river as it flows down into the ocean and keeps the sea from flowing up into it.

Where is our Judaism now as compared with this? What invading conquering power have we today over other religions and heathenism? Let Jews look back upon the time when their enthusiasm for God was such that it covered them like a cloud from dangers by day, and guided them like a pillar of fire by night. It brought them safely through parched deserts filled with wild beasts and savage men, and from between deep seas. They subdued many nations, not with the dollar sign, but with the watchword, *Adonoy nissi*, "The Lord is my banner!" (Ex. 17:15).

When admired for his great vigor on the 84th birthday of his incessantly active life, the great Tiger of France, Clemenceau, still alive in every inch of him, explained it in four words. "I live by action."

Israel, alas, today is dying of inaction!

The Midrash tells us that Abraham and Sarah devoted their lives to making proselytes. The Talmudic sages so valued the missionary activities of their

fellow Jews that we read, "The heathen world is saved from destruction by the merit of one proselyte who is annually won to Judaism" (Genesis Rabba).

So great was the missionary zeal of the first patriarch that according to the rabbis Abraham's maxim was, "Let all the world stand on one side, I shall side with God and bring them *over* in the end." That is why they say he was named *Ive*, the Hebrew. For *Ive* is Hebrew for "over."

It is because Judaism has ceased to be a missionary religion that it has ceased to have strength even to hold fast its own weaklings!

Let Christianity once cease to be a missionary religion and it will without fail come to the fate of Judaism, and perish by inaction.

Let Christians once listen to members of other faiths who, when approached on behalf of Christ's desire to win them for himself, say, "Why try to convert us? What's the use?" Should such Christians weakly surrender to the "goodwill" sentiment and reply sympathetically, "Yes, what's the use?" Then, listen again, and soon you will hear an echo, which says, "Yes, what's the use of Christianity?"

"Said Rabbi Elazar: 'The Holy One, blessed be He, sent the children of Israel into exile among the heathen for the sole purpose only of acquiring converts, as it is written: (Hosea 2:23) 'And I will sow her unto me in the earth; . . . And I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God' "—Talmud, Tractate Pesachim.

To which the Talmud adds, "Sowing is done to reap a harvest."

Until today the Christians have sowed, and a third

of the world is their harvest. Will they stop here? To stop is to go back to heathenism.

It was Ezra who started opposition to intermarriage. Yet Moses married a Midianite woman. The kings of Judah and Israel more often than not wedded outside the faith. David's great-grandfather married a Moabite, Ruth, from whom Jesus came. Relatives of Roman emperors were among the converts brought into Judaism. Judas Maccabeus brought thousands of non-Jews from neighboring tribes into Israel at the point of the sword, as did Herod. For five hundred years before the birth of Jesus, all over the known world there was considerable and a very highly successful Jewish propaganda.

The Emperor Domitian took strong measures against "the Jewish atheism," as he called it; because many proselytes from the highest circles in Rome had been won to Judaism.

The Jewish Sabbath was the particular attraction, that day of domestic peace, rest, and joy, so unknown to the pagan world, with the charm of the lights of the Sabbath eve. Thus, Josephus tells us, were the pagan ladies of his day attracted to his faith, as were also the Roman poets.

To bring the heathen "under the wings of the *Shekinah*, the Divine Presence," was, in those days, considered the noblest work a Jew or Jewess could do. For so only were they following the example set by Abraham and Sarah.

Thus, we see, that when Jesus sent forth first his twelve and then, seeing their success, and the great need for additional missionaries, his seventy evangelists for the conversion of the world to his Father, he was simply following the great and hoary tradition of

nineteen Jewish centuries that had preceded Him.

Indeed, in this, as in much else, Jesus is the spearhead of the prophets of Israel. He drove home into the Jewish consciousness the message and the example of the Hebrew prophets and patriarchs that had gone before him, with all the momentum behind him of their idealism and their love for God and humanity accumulated through many centuries.

He disagreed not with their missionary zeal, but only with their lack of true Jewish purpose behind it. God's service should be, he deemed, not external and showy, but inward and spiritual; not nationalistic and racial, but humanitarian and godly.

He looked at those great big boxes of theirs which they wore so proudly as their head phylacteries, and said, "What for? Why these outward trappings on the head, when the heart is far from God?"

They seemed to think that in large boxes lay their salvation!

But Jesus said, looking askance at the *Tar-Yag*, "You make the word of God of no effect through your tradition."

He beheld the heathen in large numbers being brought into the Jewish fold, gasping for a drink of the waters of life, and being granted instead, as by special favor, the privilege of wearing *tefillin* and *zizit*, "fringes" on their garments, and said bitterly, "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves" (Matt. 23:15.)

And so, with one slash of the Spirit of God, the good sword which was his, the Saviour cut through the *Tar-Yag*, that Gordian knot which, for centuries, had bound captive the soul of Israel.

XXIV

WHERE WE PARTED

WHEN the Christian approaches the Jew in gratitude for Jesus and the two Testaments, both of Jewish authorship, and asks his acceptance of Christianity, desiring to share his spiritual treasures with the blood kin of the Saviour, let the Jew remember that he comes to him with no foreign morality or outlandish faith. For it is a Jewish religion, from beginning to end, which is offered him.

Otherwise it would have been quite impossible for such an extremely Orthodox Jew as was James, the brother of Jesus, to have become a Christian, and one of the first elders of the new Church, and the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The Pharisees surnamed him *Ha-tzadik*, "the Righteous," because of his strict adherence to the minutiae of Judaism.

James, who certainly knew Jesus if anybody did, had simply added to his zeal for the Law of Moses the belief that Jesus was the Messiah, and had risen from the dead, for Jesus had spoken to him after his crucifixion when he appeared to him and to five hundred others, and therefore he had to believe that he was everlastingly alive.

No Palestinian Jew was more beloved by the Jewish people than was James. The Talmud tells us that it was his almost daily custom to pray in the Temple for the forgiveness of his people. That he prayed for hours at a time thus praying, and so much on his knees that he had worn out a place in the marble of the corner in the court where he prayed. That for

this reason in addition to "The Righteous" he was also known as *Kebal Am*, "mediator for his people," for they regarded him as the bulwark of Israel, by his constant advocacy of their cause before God. Josephus tells us that by orders of the High Priest, successor of him who had handed Jesus over to Pilate for crucifixion, he was thrown down from a pinnacle of the Temple, stoned, and had his brains dashed out by a fuller's club. And that so furious were the people over this second martyrdom that a delegation of the Jews, including many Pharisees, saw King Agrippa about it, and demanded and obtained the dismissal of this High Priest.

Thus it is inconceivable that, except as exponents of the Jewish faith, with additions which at first were not thought excessive and alien to the Mosaic Law, the apostles who preached the resurrected Messiah in Jesus would have been permitted to preach daily in the Temple, and often invited into synagogues to expound their faith (Acts 2:46). Baptism was a universal Jewish custom and it was as Jews that the apostles baptized and received into the Christian Church as many as three thousand Jews at one meeting in the Temple. Thus Peter: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins, and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2:38, 41).

Nor would they, despite the bitter hostility of the Temple authorities, who were Sadducean aristocrats, except that the Pharisees and the people in general protected them, have been able to perform acts of healing through faith in Christ in the Temple precincts, so jealously guarded by its officers (Acts 3:1–6).

When their fellow Jews assembled around them in the national center of Judaism, only as Jews could

they have spoken to them as follows: "Men of Israel, why marvel you at this? Or why do you look so earnestly on us, as though by our own power of holiness we had made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers has glorified His Son Jesus; whom God has raised from the dead; whereof you are witnesses. And his name through faith in his name, has made this man strong, whom you see and know" (Acts 3:12, 13, 16). And as a result of this healing and preaching five thousand more Jews believed that Jesus the Crucified was indeed the Messiah of Israel. Thus we have eight thousand Jews won to Christ, who, as our first eight thousand Christians, established the Christian Church (Acts 4:4).

And so the movement continued, converting many more thousands of Jews and, finally, Cornelius and his Gentile friends to this new way of life in Judaism (Acts 10:34–48). And so Gentiles also by the living, all-loving Spirit of Christ were swept into his fold. And the movement was still at peace with Judaism.

When opposition came it was not from the Jewish people in general, whether Pharisees or the common classes, but from those who had persecuted Jesus and James to their death: the Sadducees, who were not regarded as good Jews by the Pharisees. It was they who began the first persecution of the Christians. For we read, "And as Peter and John spoke unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the Temple, and the Sadducees came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people and preached through Jesus the resurrection of the dead. And they laid hands upon them, and put them in prison" (Acts 4:1–3).

Dr. James M. Black has well said, "The strongest and most passionately missionary church that Christen-

dom has ever known was the Church of the first century, a Church that was largely Jewish, both in its preachers and its people."

What a pity, one cannot help feeling, that conversion did not continue among the Jews, until the whole Jewish people of that time, who numbered five millions, had been won to Christianity, and had become missionaries of the God of Israel and His Messiah, for the conversion of the whole world.

Unquestionably this is what Jesus proposed to do when he began to send out his evangelists and bade them go first to their fellow Jews, "the lost sheep of the House of Israel." But for the irreligious character and evil leadership of their people, of Caiaphas and his successors in the High Priesthood, God's Chosen People would have achieved their final victory over heathenism during that first great century of possibilities. Then the united religious zeal of all Israel, planted in Palestine and in every known country of the world of that day, would have gone forth under the loving leadership of their Messiah, and long ago have brought all men to God and the universal reign of the Father of mankind.

With the heroism and passion for religion which in those days was still the birthright of the sons of Jacob, an Israel united in itself for such ends as their prophets had preached, and Jesus came to realize, must rapidly have won that wretched pagan immoral world to God and His Christ. The universal permanent peace men are dying and working for only today would, long ago achieved, have been written down in the history books as Christ's greatest gift to man. The oceans of human blood spilled in thousands of wars would have joyfully run in human veins instead. In every direction this

would have forestalled immeasurably such basic improvements in the character of the human race as Jesus went on the Cross to secure, and which his influence, notwithstanding the resistance to this day of the powers of evil pitted against his Spirit, is slowly but surely achieving.

But, alas, the forces of violence then rampant in the political world took charge of religious affairs likewise. Christianity was not allowed to develop normally. Just as religionists of all confessions, together with their leaders, were caught up in the whirlpools of two dreadful wars in a quarter of a century, equally with the statesmen and militarists, and by their failure to unite and speak with one voice as alike brothers of Christ, helped to drown God in the blood of millions of His children, so the spirit of violence and terror which held the Roman Empire together brought the two sects of Judaism, at first friendly and co-operative, into hostile collision and fratricidal strife.

Synagogues had begun to thrive as houses of worship and religious study five centuries earlier during the Babylonian exile, and there were now hundreds of them in the Holy Land, and thousands of them over the whole of the old world where Jews lived. But the Temple remained the national heart of Israel, and its High Priest, even when evil, remained sacred. Thus King Herod, one of the most brutal and vilest of men who ever lived, who had slain thousands of learned Jews ruthlessly when they opposed him, who murdered his own wife, his own sons, out of senseless jealousy, had much forgiven him by the Pharisees because he rebuilt the Temple and made it beautiful.

As I write these words the newspapers are telling us that thousands of Hungarian Jews were herded into

Budapest's largest synagogue, beaten to death, men, women and children, and then cremated with their house of worship. The Nazis have so burned down hundreds of synagogues. Tens of thousands more have been so destroyed by the enemies of the people of God since Jesus lived. Yet only for the two Temples is there mourning by the Jews. For the First burned down by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B. C. and for the Second Temple burned down by Titus in A. D. 70. For nineteen centuries and to this day do Jews the world over fast and mourn for twenty four hours on the Ninth Day of Ab: the anniversary of the destruction of both Temples. Yet for no synagogue is there national mourning. For none of the synagogues, for none of the five and a half million Jews massacred by Hitler's orders will there be mourning and fasting perpetual. But until the Temple is rebuilt in Jerusalem will there be sitting in sackcloth by Jews the world over for the Two Temples, destroyed so long ago. And hence the High Priest, called "infamous" by the Talmud itself, eventually had his way in his battle against the followers of the Crucified, and when he ordered the arrest of the most gifted of the Jewish Christians, Stephen, Stephen was martyred.

Jesus, Stephen, James. Sins of Jewish leadership laid to the account of the Jewish people themselves, even as the sins of the Kaiser and Hitler and their militaristic cliques will for long continue to be laid to the charge of Germans yet unborn. And so oceans of Jewish blood have flowed in punishment for the shedding of those sacred scarlet drops that streamed from these noble three, also Jews.

And it will continue to flow until Jews themselves stop

it; not by mourning and fasting for the Two Temples, but by the acceptance of him as their Prince of Peace, who will mediate between them and God, and between them and the human race; and who had said that his Risen Body was the Eternal Temple of the universal human soul, in which all mankind shall yet worship together.

XXV

THE STRAIGHT WAY

The straight way is God's way,
  And no one can be lost
Who hides there, and abides there
  Though storm or tempest tossed!

The fools will still be mocking;
  The blind pretend they see:
Still scare not, still care not
  For what know they of thee?

THESE verses, wrung out of my soul one day, when I was being subjected to slanderous criticisms because of my interest in martyred Korea, pertain for all times and persons who desire to be true to themselves and to be right with God, as God gives them to see the right.

If ever a way pointed straight it was the road marked out for Israel when Jesus came as her Messiah. Prayed for by the patriarchs; foretold by every prophet; Israel's great desire for nineteen centuries; accepted by his own brothers and those closest to him, who therefore knew him best, he showed in every act and word of his life that he truely came from his Father to be the expected Saviour of Israel. So was he hailed by multitudes as the scion of David who was to bring them to their duty as "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation," whose missionary fervor and devotion to God and their Messianic Leader would bring all people that on earth do dwell on the road to Zion.

Then would come justice, peace and righteousness upon earth. But, alas! Thousands of our ancestors who had worshipped the King on his road to Jerusalem, coerced by the Temple tyrants, abandoned the straight road for a devious and tortuous path beset with thorns and thickets. They chose a road that never led to God but ever to disaster, death, and dissolution for Israel; even as Israel's leaders today, who face the future sadly but frankly, are reluctantly admitting.

Moses, throwing a sympathetic eye forwards across the centuries that separated him from the Deliverer he saw coming, foreseeing the possibility of his people some day straying from the straight and difficult way God had prescribed for them, warned Israel, "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; in that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, that thou mayest live and multiply. But if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, I denounce unto you this day that you will surely perish. I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both you and your seed may live. That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey His voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto Him, for He is thy life, and the length of thy days" (Deut. 30: 15–20).

"Five and a half million Jews in Europe are reported to have been put to death in one form or another by the Germans since the war began," wires Joseph Levy, *New York Times* reporter, from Istanbul, May 7, 1944. Before Hitler began to amputate on the body of

Jewry there were sixteen million Jews in the world. There were some five million in the days of Jesus.

But for the horrible tragedy the recurrent massacres for nineteen centuries, which has been Israel's history, a study of vital statistics suggests that there might have been some six hundred millions of the prolific seed of Abraham alive today. For Jews have always rightly counted children as the first and greatest of earth's blessings, and honored and encouraged family increase in every possible way.

Is the difference between the numbers that are and the numbers that might have been prophetic fulfilment of warnings from Moses to Malachi, or mere coincidence? Who can say? Yet still among the Jews remaining are millions of professed atheists. Let anyone test this statement, the result of a painstaking study of my people; frequent a bit, as I have done, Seventh Avenue along the Thirties of New York City, where lives now the greatest conglomeration of Jews in the world, and speak to individuals among the thousands of fur and clothing operators that throng the streets and lunchrooms at noontime. Let them investigate among the Jewish students, men and women, of City College or of Columbia or New York University. Let him conduct this sort of private inquiry from London to Jerusalem, to Moscow or Toronto. Everywhere, alas, everywhere around the great globe are multitudes of the children of Israel who are numbered among those of whom David spoke when he said, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God"; only in these days they will not say it in their hearts, but openly.

So what future awaits Israel except more death and utter destruction unless, even at this hour, and

subduing at last their pride and their stubbornness, they humble themselves on their knees for having taken the wrong road so long ago when misled by blind leaders; return to the straight way which they forsook and go on to where they will find the living Christ, standing in the way of life, as I found him, waiting to receive them and give them welcome and give them rest and take them out of their isolation into the great human family at last.

If they say, "How can we take the straight way and unite with Christians who have so abused us and cruelly mistreated us from the time of the Parting of the Ways? How can we adore and worship that Saviour, who was presented to us in the glare of the martyr pyre that confronted us if we refused? Who was reflected in flames as we died from the metal image on the crucifix held out to us? Whom they tried to bludgeon us to believe in at the hands of pogromers with the cry, Be converted or die!"

Then must I answer, "Let bygones be bygones. True it is that the straight way was for centuries concealed from the eye both of Jew and Christian in jungles of hatred, and thickets of misunderstanding. But let us remember that we ourselves are far from guiltless for the obstruction of the straight way; that we were the first to forget the law of love, which Moses and the prophets so urged on us to remember.

Let us not forget that we began the persecutions, and continued them while we had the power. We took that good man Stephen, who had the care of the poor widows and orphans of the company of Jewish Christians that they might not go hungry, cast him out of the synagogue where he was preaching the Christ who had revealed himself to him and others, and stoned

him till he died. We followed this up with a general persecution of the Christians, in which some of the finest Jewish characters of that age suffered martyr deaths at the hands of our ancestors. It was our actions and not the Jewish Christians which first forced the division between the Christian and Jewish churches.

And now having fallen once more upon these evil days, the worst in all our story, when five times as many as fell in the siege of Jerusalem under Titus have perished at the hands of the most cruel human monster in history, the good Christians of the United States and England, and even of the oppressed lands, have risen to our support, made a disavowal of these evil deeds, and have stretched out a great hand of friendship and hearts of sympathy to our people.

And, after all, what is God's way but the good way, the way of kindness and forgiveness, which constitute God's glory and are no less glorious to His children, Jew and Gentile? Does not your heart tell you that this is the only straight way; the way that will bring the Jewish people peace at last? Is there anything we can conceive that will bring mankind sweeter fruits than Jesus serving everywhere as the bond of union between Jews and Gentiles?

"Cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumblingblock out of the way of My people" (Isa. 57:14). Throw away your pride and your stubbornness, O Jew; and you, O Christian, your hate and prejudice against the brothers of your Saviour. For you are all, Jews and Christians alike, brothers; spiritual children of Abraham and Moses, of Psalmist and prophets, of Jesus and the apostles.

"Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord" (Deut. 33:29).

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS AT PASSOVER SUPPER

Wine is blessed by Rabbi George Benedict at Passover Supper of the Religious Brotherhood last night, marking first anniversary of founding of the organization. Members are Jews and Christians in equal number, meeting every other Monday night in Rabbi Benedict's home to pray and study Testaments, Old and New, together. Rabbi Benedict gave the supper in the old traditional Jewish manner, which was established by Moses as a memorial of the deliverance of Jews from slavery in Egypt.—(*Daily News Photo*)

"Saved by the Lord." How?

Through the Spirit of Christ working in Christians faithful to Christ's mandate and giving the hand of genuine friendship to his Jewish people to help them out of their isolation and into the fold of the Good Shepherd, where, in the peace of Christ, dwell the found sheep of the Gentiles.

And so, as rabbi in Israel, I urge you, my Jewish brothers and sisters, saying, "We separated from the Christians in Caiaphas; let us unite with them in Christ!"

XXVI

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

HEINRICH HEINE, famous German Jewish-Christian poet, a century ago appealed to the Germany of his day, the Germany of Goethe, Schiller and Heine, to come to the relief of the Jewish Hospital of Hamburg, then making a drive for funds. "Help the people," pleaded Heine, "who are suffering from a threefold misfortune; for they are sick, they are poor, and they are Jews."

And today, from the poor remains of European Jewry, most of it massacred by the Nazis, there comes the question which for centuries has been raised by the ancient people: "What is it being a Jew? A crime?" And from world Jewry everywhere comes the reply, "No, it's a misfortune."

But if being a Jew is a misfortune, then with what justification, while rabbi, did I preach to my congregations Genesis 12:1–3, one of my favorite texts?

"Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great and thou shalt be a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

"Descendants of Abraham," says God, "you are a blessing, a blessing to the whole world." Yet our enemies also say, "Jews are our misfortune." Who is right?

God or the anti-Semites? And even in this blessed homeland of four and a half million Jews, almost one half of what is left of world Jewry, even in these United States our enemies are trying to arouse the population against us as mankind's misfortune, and not without success.

Everywhere, however, just as we have our enemies so we have friends, Christian friends, taught by both history and Scriptures to believe in God's assurance to Abraham. They will tell you that Israel has been the blessing to humankind which God told Abraham his descendants would be, and point particularly to Jesus and the apostles, Jews all, who organized the Christian Church and wrote the Scriptures which have sustained that Church since.

They believe with St. Paul that the covenant God made with the seed of Abraham, when He blessed his descendants, never has been and never can be abrogated; that the Jews are still God's Chosen People; and that salvation for the world still is, to use Jesus' words, "of the Jews." And these our best friends, our Christian friends, believing the Bible, as they do, are fully persuaded that for Jews to be true Sons of the Covenant, true B'nai B'rith, they must be so not only racially but, and this they regard as of still much greater importance, true spiritual descendants of the father of faith; of whom it is written, "And he believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for righteousness" (Gen. 15:6).

To believe in the Lord, and to keep our faith strong, and to teach the knowledge of God to our children, and to remain the missionary people of God, and to make this our prime business in life, did God establish us as His Chosen People. Not to become great in busi-

ness or politics; nor even in medicine, art or science. Not even to own Palestine, promised our ancestors through Moses upon condition of remaining faithful to God and a spiritual success. For Palestine was to be ours only so long as we would be established therein as "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation," an example to all the other nations as a people moved chiefly by righteousness; as a nation whose chief trust is not in the use of finance or power politics but in God. See Exodus 19:6; Jeremiah 9:23, 24; Zechariah 4:6; and numerous other passages throughout the Bible.

Although until recent times most faithful to the Mosaic laws and the rabbinical, nevertheless the Jewish people have suffered such miseries as no other people ever have. What sin then, except it be the rejection of Jesus as their Messiah, and his condemnation by Jewish judges to a cruel death at the hands of the Romans, can it be that Jews have in mind when they pray on New Year and their other holy days, *Umipnei chato-enu golinu me-artsenu,* "Because of our sins have we been exiled from our land"? (*Daily Prayer Book,* Singer Ed., page 264.)

What grievous sin have Jews committed, unless it be this, the greatest sin which history records against any people, which deserves these worst afflictions which any people have ever been compelled to endure?

Nations all sin, and are punished for their sinning. This is the most constant lesson history teaches. Germans will not reign over the rest of mankind, as Hitler promised, for a thousand years, but rather will repent for a thousand years. For centuries the French people permitted their kings and nobility to oppress their poor, and a French Revolution, with an ocean of shed blood, became France's punishment. The Russian

Orthodox Church ever connived with Czars and their militaristic cliques in the wickedness wreaked upon Russian peasants and Jews, and the Russian Orthodox Church, so unfaithful to Jesus' life and teachings, has become the ghost of what is was.

And if Jews feel that it is a misfortune to be born a Jew because Jews have been punished more than any other nation in history, this, too, is in the providence of a just God, Speaking through prophetic voices He says, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities" (Amos 3:2).

Therefore it is that I tremble lest it be our turn now in the United States to face persecution and possibly worse. For so it has happened to us these nineteen centuries past, wherever we became strong politically, and trusted to the power of our own arm to keep us safe and prosperous.

To be safe we must be saved, and who can save us but our Saviour; our God and His Anointed, the Prince of Peace?

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast," shall we be tramps forever?

Is it a misfortune to be born a Jew? Yes, or the greatest good fortune. For when Israel sins and breaks away from God's plans for her welfare she is not merely apostate and sinful like your German or French people. Her sin, unlike Gentile nations, takes its character from the exalted relationship into which she has been brought. It is a relationship four thousand years old. Jews, while mostly not thinking of it throughout the year, recognize their special responsibility in their prayers on their holy days. *Ato vechar-*

tonu mikol ho-ammim, they pray. "Thou hast chosen us from all peoples. Thou hast loved us and exalted us above all tongues, and brought us near unto Thy service, O our King." (*Daily Prayer Book,* Singer Ed., p. 245.)

In Mohammed's day we were still known for our devotion to our Book. Mohammed called us "the people of the Book." But today, alas, how ignorant of it we are and neglecting this Book, our Bible, so that our greatest modern writer, Israel Zangwill, called us "the people of the pocketbook."

Are there ten well attended Men's Bible classes among the four and a half million Jews in this country? I doubt it. Yet there are fifty thousand well attended Men's Bible classes in the Protestant churches of the United States. And so of the interest that Christian women take in the Old and New Testaments as compared with Jewish women.

Yet *we* were created to be the missionary people of God and to bring good tidings, and publish peace, and publish salvation, and say to a waiting world, "thy God reigneth" (Isa. 52:7).

There is not a synagogue in the world anywhere which supports a missionary, yet hardly a Gentile church in the world which does not support from one to a dozen missionaries! These Gentile Christians do our duty, which we neglect. O the shame of it! Yet it was to Israel that God said, "Thou art My servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified" (Isa. 49:3).

It is through the Jewish Scriptures, the Old and New Testaments, for the whole Bible is the work of Jews, that we have so many friends among the Gentiles to espouse our battles. For it is through these Scriptures that Jews have become the best advertised people in the world.

On Sunday and weekday services, throughout the year, in tens of thousands of churches great and small, from cathedrals to chapels, millions of Christians hear about the Jews from the Scriptures read to them, by revered leaders in the pulpits, from their priests and their pastors, their cardinals and their bishops. Millions of Christians sit still and listen reverently, whether they like it or not to these Jewish Scriptures, and so have friends been won for the Jews the world over these nineteen centuries past. And by these friends won our Scriptures have saved us Jews time and time again: our Scriptures which we Jews have saved, for the Christians to read.

The personality of Jesus Christ has long been known to be the greatest fact in the history of the world for nineteen centuries. But it is the Church of Jesus Christ which brings our Scriptures to her people. And so the personality of Jesus Christ, altogether unrecognized by us Jews, has also been the greatest fact in the life of the Jewish people. This was clearly seen by Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, born a Jew, become a Christian, who headed the British Empire as Prime Minister of England for thirty five years. By Jews and Christians alike, he is recognized as the greatest statesman Jews have given to the world since King David ruled Israel. This is what he said:

"If Jesus of Nazareth is not the Messiah of Israel, then there never was and never could be a Messiah. If not for Jesus the Jews today would be either a completely forgotten people, like so many of the lost Asiatic peoples or, at most, a small obscure tribe, like the Samaritans, or the tribe of Chinese Jews today; so insignificant and obscure, dwelling in some corner of Asia, that hardly anyone would know of their existence.

"In this enlightened age, as his mind expands, the pupil of Moses may ask himself, whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that Prince who was crucified on Calvary. Has not he made their history the most famous in the world? Has not he hung up their laws in every temple? Has not he vindicated all their wrongs? Has not he avenged the victory of Titus and conquered the Caesars?"

Dimly, through eyes slowly opening, like sunshine returning to sight after removal of a cataract, are we beginning to see that the Shepherd of Israel, who sleepeth not, neither slumbereth, our Jesus, our Messiah, still loves us. As when from the cross he looked at us from out his awful agony, and at the Roman soldiers, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke 23:34).

One of our greatest Jewish scholars of modern times, Claude Montefiore, urges Jews strongly to read their Bible. And as the greater of these books, because as a civilizing force yet more important, he recommends the New even more than the Old (*Synoptic Gospels*, page 101).

Such a study would bring us to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, who would then be the bridge across which we could go to meet our fellowman, the Gentile Christian; and thus would we be lifted out of our nightmarish isolation, and the ghetto into which our narrowness has pushed us be abolished forever.

At one with the human race! I think that would give us at least as much joy and freedom as a Commonwealth in Palestine!

For at the same time then would we be at one with the Spirit of Christ.

The Spirit of Christ has become the Soul of America and of England, and is rapidly becoming the Soul of the World.

Can anyone quite grasp the Spirit of America or of England who makes himself an alien from the Spirit of Christ?

"Make you a new heart and a new spirit through the New Testament, for why will you die, O house of Israel" (Ezek. 18:31; Jer. 31:31)? Listen to these great prophetic voices as they speak to us today. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever" (Isa. 40:8).

Yes. Israel will stand, the immortal people on the promises of the immortal Book. But she does not have to stand isolated from the rest of humankind any longer. "For Christ Jesus is our peace," as Paul tells the Gentile Christians. "He has broken down the middle wall of partition; the wall of enmity between us Jews and you Gentiles; having slain that enmity by his death on the Cross; his death of love for us all" (Eph. 2:14–16).

Jesus' position as the head of all vital religious faith, and the way the nations of the earth have taken to their hearts this despised and outcast member of a despised and outcast race to be their Saviour and their God, is the greatest of all recorded miracles, and must rebuke the ancient Jewish judgment of their greatest Man at last.

He, the Stone which the builders rejected, has become the chief cornerstone of the Temple of Religion. He is a stone so great in the path of Jewish progress as must block any onward march of Jewry without Christ. For Christ will govern the radio, the newspaper, and men's thoughts, till his Spirit envelops the

round earth like the air, which all men must breathe because there is no other.

I hear Jews asking, "Alas, can there ever be an end to our agony?"

For thousands of years countless millions of men suffered agonies of torture through operations by surgeons, while eyes, and limbs, and vital organs were cut out and sawn off without anesthetics. All at once, in 1846, came the invention of chloroform and ether, and since then millions of people have found the way to health in happiness. So it will be with the agony of Israel, so long in exile from God's face and man's.

"Christ Jesus will be our peace, who has made both Jew and Gentile one." So Paul prophesied. I believe he visions our day.

Yes, even in our day may our long agony be over. It shall, when we accept the world's Messiah as our Messiah.

O my Jewish brother; forever and ever over!

He stands on the Judean road, halfway between Abraham and us. He is looking backwards towards the ancestor from whom he came. His heart is filled with love for the Gentile peoples who have come to him, and then he turns to us, whose supreme flower and fruit he is. His eyes are mild with wonderment that his own people should reject his love. "When will they come and be safe in my fold?" he wonders. And I hear the words of long ago. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not" (Matt. 23:37).

THE JEWISH FATHERLAND

Where is the Jewish Fatherland?
The home where Jew can take his stand?
Where no foe, armed with Hitler might,
Or Haman treachery, the right
Of Abraham's son to freely live
Can, cruel, take, or, kind, can give?

Where lies the land, by safety proved,
From which the Jew can ne'er be moved?
Is it the land of Palestine?
The land of promises divine?
Where Hittite old, and Arab new
Take vengeance on the valiant Jew?

Where died Judea's bravest Jew
On Calvary's cross, life to renew
For Jew and Gentile, who his love
Share and return, with God above?
Is it the land of Palestine?
The land of promises divine?

Is it in Spain, where great grandee,
Tomorrow burnt at stake shall be?
Is it in our beloved States,
Where Israel so highly rates?
Is there on earth an inch of soil,
Made permanent, by his utmost toil?

The universal human soul,
For ages that on ages roll,
Has taken her eternal stand
Safely on Jewish Fatherland.
Why not the Jew, then, who, of old,
To this fair land did title hold?

Where is the Jewish Fatherland?
It knows no bounds, of soil or strand.
The Testaments, both Old and New,
Divinely wrought through gifted Jew,
The Bible, born at heaven's command,
This is the Jewish Fatherland!

XXVII

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL

MOSES calls Israel both a "holy people" and a "peculiar" people (Deut. 14:2).

And when, as in these times of ours, Israel ceases to be a holy people, many peculiar things happen to her, and she becomes a "peculiar people" indeed, in many ways.

For instance, the one day that more Jews keep sacred than any other is the Day of Atonement, called the great Fast Day, though comparatively few Jews fast today. It was established by Moses "for the affliction of our souls," when Jews should pray for the forgiveness of their sins.

Its purpose, *Asa teshubah*, "to do repentance," is supposed to bring on a change of heart, to stimulate self-accusation, and produce remorse and contrition. The fast lasts for twenty four hours, from sundown on the eve of Yom Kippur until sundown of the next day, and during this period the Jewish religion seeks to make the Jew feel an oppressive consciousness of sin, by a solemn ritual and liturgy, ending with the blast of the Shofar, the ram's horn, when the Jew goes forth from the synagogue supposedly with a feeling of at-one-ment with his Maker.

Yet, except in the Orthodox synagogue, and here only among the older generation, the last thing in any worshipper's mind is a real desire for atonement. For all through the year the conception of atonement, which plays so vital a part in the Christian's consciousness of guilt, and his desire for God's renewed grace

and love, is out of the mind and heart of the modern Jew entirely, so that he has become alienated from the idea. Let the Christian reader try this out for himself, for, indeed, it is an amazing thing. Let him question any number of intelligent Jewish acquaintances, in earnest, on the subject of sin, guilt, penitence and atonement, and he will see for himself that the whole doctrine of atonement has lost its interest and reality to the modern Jewish mind; that there is no serious thought or concern about guilt or sin or divine forgiveness in the Jew, even though a synagogue Jew.

Atonement as a subject finds no place in any Sabbath or Festival sermon throughout the year. And even on New Year and the Day of Atonement, the two days created for the special consideration of this subject, no one is interested in it. In the Reform synagogue it is barely touched, if at all; and in none of the three divisions of modern Judaism does anyone give the subject of sin or forgiveness one thought in the twelve months following the preacher's oration.

Yet there is plenty of it in the prayers; not only for these two days but in the daily prayers, particularly in the Orthodox ritual.

This is one of the many signs, it seems to me, of the decadence of the Jewish faith, this peculiar no-view-at-all-on-atonement of the modern Jew. As though sin had disappeared, to leave only crime, which, if uncaught by law or public opinion, one may enjoy.

Yet the Psalms, and the prayers, and the Talmud are filled with the finest teachings on the important function of expiation, derived from the ritual of the sanctuary, and the duties to the people of the priesthood.

Most primitive of these Old Testament rites was the two goats, one of which was sent to Azazel, the demon of the wilderness, to carry off the sins of Israel, while the other was offered as a sacrifice to the Lord (Lev. 16). The young men and maidens danced celebrating sin's abandonment of them, while the High Priest confessed his sins and those of the people and implored God for forgiveness. "And when he entered the Holy of Holies with the clouds of incense veiling his face it was," the Talmud says, "as though God Himself in all His majesty, had returned to bless His people with pardon."

To this day a survival of the sacrifices abides in the Orthodox home that is true to traditional rites.

I remember that as a child, preceding the Day of Atonement, my parents would wave a cock held by the legs over the heads of my brother and me, and a hen over each of my sisters. And, while doing so, they would mutter words that seemed mystical magic to us children. "Let this be my pardon, let this be expiation for me," they would say in Hebrew, and have us repeat it. Nine times would they wave the flapping, screeching fowl over our heads, and the next thing we knew we would meet these same unhappy birds in a savory chicken soup with noodles, which all of us would eat on the feast which precedes the twenty four hours' fast.

"O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thy iniquity," "O Lord, take away our iniquity; receive us graciously" (Hos. 14:1, 2). Repentance and atonement for sin meant something at one time for Israel, and a striving for holiness was real.

But oh, what holiness was there in the Sabbath eve, or what joy in the Festival, upon which Jesus was

arrested and tried and found guilty? For it was a Sabbath eve which fell also upon the Passover eve which saw that wickedness in Israel.

A fine Sabbath! No rest has there been for Israel ever since that fatal Sabbath day! A fine *Yom Tov*, "Good Day," a fine Festival for Freedom, which enchained the children of Israel whom Moses had delivered in worse than Pharaoh's bonds, for they are spiritual bonds.

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee," says the Lord God of Israel. "I will punish them for their ways, and reward them for their doings" (Hos. 4:6, 9).

And note God's offer to pardon them if they will return to the Messiah they abandoned at the cross. "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you. For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." (Malachi 3: 6,7.)

Throughout the United States are thousands of Jews whom I have spoken of as "Christians under the skin."

In the country and in small towns their association with Christians is often very close. When small they have visited Sunday Schools and church affairs with their Christian friends, and there are frequent intermarriages, the children of such unions always becoming Christian.

As it is with the lesser communities in this country so it is with the smaller European nations. From Denmark recent reports inform us that sixty per cent of all Jewish marriages are with Christians. In Holland forty four per cent are mixed marriages.

Dr. Arthur Ruppin, the noted authority on mod-

ern Jewry, says, "The trend of Jews, who have been educated in American schools and moulded by American life, is decidedly away from Jewish tradition. The regard for spiritual values which distinguished traditional Judaism is vanishing, and regard for success in business or sports is taking its place. The aim of these Jews is not to be good Jews but to be good Americans in every respect. Jewishness becomes an accident of birth whose effect on the mode of life is nil."

The knowledge of this unspiritual condition among Jews was especially bitter to me on Sabbaths and Festivals, and on these sacred days of Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur became almost unendurable. How I had to control myself from ruining all my usefulness as rabbi, by revealing what I knew they needed in the pulpits I occupied; by preaching God through Christ instead of an impersonal and Christless God.

My unhappy people's unspiritual condition was shown most plainly then when they thought I most gloried in them, on New Year and the Day of Atonement; the only times in the twelve months when I would meet the majority of them religiously.

The synagogue was filled, but my heart was empty of hope for them. I would, on Yom Kippur, stay in the synagogue all day, from nine till six. Perhaps half a dozen altogether would abide with me, loyal to thoughts of God the whole day of prayer. All the others would leave at noon to go away for several hours while they ate and gossiped, to return for prayers at the closing services.

I had in this connection an experience I can never forget. It happened in Roanoke, on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, 1926.

I had never, unlike most Reform rabbis, given up

the custom of kneeling, which, on New Year and the Day of Atonement alone, during one brief prayer, "The Adoration," is still practised in Orthodox and some Conservative congregations, as it was of old in the Temple.

Before the open Ark, wherein stand for the congregation to see the Hebrew Scrolls of the Scriptures, richly dressed and adorned, I fell on my knees and prayed aloud, one Yom Kippur afternoon. Joseph Spigel, a past President of Temple Emanu-El, Roanoke, stood on the altar beside me. It is customary for two leading officers of the congregation to face the open Ark with the rabbi, upon this, the most solemn occasion of the day. Abe Totz, President, was at my left.

I prayed for my congregation the customary prayers. But as I did so, involuntarily there sprang up in me an undercurrent of silent prayer yet more urgent than the spoken one, and in which, out of the depths of my soul, I sought the Saviour of Israel. Him whom Israel had loved, followed, obeyed, and then abandoned to the cruel cross. I begged him to come back to his people!

"Return, O Israel, to him and he will return to you", was my silent appeal. "Jesus whom once you knew and loved and worshipped is calling you again. Oh, why hide your faces from him? Wherein has he deserved this of you; he who willingly gave his life as an expiation for your sins so that God might not cast you off forever?"

The time had come when the *Korim*, "kneeling" prayer, was at an end, and still I did not rise. I could not. My knees seemed frozen to the floor. The sins of my people seemed to be resting on my heart and on

my shoulders; and they were very heavy! I longed for a response from their souls, which would lighten the burden under which I was crouching, and enable me to stand.

I had knelt, then fallen forward on my outstretched hands, and then lower still till my face touched the floor in obeisance to my God.

Thus I remained hiding my anguished heart before God, in prostration for my people's blindness to Christ. As I lifted myself back to my knees the weight on my heart was so heavy I could not rise. I was crushed under the weight of my attempt to lift my people to God without Christ in their hearts to help them rise to Him.

Joseph Spigel, God bless him, my sympathetic friend! there was and is no better man in the congregegation, bent over me and said, "You are weak with fasting and praying, Rabbi. Let me assist you in rising." And he took my right arm and helped me lift myself to my feet.

I could not tell him that it was not my weakness but my people's weakness that had made it so hard for me to rise. Oh, how I wished I could!

Yet not till Israel will cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" as she made Jesus cry on the cross, will God take her to His heart again. Not until she realizes that God is not with her as He was with her fathers can repentance and atonement come. Not till then will the misery of my people cease; that misery which our ancestors brought upon us when they cried, "His blood be upon us and our children" (Matthew 27:25.) Not till then can Christ's blood cease to flow.

Not till then will they hear the voice of God con-

stantly sounding to their deaf ears from the skies, "I have not forgotten you; you have forgotten Me."

Alas, until then will Jews continue to be outlaws; outlaws from the Spirit of Mankind; never quite at home anywhere in the physical or spiritual world.

Such were the thoughts in my mind as I rose to my feet.

And the time for this appeal to Christ has come again, for in these days, as nineteen centuries ago, Jesus has become for all Jews the Jews' greatest glory.

Let us then boldly write his name in letters of gold across the front of our synagogues. And, as the Jewish women of old, willingly brought to the building of the Tabernacle their most precious jewels, will they not for Jesus, who has done more to raise woman to her superior position today than anything else in the world, bring their precious stones to the House of God?

Then we can write in letters of purest gold, studded with diamonds, the words, "Jesus, Glory of Israel," across the front wall of the synagogue; there, where the light of the Perpetual Lamp may throw its glow upon the chief jewel in the crown of Israel.

For so, and so alone, can the synagogue be perpetual, as a church dedicated to God through Christ's blessing of life upon it.

Let us return to him! We Jews loved him before ever the Gentiles did; we who were his before the Gentiles knew him!

Let us be faithful to the old loyalties, to the Messiah and the Resurrection; to Christ, who achieved the reconciliation of God and man by means of his life, sufferings, and death. Let us be faithful to him who was faithful to us, even to the cross!

I know from my own experience that it is only through Christ that there is created in man's heart a sense of pardoned sin, relief from the weight of transgression, the great obstacle to our full joy in God, which helps us to a living hope, faith, and peace complete.

And these things I have never lost since I rose to my feet from my knees that momentous Atonement Day. It was my last in Roanoke, for it was after that experience that I felt impelled to seek the masses of my people, to study them and their condition, and to prepare myself to help them to the knowledge of Christ. So I came East.

> If we do now make our atonement well,
> Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
> Grow stronger for the breaking.
>
> *Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV, 4:1.*

Jews still pray with Isaiah that "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains and that all nations shall flow unto it." But where shall we find the strength to return to our missionary activity for God, which was the purpose of the covenant He made with our fathers? Surely for this goal, weak and faithless Israel needs the strength of the strongest personality that ever lived! The Christian Scriptures tell us that faith can remove mountains. The faith in Jesus Christ that can remove mountains, and has done so for innumerable Christians that put their trust in him, is the faith that can also place Judaism on the top of the mountains.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of

the world," said he. Without him we must perish. Become his and we will never die.

Scientists tell us that the forces of the physical world are being dissipated, so that the universe is shrinking, and must in the end return to its original chaos or the nothingness from which it sprung.

But while this may be so we religionists know that the spiritual world is dilating, and creating a spiritual space that will abide when all physical dimensions shall have disappeared.

I here posit my belief that somewhere there will be room for souls. I base my faith on the promise of Jesus, "the truest gentleman that ever lived and one who never broke his word," as David Livingstone pointed out. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions, and I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14:2).

Not as a prophet but as a child of God holding God to His promises I say that when, in God's own good time, if it is ever over with the world of matter, the spiritual world will still be there, and greater than ever because filled with human souls.

For ages prophet promised prophet and all of them their prince, the Prince of Peace. Not in a flash but slowly, each star the silent promise of another, come the stars. And unitedly gave they the pledge of a New Dawn for the world with the Advent of the glorious Sun of Righteousness.

One night in Roanoke, trouble with considerations as to what my duty was as rabbi in Israel, whether to speak out for Christ or yet bide my time a little longer, I heard a Voice. "Fear not, I have chosen you; you have not chosen me. Wait patiently; the time is not yet, but it will be."

I asked him in wonderment for I knew it was he who had spoken, "O Christ, why do you love me so? I have not deserved it."

And the Voice replied, "I love you because I am superior. The truly superior always loves the inferior. For thus are all things held together, God, men, the world, and all things in it, by love; and without love would all things fall into dissolution, and even God would vanish."

It was then I said, "I have been honored with the confidence of Christ. It is my hope that perhaps men will honor me with theirs. For I have found where joy resides, and I must advertise it to the world. I want others to share it with me, and particularly my own Jewish brothers and sisters, who have had so little joy for nineteen hundred years.

"They have become outlaws in this great universe that is shrinking. There is no place anywhere for them in the physical world; and what will become of them if they do not prepare for themselves a place in the spiritual world?

"I wake up at night *shivering* for the children of Israel. No Messiah for them, no Atonement, no Resurrection, and no place for them anywhere in the wide, wide world!"

I am carrying Jerusalem with me, carrying its cause in my heart.

Zion lies in my bosom, and its salvation should become the chief business of every good man's bosom.

Daily I pray for Jerusalem, and pray to God to help me lead my people back to the spiritual Jerusalem they have deserted.

But I cannot do it alone. Will you help?

In the salvation of Israel America should be fore-

most, because in these great and blessed United States live the most idealistic of all nations.

In the midst of the most terrible of wars that has ever overtaken her or any other people in history, she is grimly determined that, as the fruit of the sacrifice of her precious sons, there shall follow a New Deal and a Square Deal for all nations great and small. For, verily, in the travail of Old Europe for a new birth this brave people remains true to the favorite motto of its favorite philosopher, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Bethlehem, where David and his greater son Jesus were born, lies five miles south of Jerusalem. Over Christ's birthplace, where stood the stable, now stands the Nativity Chapel, goal of pious pilgrimages. At the eastern end of the chapel, over the traditional birthplace of the Saviour, is a silver star with the inscription: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*

It is to this Star all men, women, children and nations must turn, for it is in God's program for man, and man dare not shut his eyes to this program.

We, who sit in Elijah's chariot, who sincerely seek to carry out Christ's mandate, must incite our weaker, non-enthusiastic brethren to such Christian idealism and Christian energy as will make for Christian world-wide activity; doing which would alter the complexion of the face of the world, and make this earth something like a bit of heaven in a few years.

But it cannot be done unless we hitch our wagon to a star, the Star of Bethlehem!

XXIII

WHEN JEWS WERE MISSIONARIES

WHILE I was rabbi in Roanoke, Va., and as Director of the Public Safety Committee and President of the Playgrounds Association was quite busy in civic work, I was greatly assisted by the friendship which I was privileged to enjoy with Junius P. Fishburn, publisher and editor of the *Roanoke Times*. Both articles and editorials came frequently and generously to my support. The *Jewish Tribune*, shortly before my coming, had called Roanoke "the worst Ku Klux city in the South," stating its reasons for this in events that were happening hurtful to the Jews of this city. I shall only say that for myself and my family this delightful mountain town in the Blue Ridge gave us, I think, the happiest of all our homes during my seventeen years in the Rabbinate.

I think that it was in the fall of 1926 that Mr. Fishburn informed me that the man he admired as perhaps the greatest man in the world in his field, the newspaper business, Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, was passing through Roanoke with his friend Henry Morgenthau, Sr., on the way to Florida. He was arranging a dinner in honor of these two great American Jews, and invited me to be one of a small party of prominent citizens to welcome them. I had met Mr. Ochs in his office in Times Square years before in connection with my play pageant, "The Spirit of Mankind," which I had presented in the Capitol Grounds, Richmond, on July 4, 1918, under the auspices of Westmoreland Davis, Governor, and his

mander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies of God, how quickly would that make for order.

"But the armies are not allied," you say.

Let us quickly then ally them.

In the caverns of the subconscious, where God abides, are the destinies of the human race worked out.

And the destinies of the individual.

As I listen back to hear over again the footsteps of the Messiah in my life, it becomes clear to me that the strain of Christ so early shown in me has ruled this great business of my life. I recognize myself in childhood, youth, manhood and maturity by this one strong cord of identity. All my unity is due to this one cord of Christ around which my years are strung.

So my life, though shifted much, has never been demoralized. With all my heart, and soul, and might, do I thank God that early in life Jesus whispered, "*Ordnung muss sein,*" and order there was.

When I became rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, Roanoke, the Ku Klux Klan, who, under proper leadership, might have been the Hitlerites of America, was still a power to be reckoned with in our political and social life. Dr. A. Simon, Secretary of the congregation, showed me an article in the *Jewish Tribune* written by the music critic, Isaac Marcossen, on a visit he had paid shortly before my arrival in Roanoke, in which he stated that city to be "one of the worst Ku Klux ridden cities in the South."

It had happened that in Tampa, where I was rabbi during the five years before this, seeing that many children were being killed on the streets by trucks and autos, I organized a safety movement, and was appointed by the Mayor Director of the Public Safety Committee, formed through my activities. I held this

office, which was, of course, without pay, while rabbi in Tampa.

Now it happened that Dr. D. E. McQuilkin, Superintendent of the public schools of Roanoke, had been reading of my safety work in Tampa in a national school publication at the very time when the evening paper reported my arrival to head the congregation. It told of the great reduction in the slaying of children and grown-ups in Tampa, owing to the work organized by Rabbi Benedict. It spoke of the *Don't Kill a Child* signs which I had put up near the approaches of schools; a slogan I thought of and which, I have been informed, became the most copied maxim in the United States.

So that very first afternoon my telephone rang and Dr. McQuilkin asked me if I would come to his office. I could not refuse Dr. McQuilkin's request that I help him organize a safety movement for Roanoke's congested streets. We brought together a number of public-spirited men and women in a Public Safety Committee, and Mayor B. J. Fishburn appointed me Director.

And here hangs the tale for which I have introduced these matters. For was it not, in part, at least, because of what I recalled from what Miss Stuart had told us in Sheffield, how "Jesus loved little children so that he gave his life to save them," that my interest in saving the little innocents in Tampa and Roanoke arose, as service I owed the Saviour?

Well, anyhow, the Ku Klux Klan insisted on marching in regalia in the great Safety Parade with which I had proposed we arouse the interest of the public in the movement, so the Mayor told us. I told him it must not be.

"We have organized this work as American citizens," said I, "and invited Jews and Catholics as well as Protestants to join in the parade. As rabbi I would feel eternally disgraced, who am responsible for this movement, if these people, who are declared enemies of others in the parade, would march. We have invited no secret organizations for this very reason. Neither the B'nai B'rith nor the Knights of Columbus are marching. I cannot permit this, which would be an insult to many of us."

My firm stand in the matter was respected, and even by the Exalted Cyclops, Colonel A. A. Spiller himself, after I explained it to him. Colonel Spiller and I eventually became the best of friends. The Klan, which had been accustomed, before I came, to parade in regalia before the lighted windows of the other Jewish congregation, an Orthodox synagogue, when the Friday night Sabbath eve services were being conducted, ceased this and other activities obnoxious to Jewish and Catholic people, upon my representations.

I was appointed in this same Ku Klux city President of the Playgrounds Association, which I organized to equip the public school grounds with play apparatus, to take the children off the streets, and headed both organizations for my four years' residence in Roanoke.

The parade, the largest, the papers said, Virginia ever witnessed, was held on Friday morning. Twelve hundred decorated cars and trucks were in line, with representative organizations bearing safety slogans. The Mayor, myself, Dr. McQuilkin, Mrs. A. M. Krebs, head of the school councils, four members of the Executive Committee, walked at the head of the parade. Major R. F. Taylor, chief of police, the fifth,

on horseback, directed the march. Every Jewish man, woman and child not taking part in the parade were on the sidewalk to see the rabbi head such an event in "the worst Ku Klux ridden city in the South." At night, when I entered the Temple, instead of the usual bare few who come to the beginning of a Sabbath eve service, the synagogue was already packed with a greater than Yom Kippur congregation, for persons from the other synagogue, too, had come that night.

"He is here," I heard a whisper. And everybody rose and remained standing until I had taken my place in the pulpit. It was the sweetest honor I have ever received.

Christ has freed my spirit. My earliest ambition, to serve him, is being fulfilled. So, in this respect, too, this little world of my Judaism has been fulfilled in Christianity.

The little seed implanted by Miss Stuart, warmed by the Sun of Righteousness, has become a tree of life.

Jews should not fight the Crucifixion story, and have it omitted from Scripture lessons in public schools. They should fight the infidels who want no Bible in school.

Jews should insist that the story be told, showing how Jewish lovers of Jesus, Paul and Peter, and thousands of others, alone made Christianity possible.

As long as Jews fight the Crucifixion story, Christians will continue to suspect that Jewish sympathies are still on the side of Caiaphas and Annas, whose servants, as I have shown, clubbed the better Jews into submission.

If you are a modern Sadducee you will, like the Sadducees whom Jesus disliked for their materialism,

disbelieve in the immortality of the soul and the Resurrection.

Evildoers do not want to subject themselves to the strain of the Resurrection. We cannot blame them!

But you cannot help but believe in the immortality of the body and of the divine promise made to Abraham, which promise has continued for near four thousand years through his descendants, and has made its way to me, a child of Abraham.

Though human lives stop, promises go on. Though my life stops, the promise which is in me will go on in other lives.

In this little world, my heart, I found Christ waiting, as in the great world outside, to be of assistance. Ask him, just once, and immediately he will come to your help, as he came to me. For in what respect am I better than you, O Reader, that he should help me and not you?

Judaism had been for me a matter of mere tradition, sacred because it is a great tradition, with a great and wonderful history behind it.

But Christianity I have experienced for myself by the help of Christ, and it is become my personal conviction of religious truth as Judaism never was, and, for lack of the personality of God as manifested in Jesus Christ, never could be.

When the capacity for evidence arrived, what I was taught was not sufficient. But what I have learned by personal experience of the power of God in my life suffices.

And imperceptibly the current of Christ has deepened and widened within me until, from the narrow stream in child life, it is now keeping all my life afloat,

and bearing it onward, where I do not know, but confidently assured that God does.

He, who as Key Warden opened the door of my tomb in my youth, has a key for every tomb. And, alas, many are the souls that are buried and struggling to free themselves and cannot get out.

He has a key for every tomb. He has a key for you, and you, and you. I am pointing to a host of nonbelievers of every creed and no creed, of every color, tribe and nation.

For you he carries the master key, the universal key of life.

Yes, you, whoever and wherever you are, raise but your face in his direction; look him in the eyes as I did, and you will feel something in your heart where the lock is. It is the key of Jesus opening the door to let in peace and contentment and joy abundant.

Ask.

He will release your poor captive soul.

Call.

You will be free.

I speak from experience. For who opened the door of my tomb?

Jesus! He had the key and used the key.

Who else? For whence have I this life?

I left Roanoke in 1927 to become rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, Lynbrook, L. I. It was there that during the last week of June, 1931, in a vision before dawn with head on my bed, I became conscious that Jesus was following me with long quiet footsteps, for I felt his presence without turning, by a sudden strength and joy that surcharged my being, and which I knew of from former experiences.

What he said and I said I immediately recorded

in verse upon waking. For I then found myself His contracted servant, and forevermore God's salesman.

GOD'S SALESMAN

"I am the Christ, the living
Christ,
I am the Wandering Jew;
I've wandered into many a soul,
I'm wandering into you.

"I'm salesman for the living God,
I'm selling goodness, dear,
And once you look me in the eye
I'll sell you, never fear.

"I'm Sales Force Manager for
the earth;
I've taken Moses' place:
'It takes a younger man,' he said,
'To serve the human race.'

"I'm building up a crew for God,
And want you on my staff;
For you have known the taste
of tears,
As well as how to laugh.

"You've human nature in its
strength,
And in its weakness, too;
And fused in fires divine these
make
Good Christian and good Jew.

"We've Job, Isaiah, Micah, Paul,
And many another Jew;
Elijah, Peter, Wesley, Booth,
For we have Christians, too."

"You have some power, O
Christ," I said,
"To make my goodness surge;
In all my efforts towards God
I never felt such urge

"As now, when you're address-
ing me.
What do you pay?" I said.
He smiled. Replied, "We pay
in life
For every effort made."

"Chief of God's sons, I've heard
of you;
You are a wondrous man!
I'll take the job, and do my best,
The very best I can."

"I know." He smiled, and took
my hand,
And took away my pain.
"Take courage. Work and wait,"
he said;
"I'll see you soon again."

* * *

He picked me out, he picked
me out,
And made me join his crew!
I'm salesman for the living God,
And here, friend, to sell you.

FINIS

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS CHRISTIAN LEADERS UNITE IN SUPERLATIVE PRAISES

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan writes:

"'Christ Finds a Rabbi' is one of the most gripping and arresting books that has been published for a long time. The title exactly describes the content. It is the story of how Christ found this man. It is particularly valuable because George Benedict was led to the acceptance of Christ as Messiah through his strong love of his own people.

"His passion for the Jew brought him at last to the conviction that all the hopes and ideals of his people are realized in and through Christ and in no other way. It is further of great value as showing how the Divine purpose in Israel finds its fulfilment in Christ and His Church."

■

Gipsy Smith met George Benedict when he was a rabbi in Roanoke, Va., and writes:

"The books came. (Gipsy had ordered ten copies.) I rejoice with you in its marvelous witness to the power of the Holy Spirit in your life. Since those wonderful days in Roanoke, where we first met in 1923, I prayed for you that the day would come when you would come right out and confess Jesus Christ as your Messiah and Lord. I congratulate you with all my heart, now that stand has been taken. May your words be as fruitful in your day as the Apostle Paul's were in his. May your witness act like a flame of fire.

"I commend you to the Lord's anointed prophets of America. May they receive you and cooperate with you."

WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

I wrote this book because, in Russia, four million Jews are dissolving in atheism like sugar in water. I wrote it because, in the United States and Canada, five and a half million Jews, more than half of all the Jews on earth, are spiritually disintegrating into infidelity, atheism, and materialism. And so of Jews everywhere, as Jewish leaders sadly acknowledge.

I wrote this book because American Christianity—hope of the world in the Universal Civil War raging between atheism, menacing and advancing, and Christianity, which is retreating from the commission of Jesus to bring all men to Him, and Jews first—is being weakened by its disloyalty to Christ.

For today thousands of Christians, lay and clergy, regard Jesus as Jews do: as merely an historical figure; and thus they lose the vital influence which I experienced from Him as a Real Presence, who is very much alive—to those who want Him alive!

I wrote this because Jews, who are being lost to religion since they no longer believe in a Personal God, can be brought back to God only through the Personality of Jesus, as He reveals Himself in the Gospels; as splendid Jew, resplendent God, and Israel's greatest glory—the perfect Prophet, Priest and King. I wrote it in the hope that we modern Jews, descendants of those thousands of Jews who hailed Jesus as Messiah on Palm Sunday, will again hail Him as the living Christ. For thus only may Israel be saved from spiritual death, and help fulfill Judaism in Christianity, even as the prophets foretold.

In short, I wrote this book because, as the reader will see, I have all my life been a God-lover, and now that I have found Him in the Person of Jesus Christ I want the world to know.

GEORGE BENEDICT.